

This book is presented

by

The Government of the United States

as an expression of

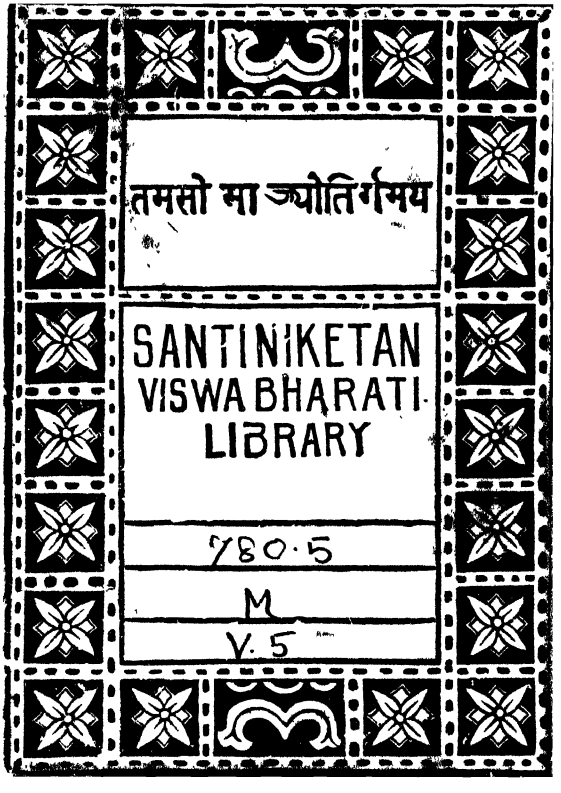
Friendship and Goodwill

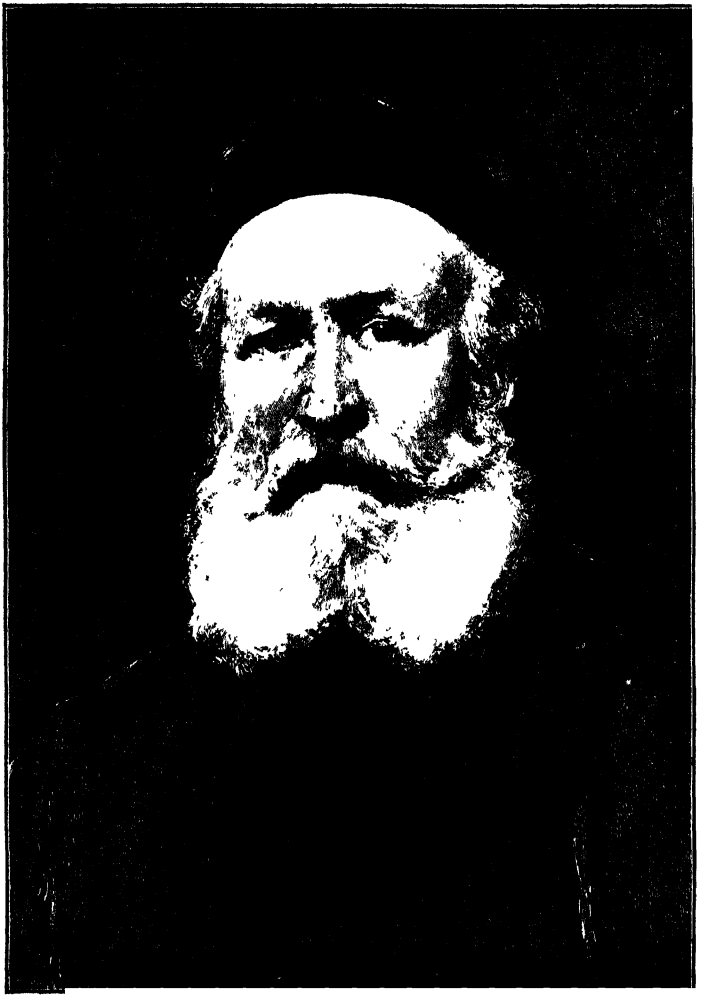
of the

People of the United States

towards

The People of India


तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय
SANTINIKETAN
VISWA BHARATI
LIBRARY
780.5
M
V.5



MUSIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Devoted to the Art, Science, Technic and Literature of Music.

W. S. B. MATHEWS, Editor.

VOLUME V.

November, 1893, to April, 1894.

Copyright, 1894.

CHICAGO.
MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING COMPANY.
Auditorium Tower, 1401 to 1406.
1894.

INDEX TO VOLUME V.

NOTE. Owing to a typographical error the first folio in February issue was made 257, and the mistake was not discovered until four sheets had been printed. In consequence of this there are duplicate folios from 257 to 318. Articles bearing these folios, therefore, may be either in the January or February numbers and if not found in one place should be looked for in the other.

PAGE

Abbey's Chestnut Tree. Homer Moore..... 422
American Audience, A Word to. Karleton Hackett.. 380
Americanism in Music. Arthur Weld..... 633
American Music at the Exposition..... 106
And the Speech of Him Was Music. Frances W. McClintock..... 536
Anecdotes of Von Buelow. Francis E. Regal..... 681
Art Genius and Art Talent. Prof. Charles C. Billiani 426
Art, The Use of, in Education. Edith C. Eastman... 47
American College of Musicians, Examination Papers of.....321, 483
Beethoven Playing. Dr. William Mason..... 434
Bostonians, The, A Popular Operatic Company..... 241
Blindness, The Bearing of upon Musicianship, John S. Van Cleve.....21, 196
Berlioz, Hector. Camille Saint-Saens, translated by Sophie Earl..... 92
Browning, Robert, as a Musical Critic. Pauline Jennings..... 510
Carl Hausen's Wife. Erato 63, 173, 430, 665
Calve, Mlle. Frank E. Sawyer..... 595
Concerning Church Music. W. S. B. Mathews..... 144
Church Singer's Sharps and Flats, A. Thos. S. Kelly. 374
Divine Law. John S. Van Cleve..... 476
Educational Value of Chamber Music. John S. Van Cleve..... 641
Emotional Basis, The, of Musical Sensibility. A. E. Brand..... 300
Favorite Works of Art. Thomas Tapper..... 581
Fernando De Lucia. Karleton Hackett..... 763
Fuchs, Julius. W. P. Dyrenfurth..... 219
Future of the M. T. N. A. W. S. B. M..... 447
For the Mezza Voce. Mae St. John-Bramhall..... 451

From Hanslick's Reminiscences. Waldemar Malmene 530
Gounod, Portrait of..... 240
Gounod, Bits about. Elizabeth Cumings..... 275
Handel in the 19th Century. D. E. Hervey..... 652
Harmonic Melody, Illustrations of, in Folk-Music.
John C. Fillmore..... 281
Hearing and the World of Sound. Gilchrist..... 169
Klindworth, Karl, Portrait of..... 497
Liebling, Emil. W. S. B. M..... 91
Lyon, George W..... 474
Letters to Teachers. W. S. B. Mathews 215, 292, 477, 603
Lullaby. Jessie Wilson McKee..... 432
Liszt at the Age of Nineteen, Portrait..... 2
Music Examinations in Schools. Edith C. Mathews.. 600
Music as a Factor in Sociology. Homer Moore..... 525
Music, The Nature and Object of. Camille Saint-Saens 556
Music Student's Letter, A. Elisabeth Worthington 546 722
Music and the Western Newspapers. Robert J. Jessup 153
Musical Library Books for. Thomas Tapper..... 693
Musical Composition and Psychology. J. de Zelinski. 29
Musical John, from the Polish of Sienkiwicz. Josef J
Kral..... 313
Musical Reminiscences. Charles H. Brittan 577
Musical Girls. Frank E. Sawyer..... 101
Musical Centers of Chicago. Egbert Swayne.....
Musical College..... 439
Chicago Conservatory..... 588
Music and the Heavenly Life in Man..... 333
Modern Harmony and Acquired Sense Perception.
W. S. B. Mathews..... 257
Opera Season, The. Karleton Hackett..... 573
Organ Concerts of Harrison M. Wild at the Fair. Emil
Liebling..... 261
Other Side, The. Edward Baxter Perry..... 207
Organ Music at the Fair..... 84
On Lake Michigan, J. L. Mathews..... 628
On the Lagoon. Philomel..... 433
[illegible]or and his Choir, The. J. C. Griggs..... 688

Pianists and Pianism. Alfred Veit..... 1
Piano Tuning. E. E. Todd..... 265
Poole, Dr. Wm. F..... 739
Practical Teacher. W. S. B. Mathews..... 292
Schoenefeld, Henry..... 81
Schuman, Robert, The Piano Works of. Emil Liebling..... 189 343. 398
Schumann, the Poet of the Pianoforte. W. S. B. M. 698
Saint-Saens on the Wagner Cult. W. S. B. Mathews. 249
Sousa, John Philip, and his Band..... 255
Steinert, Mr. and the Clavichord. 56
Story, The, of a Piano. Florence Coggeshall..... 383
Study for Piano Primer. W. S. B. M..... 236
Tschaikowsky, Peter Ilyitsch. J. De Zelinski..... 271
Tschaikowsky, A Word Concerning. Frederick W. Root..... 306
Three Bohemias. The. Josef J. Kral..... 103
Vocal Acoustics, Remarks on. Ed. S. Rowley..... 539
Voice, The, of the Present. Karleton Hackett..... 288
Voice, The, of the Future. Annie Fillmore Sheardown. 160
Valentine. Julia Lois Carruthers..... 373
Verdi, Portrait of, ... 110
Verdi, the Illustrious Composer. Egbert Swayne..... 111
Wm. Shakespeare, A Word about. Perley Dunn Aldrich..... 732
Words as Expression in Singing. Homer Moore..... 309
Wood-Wind, The, of the Modern Orchestra. Arthur Weld 497
Woman's Love-Song, A. Liddie Averitt Rivers..... 389
What Music Has Done for Needy Children. Wm. L. Tomlins..... 335
Zuni Music, The, and its Proper Representation. John C. Fillmore..... 39
Zuni Music, Professor Stumpf, Concerning. John C. Fillmore..... 649

INDEX BY AUTHORS.

ALDRICH, PERLEY DUNN. A Word about Wm. Shakespeare..... 732
BILLIANI, CHARLES C., Art Genius and Art Talent 326
BRAND. A. E., The Emotional Basis of Musical Sensibility..... 300
BRITTAN, CHARLES H., Musical Reminiscences..... 577
COGGESHALL, FLORENCE. Story of a Piano..... 283
CUMINGS, ELIZABETH. Bits about Gounod..... 275
CURTISS, GEO. H., In the Lagoon..... 433
CARUTHERS, JULIA L., A Valentine..... 373
DYRENFURTH, W. P., Julius Fuchs..... 219
EASTMAN, EDITH C., The Use of Art in Education.... 47
ERATO, Carl Hausen's Wife.....63, 173, 305, 665
EARL, SOPHIE, Saint-Saens on Hector Berlioz..... 94
FILLMORE, JOHN COMFORT, Zuni Music and its Proper Representation..... 39
" Professor Stumpf on the Zuni Music..... 649
" Illustrations of Harmonic Melodyin Folk Music 281
GILCHRIST, Hearing and the World of Sound..... 169
GRIGGS, Dr. JOHN C., The Pastor and His Choir.... 688
HACKETT, KARLETON, The Voice of the Present..... 288
" A Word to the American Audience 280
" The Opera Season..... 573
" Fernando de Lucia..... 763
HOWARD, JOHN A., A Study in Pianoforte Touch... 541
HERVEY, D. E., Handel in the Nineteenth Century.. 653
JESSUP, ROBERT J., Music and Western Newspapers.. 153
JENNINGS PAULINE, Robert Browning as Musical Critic ~~497~~
KRAL JOSEF J., The Three Bohemias..... 103
" Musical John (From the Polish,)... 311
KELLEY, THOMAS J., A Church Singer's Sharps & Flats 374
LIEBLING, EMIL, The Pianoforte Works of Robert Schumann, 189, 397, 343
" Organ Concerts of Harrison M. Wild. 259

MATHEWS, W. S. B., Concerning Church Music.... 144
" Letters to Teachers.....215, 292, 477, 603
" Schumann as Poet of the Pianoforte..... 698
" Saint-Saens on the Wagner Cult..... 249
" Modern Harmony and Acquired Sense Perception, 357
" Future of the M. T. N. A..... 446
" Study for a Pianoforte Primer.
MATHEWS, EDITH C. Music Examinations in Schools 600
MATHEWS, J. L. On Lake Michigan..... 628
MOORE, HOMER, Words as Expression in Singing..... 309
" Mr. Abbey's Chestnut Tree..... 422
" Music as a Factor in Sociology..... 524
MCKEE, JESSIE WILSON, Lullaby..... 432
MALMENE, WALDEMAR, From Hanslick's Reminiscences 530
MCCLINTOCK, FRANCES W. "And the Speech of Him Was Music"..... 536
PERRY, EDWARD BAXTER, The Other Side..... 207
REGAL FRANCIS E. Anecdotes of Von Bulow..... 681
ROOT, FREDERICK W. A Word Concerning Tschaikowsky 306
RIVERS, LIDDIE AVERITT, A Woman's Love Song.... 389
ROWLEY, EDD. S. A few Remarks on Vocal Acoustics 539
SAWYER, FRANK E. For Musical Girls..... 101
" Mlle Calve..... 595
SWAYNE, EGBERT, Verdi, the Illustrious Composer.... 111
" The Musical College..... 439
" The Chicago Conservatory..... 588
SHEARDOWN, ANNIE FILLMORE, The Voice of the Future 160
SAINT-SAENS, CAMILLE, The Nature and Object of Music 556
" Hector Berlioz..... 94
" On The Wagner Cult..... 249
TODD, EDWARD E. Piano Tuning..... 265
TOMLINS, WILLIAM L. What Music has Done for Needy Children 335
TAPPER, THOMAS, Favorite Works of Art..... 581
" A Musical Library..... 693
VAN CLEVE, JOHN S. Influence of Blindness upon Musicianship.....21, 196
" Divine Law..... 496

J. S. VAN CLEVÉ, Educational Value of Chamber Music 641
VEIT ALFRED, Pianists and Pianism..... 1
WELD ARTHUR, The Wood-Wind of the Modern Orchestra..... 497 697
" Americanism in Music..... 633
WORTHINGTON, ELISABETH, A Music Student's Letters 546, 722
ZELINSKI, J. DE. Musical Composition and Psychology 29
" Peter Ilyitsch Tschaikowsky..... 269



FRANZ LISZT AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

(From an Old Engraving.)

MUSIC.

NOVEMBER, 1893.

PIANISTS AND PIANISM.

"HAVE you heard all the great pianists of the period?" I was once asked by a lady, herself no mean performer.

"I have heard them all with the exception of Liszt, Tausig, Clara Schumann, Sophie Mentor and Moritz Rosenthal," I replied.

"Whom do you consider the greatest among those you heard?"

"Rubinstein," was my answer.

"Tell me something about him; I never heard him."

"To speak of Rubinstein as a pianist in terms of moderation, is almost impossible. I remember the day I heard him the first time. It was in 1872. He came to America with Wieniawski, the great violinist. I see him before me as he took his seat at the piano and without a prelude began the first measure of the Appassionata. I was a boy at the time, but the impression the great artist created is still vivid in my memory. Although more than twenty years ago. I can remember his playing of the 'Prophet Bird' by Schumann, his own Melody in F and his 'Valse Caprice,' which at that time was new to the American public. His playing had pleased me so much that I was allowed to hear him a second time at Steinway hall. Upon this occasion Rubinstein gave a Schubert-Weber-Mendelssohn recital, without the aid of Wieniawski, whose playing of the 'Carnival of Venice' at the previous concert had aroused my boyish enthusiasm. At this recital Rubinstein, among other things, played Weber's 'Invitation to the Dance,' the 'Minuet' in B minor

by Schubert, ten or eleven 'Songs without Words,' by Mendelssohn, and, of course, a number of other selections by the same composer, but which I cannot recall at the present moment. To me as a boy, one of the principal features of the program consisted in seeing the pianist retire behind the lid of the piano after having played a series of pieces, and stretch his arms, like a person taking exercise with dumb-bells.

"I heard him later at Stuttgart, Berlin and Paris. In the last place he gave several recitals at the Salle Erard. I attended all of them besides the one he gave at the conservatory at which he performed a 'Caprice Russe,' for piano and orchestra — one of his own compositions. It was the only time I ever heard Rubinstein with an orchestra, and the only time I ever want to hear that barbarous composition, suggesting the wild steppes and Mazeppa's ride."

"Did you hear those seven historical concerts Rubinstein gave at Vienna?"

"Being in Vienna at the time, I went to all of them. As you know, Rubinstein at these concerts began with the genesis of the pianoforte literature, and conducted us by way of Hummel—Thalberg—Liszt to the ultra-modern school. The naivete of Mozart, the austerity of Bach and Handel, the grandeur of Beethoven, Schumann and Liszt, as well as the tone-poems of Chopin, were all reproduced by Rubinstein with the same happy effect.

"Other pianists have tried to copy him, but have produced nothing more than imitations reminding one of the artists we see in picture galleries, trying to reproduce the eminent masters, without obtaining the vigor and glow of the original."

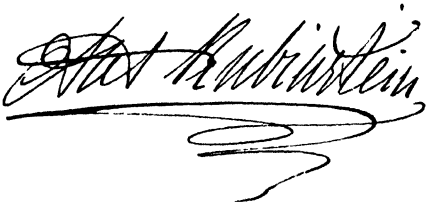
"What were the charactistic points in Rubinstein's playing?"

"Passion, energy, feeling and a tone, the beauty of which I have never heard equaled. Others may have exhibited the same amount of skill and perhaps may have surpassed Rubinstein in the performance of technical feats, but no one has ever approached him even in the beauty of his

tone. You probably remember that Rubinstein himself, in his autobiography—a book published some years ago, supposed to have been written or inspired by the great artist—declares that he tried to imitate the *timbre* of Rubini's voice on the piano, and those who heard Rubinstein *sing* the nocturnes by Field, the 'Love Song,' by Henselt, and similar pieces, will admit that Rubinstein drew a tone from the piano as entrancing as the charm of Rubini's voice.

"Rubinstein's interpretation of classical works has often been criticized. He has been accused of sacrificing the true spirit of the composer. In playing a *ff* where a *pp* is marked, a howl went up from the conservative camp loud enough to recall Beethoven from the shadow world. 'Teach him objectivity, master!' was the cry. As if an artist, worthy of the name, could calm the passion surging within him; as if art without a personal note were art! And Rubinstein, shaking his mane, roared the finale of the Appassionata, apparently oblivious of the fact that *allegro non troppo* is written over it; as if the question of 'subjectivity and objectivity' were unworthy of the slightest consideration.





"One of Rubinstein's most remarkable feats at Vienna was the performance of Weber's A flat sonata. To those who heard him interpret that work it is sufficient to mention his playing of the scherzo. It was almost brutal in energy. The chords in D flat in the trio of the scherzo were played staccato and seemed like the puffing of a locomotive. Rub-

instein played the Polacca by the same composer with such rhythmical precision that it produced the effect of an approaching army. Chopin's great etude in C minor, Op. 25, reminded one of Walt Whitman's

'Roar of pouring cataracts.'"

"You only speak of the thrilling elements in his playing. Were no soft tints to be found on his musical palette?"

"His touch at times was as sweet and tender as a woman's kiss. Schumann's 'Warum' and 'Des Abends,' Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' and Schubert's 'Moments Musicaux' were never played by a more caressing touch. Haydn's variations under Rubinstein's fingers took us back to the time of the spinet, and in the middle part of Chopin's G minor nocturne we seemed to hear the organ. Rubinstein's touch—when shall we hear its like again?

"Speaking of touch, I am of the opinion that certain traits in an artist's character show themselves in his playing. If an artist, away from the piano, be prone to indulge in pugilistic tendencies, he unconsciously gives evidence of it by the sledge hammer character of his touch. If he possess a scholar's disposition, it will show itself in certain compositions of the classical school. If wine, woman and song be his motto, Liszt's fiery Rhapsodies will find an excellent interpreter, and if he be very fond of reading the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet,' or, more strictly speaking, acting it, listen to him while that soft caressing touch of his lingers over Chopin's dreamy compositions. 'The touch is the man himself!' Buffon would have said had he been interested in piano playing."

"How do you compare Rubinstein and Buelow?" was the next question.

"Rubinstein was the head of the dramatic school of pianism, and Buelow the head of the coloratura school."

"Why, what do you mean? I have heard those terms applied to singers, but never to pianists."

"Exactly, but why should they not be applied to pianists and pianism? Coloratura in singing, we are told, means the

light and fluent character which is a natural result of the education of a singer, or the quality of his voice. Now apply that to pianists and you shall find that as a rule, although all great pianists combine both qualities, fluency and breadth, they still have their marked characteristics either way. Take Rubinstein, for instance. The florid passages of such compositions as the F minor Etude, Op. 25, by Chopin, and the E flat Impromptu by Schubert, flowed from his fingers with the same fluency and facility as Donizetti's airs or Rossini's were warbled forth by Adelina Patti in her best days. Nevertheless, Rubinstein, whose versatility no one denies, was at his best in compositions in which the florid style is entirely absent, or represented to a very small degree. It is for this reason that his performances of Schubert's 'Wanderer' fantaisie and Schumann's 'Symphonic Etudes' were of a superior character, and if you examine Rubinstein's own pianoforte compositions, you will find an entire absence of the coloratura style—rarely a scale, rarely a trill—nothing but heavy chords with an occasional arpeggio. Buelow, on the other hand—it must be distinctly understood that I speak of the mechanical character of pianism, leaving the spiritual completely aside—was distinctively a coloratura pianist. Somewhere in the seventies Hans von Buelow was introduced to the American public by the house of Chickering. I attended the first concert, at which Buelow played the Henselt concerto as his opening number, and closed the evening's proceedings with the Hungarian Fantaisie by Liszt. I still remember the jerky way in which the learned doctor approached the piano, holding his opera hat in his hand. Having arrived at the piano, Buelow slowly removed his gloves while looking at his audience with that glassy stare habitual with him. This orchestral concert was followed by several recitals, as well as concerts devoted to chamber music, at one of which he gave a Mozart trio and Hummel's septette. Several years later, while I was pursuing my musical studies in Stuttgart, news was received that Von Buelow intended playing Beethoven's five last sonatas at Carlsruhe. A whole party of us, young fellows

at the time, all studying at the conservatory of Stuttgart, determined to hear the celebrated pianist, and accordingly left Stuttgart in a body and arrived at Carlsruhe in time for the concert. The playing of Beethoven's last sonatas—five at one sitting—is certainly an achievement of no ordinary importance. It was an intellectual treat, such as we receive very few of in the course of our existence. Sincerity compels me, however, to admit that I was thoroughly exhausted at the end of the recital. In 1881 I heard Buelow again in Berlin. He gave a Liszt recital, at which Liszt himself was present. Among other pieces, Buelow played the sonata in B minor, the 'Feu Follet' and 'Chasse Neige' etudes and the Polonaise in E, the programme only containing original compositions by Liszt. It was not until the spring of 1889 that I heard Buelow again, when he gave a very mediocre performance of Beethoven's E flat concerto. I was extremely disappointed, as Buelow's reputation in reference to the Beethoven concerto had always been of the very highest order. An agreeable surprise was in store for me, however, when I heard Buelow play Chopin, of which he gave some excellent readings."

Here my interrogator interrupted me by an exclamation of surprise: "How? Buelow a poor Beethoven performer and a good Chopin player! Impossible; you do not mean it."

"Even making allowance for Buelow's age at the time—he was over sixty—and the hardships of travel, I hold that Buelow, by the very nature of his technique and his temperament, was a coloratura player, not a dramatic player like Rubinstein, and, therefore, less qualified to be an exponent of Beethoven's genius than the Russian pianist. If I had the choice to-day between hearing Rubinstein play Beethoven's lovely D minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2, and Buelow play the five last sonatas, I would not hesitate a moment; needless to say to which performance I would give the preference. On the other hand, Buelow's Chopin playing was a delightful surprise to me. Every unbiased individual must have been charmed by the German pianist's playing of the B major

nocturne, Op. 9, and the great F sharp minor polonaise, so rarely played, and magnificently played by Buelow. I was once told by one who knew Buelow intimately that he felt very bitter because the world refused him recognition as a 'Chopin' player.

"Chopin's music ought never to be played in a great hall. A drawing room, containing paintings, statuary, plants, flowers and beautiful women is the appropriate place for the performance of Chopin's music. The keyboard of the piano should be made of diamonds and pearls and other precious stones, and the light should be a chiaro-oscuro. The awkward pedant, the studious scholar are not cut out for Chopin's beautiful harmonies. It requires the man of the world, accustomed to the most cultured and refined society—one who moves in the drawing room with an easy grace. Nor can he whose life has been perpetual sunshine and happiness do justice to the works of the gifted Pole. Only those who have suffered, whose lives have been touched by the hand of sorrow, will seize the true spirit of Chopin, for Chopin is the apotheosis of sadness. Buelow plays the 'Mazourkas' with the *chic* and *esprit* they demand."

"But *chic* and *esprit* are not everything in music."

"Certainly not, but they play an important part in the interpretation of Chopin's works. We recognized this fact when D'Albert played Chopin. That pianist certainly has all the qualities necessary for the making of a great pianist. He possesses technique, intellectuality to a wonderful degree, as he showed in the playing of Brahms. No one will deny his capabilities as a musician, and still he lacks the charm and poetry essential to an adequate performance of the Polish master's music. D'Albert, on the other hand, gave me greater satisfaction by his playing of Beethoven's sonatas than any other pianist, with the exception of Rubinstein. His performance of the E flat concerto was perfection itself."

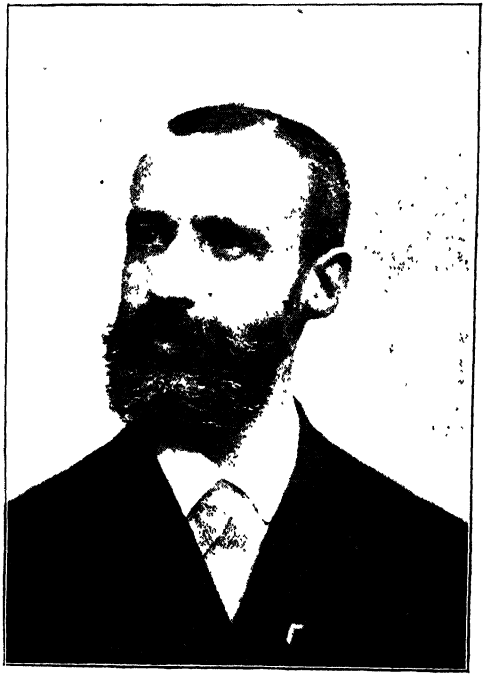
"Then how do you account for D'Albert's comparative ill success in America?"

"That is easily explained. He does not understand the art of arranging a programme. Do you remember a recital

D'Albert gave at Steinway hall at which the programme was composed of works of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms? To individuals like ourselves, whose time has been devoted to music, that recital was most interesting, but I frankly admit that when it was over I was very glad. How must those feel, who seek in art nothing but delightful sensations? The whole world cannot be composed of students of music, and, as Louis Ehlert, an authority in Germany on matters musical, once justly wrote: 'The concert hall is not a lecture room.' I am well aware that artists sneer at the public and pretend to look upon its approval with contempt. If the truth was known, however, they crave it, they desire it, yes, they live upon the very applause they pretend to despise. And has the public no rights? Some artists seem to entertain that opinion and appear to think that innumerable variations on an uninteresting theme turned and twisted until the original is lost sight of, are delightful pabulum for the man who, exhausted from the cares and troubles of business, seeks an intellectual recreation at the side of his wife in the concert room. I do not wish to return to the days of operatic fantaisies, such as Thalberg and Leopold de Meyer foisted upon the public, and I do not pretend to say that art should be lowered to the level of entertainment alone. I do mean, however, that art should appeal to all classes, not simply to professional musicians and students. Then the evening concert will replace the matinee, and other representatives of the bearded sex will be found together with the only species to be seen at present, *i. e.*, the 'dead-head' and the music critic.

"'You must also play for the gallery,' once exclaimed the great abbe, thereby espousing the cause of the gallery god. And in one of his letters from Italy Liszt relates that he gave a concert at La Scala, at Milan, at which he began to play one of his own compositions, entitled 'Prelude Study,' when he was suddenly startled by a voice crying out from the audience: 'I go to the theater to enjoy myself, not to study.' Certain compositions, like certain dramatic works, are better adapted for the privacy of one's

study than for public performances. I heard Rubinstein several times in connection with other preludes and fugues, play Bach's exquisite prelude, in E flat minor, a lyrical gem, but never the accompanying fugue, from which I inferred that he did not consider it adapted for public performance. Nor have I ever seen Beethoven's Op. 100 on any of Rubinstein's programmes. Josef Rubinstein, Wagner's amanuensis, who was supposed to have written the scurrilous attack on Schumann which appeared in the *Bayreuther Blaetter* years ago, once gave a recital in Berlin at which he played the whole of the 'Well Tempered Clavichord,' by Bach, without obtaining the success which his well meant but ill-advised effort merited."



FRANCIS PLANTE.
(Photograph by Benque, Paris.)

"Who, then, according to your opinion was a good programme maker?"

"Francis Planté, the French pianist. Planté's repertory was limited, it is true, but he obtained the greatest success wherever he played by reason of the charm he infused into his work, and the secret he possessed of knowing how to interest his audiences. Outside of France he is little known. In Germany, where he gave some concerts, he met with great success, and it certainly was no small compliment to receive an invitation from such a man as Rubinstein to play at St. Peters-

burg, where Planté became a great favorite. Planté's technique is faultless. We combine the characteristic qualities of the French school—neatness and finish. He rarely performs a whole sonata in public. Occasionally a minuet, or the finale of the Appassionata by Beethoven appears upon his programmes. He plays the gavotte by Gluck and the minuet by Boccherini frequently. The Romance from the D minor concerto by Mozart, Planté plays as it was originally written without Hummel's embellishments, and arouses more enthusiasm with it than other pianists achieve with entire concerts. Weber is represented on his programmes by the 'Concert-Stueck' and the A flat sonata. The 'Spinning Song,' from 'The Flying Dutchman,' arranged by Liszt, Planté plays admirably, as well as the A flat polonaise by Chopin. Among concertos with the accompaniment of the orchestra, he plays the E minor by Chopin, the G minor and D minor by Mendelssohn, and the A major by Liszt. You will notice by his repertory that Planté does not wish to 'educate' his audiences as much as he tries to please them. And he succeeds, for wherever and whenever he plays one hears nothing but expressions of delight and pleasure. At times he makes explanatory remarks referring to the compositions he is about to play. In this way he immediately puts himself in touch with his audience. A peculiarity of Planté consists in his playing concertos from the notes. Since Liszt made his triumphal tours through Europe, the public has become accustomed to see the majority of pianists depend upon their memory solely for the performance of a piece of music. It has become a universal custom, universal to such an extent that it is considered a lack of talent by the average audience, to see an artist appear on the stage with his music. Carl Reinecke, whose high position in the musical world cannot be denied, several years ago poked fun at what he considered a 'fad.' 'Look at Clara Schumann,' he exclaimed, 'she is as great an artist as any of them, and she always plays her concertos from the notes.' He continued, saying that some of those pianists who insisted upon playing without their music reminded him of a locomotive

moving on mechanically, looking straight ahead without daring to look to the right or the left. There is no doubt that to the average audience the pianist who performs without the aid of the printed music produces the delusion of an improvisation, and as long as an artist can be found whose memory does not play him any serious tricks, the playing without music will be preferred by the public. To the musician playing with or without music is absolutely immaterial. An excellent performance from the printed score is certainly preferable to a mediocre performance without music. This fact seems to have been recognized by such a conservative audience as the one which filled the celebrated Gewandhaus when Planté played the G minor concerto by Mendelssohn from his music. He aroused the greatest enthusiasm despite the fact that there is scarcely a composition better known, and despite the fact that he had the music before him.

"Planté is a thorough man of the world, whose repartees are frequently quoted. Upon one occasion Planté received a polite note from a foreign ambassador residing in Paris, inviting him to play at one of the latter's receptions and asking him to fix the honorarium. Planté replied: 'I offer my services gratuitously and will consider myself sufficiently paid if you will kindly ask your guests to remain silent while I play, for, as you know, "Speech is silver and silence is golden." '

"Another brilliant representative of the French school is Joseph Wieniawski, the brother of the great violinist. Wieniawski, a Pole by birth, received his musical education at the Conservatory of Paris under Marmontel. He delights in playing Chopin's music and devotes whole recitals to the performance of that master's compositions. Wieniawski's style is better adapted for such works as the C minor variations by Beethoven, of which I heard him give an excellent reading. That the success of an artist is sometimes dependent upon the most trivial incident was illustrated at a concert at which Wieniawski played. It was at one of Pasdeloup's, the well known French director. Wieniawski had begun

the E flat concerto, by Litolff, with great dash and spirit. Everything went smoothly until the last movement, when from one of the last rows of the gallery came the cry: 'Shut the window; there is a draught.' Pasdeloup paid no attention and continued directing until the cries were repeated. He then stopped the orchestra. Wieniawski threw up his hands with a disgusted air and looked as savage as a race horse which, fuming and panting with excitement, is stopped just as it is about to obtain the prize. The demands of the gentleman with the weak lungs were attended to, and then Pasdeloup gave the sign for the repetition of the last movement. But the charm was broken, and poor Wieniawski ended amid very slender applause.

"A pianist of great magnetism was Theodor Ritter, who, despite his German name, was a Frenchman. His real name was Bennet. I heard Ritter for the first time in Paris in the winter of 1881, at one of Pasdeloup's concerts. He played Liszt's Hungarian fantaisie for piano and orchestra, a better performance of which piece I never heard. Ritter's style was very brilliant, as well as polished. He succeeded in obtaining certain effects, as, for instance, the growing from an almost inaudible *pp* to a tremendous *ff*. In the Hungarian fantaisie, by Liszt, there is a long trill introducing the part in A minor. This trill on E and F sharp Ritter divided between both hands, beginning very slowly and *pp*. He gradually increased the rapidity as well as the volume of tone, until the two notes rang out *fff* with perfect evenness, and the audience broke out in rapturous applause. The performance itself, although meriting no consideration from an artistic point of view, was very interesting. A few days later I met Ritter, and in the course of our conversation, inquired how he arrived at the effect, which when heard the first time was really astonishing. He replied that Hector Berlioz one day rushed into his room very much excited, and begged him to take the part of the kettle-drums in a symphony by Berlioz, which was to be performed two days later, the tympani player of the orchestra having suddenly been taken ill. Ritter objected, declaring that he had never

touched the instrument before, knew nothing about it, would not like to take the responsibility, giving various other excuses. But Berlioz persisted until Ritter finally consented.

For hours,' Ritter continued, 'I practiced that instrument. There was a trill in a certain part of the symphony, which continued on the same two notes for an endless number of bars. This trill I studied day and night; at last I succeeded in getting it satisfactorily. The symphony was performed in due time, and Berlioz was so delighted that he hugged me after the performance was over. It was an excellent exercise for my wrists,' Ritter concluded, 'and ever since I apply that trill whenever an opportunity presents itself as in the Hungarian fantaisie.'



THEODOR RITTER.
(Photograph by Mulnier, Paris.)

"I regret that I never had an occasion to verify the reputation that Ritter had as an excellent Beethoven player, by personal observation. Occasionally Ritter indulged in performances which cannot be sanctioned by the canons of high art, as, for instance, when he played the last two movements of the Kreutzer sonata in conjunction with all the first violins of Pasdeloup's orchestra in unison. Had he been questioned regarding that sacrilegious act he probably would have replied like the gentleman who said: 'Every style is good excepting the tedious,' for it was Ritter's opinion that if it is the mission of art to elevate and refine humanity, it can-

not be achieved by boring people and making their lives miserable.

"Ritter's touch was a half staccato, even in light passages, and its brilliancy was never shown to greater advantage than when he played his own arrangement of Mendelssohn's scherzo from the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Puck with all the concomitant elements of fairy-land seemed to play his mischievous pranks when Ritter performed this piece. I have rarely seen a miscellaneous audience follow a pianist with such breathless interest as when Ritter played, and nothing seemed to please the popular pianist more than the applause he received from his heterogeneous audience. He was a very interesting conversationalist, and delighted particularly in telling the following story: While Ritter was still a boy, already a finished pianist at the time, Hector Berlioz met him one day on the boulevards, and rushing up to him cried: 'My dear Theodor, you must do me a favor. One of those pianistic monomaniacs, who, by virtue of the incessant digital labor which that execrable machine, the piano, demands, has lost the little common sense nature accorded him, visited me and requested a testimonial for a newly dis-



JOSEPH WIENIAWSKI.

(Photograph by Ganz, Bruxelles.)

covered piano method. I told him that I was too old to study his method, but yielding to his entreaties promised to send him a young friend upon whom he could try it. You, my dear Theodor, under an assumed name, must feign utter ignorance of the art of piano playing, and the poor fellow will doubtless attribute your marvelous progress to the excellence of his method.' Rubbing his hands in evident delight at the anticipated joke, the great composer concluded, 'And above all do not betray me.' A few weeks later Berlioz encountered the discoverer of the new method, and inquired about the progress of his young friend. Shrugging his shoulders, the musician replied. 'Mon Dieu, our young friend is an ass, an idiot, but we shall see later,' and dropping his voice to a confidential whisper he added. 'My method works wonders; just wait.' A short time after this meeting, Berlioz saw the would-be great piano teacher, and again received the following answer: 'An almost hopeless case, but nevertheless, thanks to my method, he is improving.' They appointed a meeting for the following day, upon which the pupil was to exhibit the progress he had made under his new master. Berlioz arrived at the given time, and the examination began. The young man made some bungling attempts and stopped. His teacher tried to help him by some encouraging remarks. The young man began again, this time with better success. With a self-satisfied smile, the teacher turned to Berlioz, saying: 'My dear sir, my method is the only method, as you will observe.' Berlioz whispered something to the pianist, whereupon that clever young gentleman dashed into an improvisation, the brilliancy of which fairly took the breath away from the poor musician. While the latter—gradually realizing the deception—followed Ritter's splendid playing with tears in his eyes, the composer of 'The Damnation of Faust' stood by convulsed with laughter. The outcome of the joke was that Berlioz gave the 'Professor' the desired testimonial despite the latter's failure to prove the efficiency of his 'method.'

"Emanuel Muzio, pupil and friend of Verdi, said to me one day: 'Do not fail to go to Pasdeloup's next concert

at the Cirque d'Eté. You will hear a new pianist. He hails from Holland and has been compared to Liszt and Rubinstein. *His name is Carl Heyman.' The following* Sunday, of course, found me at the Cirque d'Eté. After the usual symphony and several orchestral selections, the pianist appeared. The new arrival proved to be of medium height, with uncommonly awkward manners. The way he bowed to the audience was awkward, his walk was ungraceful; in fact, there was nothing about him to predispose one in his favor. But when he began to play Chopin's D flat nocturne! Has it ever happened to you that you completely forgot your surroundings? It did to me that day, I saw nothing but a graceful swan slowly gliding over a sheet of water, and away off in the distance.—

'The wakeful nightingale her amorous descant sang.'

Not a hand was raised after the final notes had died away, whether from lack of appreciation on the part of the audience or in expectation of what was coming, I cannot say. The second number on the pianist's programme was Heyman's own 'Elves at Play,' and rarely has a name been given more aptly to composition or style of playing.

"Extraordinary facility of technique and delicacy combined with incisive rhythm were the chief characteristics of Heyman's playing. These qualities became more apparent after I had heard Heyman several times. His performance of Beethoven's E flat concerto was strong and brilliant, but his reading of Chopin's B minor sonata did not prove entirely satisfactory. In such pieces as Bach's G minor fantaisie and fugue, arranged by Liszt, Liszt's second Rhapsody, 'Venezia e Napoli,' Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' and such dainty trifles as Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' Schumann's 'Bird and Prophet,' and similar pieces, Heyman was worthy of being ranked with the greatest pianists.

"One of the most interesting concerts I attended during my stay in Paris was the one Rubinstein gave at the conservatory, at which Rubinstein, together with Heyman, played several numbers from Rubinstein's 'Bal Costume.'

It is a rare occurrence to see two artists perform in public at the same piano, and still more unusual to see two artists like Rubinstein and Heyman in perfect harmony, Rubinstein playing the second part and Heyman the primo part. It was a practical illustration of the musical millennium—the lion lying down with the lamb. Poor Heyman. Who could have supposed that in a few years that splendid brain of his would become demented and necessitate placing him in an asylum? From time to time we hear that his delirium takes on such violent shape that only the sight of old Father Rhine can pacify him. Perhaps he listens to the 'Elves at Play.' Let us hope that they sing for him such enchanting strains as he did, when he touched his fingers to the keys."

"And have you heard no one to remind you of Carl Heyman?"

"Yes, in some respects Vladimir de Pachmann does, that prince of 'absolute pianism,' but besides delicacy and poetry Pachmann possesses strength which was not one of Heyman's prominent qualities.

"Pachmann, to me, taken on the whole, is one of the most satisfactory manipulators of the keyboard. His performances of Raff's 'Giga con Variazioni' and Liszt's 'Apres la Lecture du Dante' shall ever remain in my memory as some of the finest specimens of pianism I ever heard. And did his playing of Henselt's 'Si Oiseau j'etais' not recall the moment when Liszt heard Henselt himself play it, and the author of 'Beethoven et Ses Trois Styles,' gave utterance to his enthusiasm by the words: 'An Æolian harp concealed beneath wreaths of flowers.' It is trying to paint the lily to speak of Pachmann's superiority as a Chopin performer. In the rendition of Chopin's music his supremacy is undisputed, and for this very reason Pachmann must suffer by that unwritten law which, with the public and certain critics, reads that versatility in art is an impossibility."

"Mr. X. plays Chopin admirably—but his interpretation of Beethoven is not to be taken seriously."

"Mr. Y. plays Beethoven admirably—but his Chopin playing reminds one of an elephant trying to dance with a but-

terfly." In addition to these felicitous remarks we have the question of nationality.

Unless an artist answer to the euphonious name of Herr Teufelsdroeckh and hails from Hinter-Gumpoldsheimer or some other spot suggesting the fatherland, he is doomed, before he puts his fingers to the piano or his bow to the strings as soon as he essays a classical composition. We had instances of that several years ago. A celebrated German pianist played a Beethoven concerto in a rather perfunctory manner. Enthusiasm on all sides!

When Sarasate plays the Beethoven violin concerto, his efforts are received with polite attention. "Yes, very pretty, but Beethoven must not be played prettily, don't-cher-know." (To my knowledge there was only one critic who had the temerity to come out boldly and give Sarasate unqualified praise for his performance of the Beethoven concerto.)

Thus Pachmann's beautiful interpretation of the "Moonlight," is greeted with a shrug of the shoulder; an excellent performance of the C minor variations calls forth a knowing wink, and the final opinion in regard to the Beethoven playing of the artist who makes that most uninteresting of Beethoven's sonatas (Op. 54) interesting and palatable is: "Ah! yes. But is his Chopin playing not delightful?"

Another point in Pachmann's favor is the arrangement of his programme. The average visitor of piano recitals knows the programme of a modern pianist before seeing it. Following is a formula; it is only necessary to fill out the blanks:

1.		Bach.
2.	Sonata,	Beethoven.
3.	Impromptu,	Schubert.
4.	a,	Chopin.
	b,	
	c,	
	d,	
	e.	
5.		Schumann.
6.		Rubinstein.
7.		Liszt.

Season after season, the same musical menu is served us with but slight variations. No wonder that some of us

suffer from musical indigestion. If the gentlemen who come to our shores to solicit laurels, and incidentally cash, would occasionally vary the monotony of their programmes by introducing such names as Saint-Saëns, Dvorak ,Martucci, Sgambati, Nicodé and others, how grateful we would be! I know it is heresy pure and simple to confess it, but I would like to hear Nicodé's exquisite "Canzonetta," for a change, in preference to one of those classical *chevaux de bataille* which are trotted out for us every season.

Let us take care of the living — the dead take care of themselves!

Pachmann's programmes are as varied as they are interesting. Occasionally a bit of Weber, a trifle by Henselt or Raff brighten his programmes, without mentioning his splendid Liszt recitals, which must have been a revelation to the most blasé music lover. Even Pachmann's Chopin programmes contained many novelties. I only need mention that graceful polonaise, in B flat, Op. 71, which had a fine Mozartian ring about it. The originality of the man is furthermore shown by his challenge of public opinion in playing concertos from notes. The two concertos Pachmann generally plays in public—the D minor by Mozart and the F minor by Chopin—he invariably plays from the score. In returning once more to the subject of performing musical compositions without the aid of the printed music, it is for the purpose of stating that a note of warning should be given in reference to the use and abuse of memory by amateurs.

Thirty or forty years ago teachers never tolerated, even prohibited, pupils memorizing pieces. To-day every school girl not having even mastered the first book of Czerny's "School of Velocity," is supposed to play all her pieces "by heart." The danger resulting from this abuse of memory, in my opinion, does not consist in violating the text, as the "old school" declared—for very few amateurs are musical enough to do so—but in stifling and checking *the enjoyment of music* in the amateur.

There are several kinds of memory to be considered from the pianistic point of view. The natural memory, a gift,

heaven-born, enabling its possessor to memorize thousands of compositions in a comparatively short time, without effort; and the memory based upon the knowledge of harmony. Moreover, there is a certain kind of memory—the only one under consideration in reference to the average amateur—which Th. Ribot, the French psychologist, credits to a muscular sense suggesting a succession of movements without the aid of consciousness, and which he illustrates by the case of an accomplished pianist who executed a piece of music while asleep. The cultivation of the memory last mentioned, I repeat, is absolutely detrimental to a healthy development and enjoyment of music for the sake of music. Instead of endeavoring to enrich his repertoire of pieces and thus give his friends and himself pleasure, even at the risk of disgracing himself by playing "from notes," the amateur of to-day plods wearily along, trying to memorize a few pieces by a purely mechanical process. It is to this "fad" of memorizing that can be attributed in a great measure the fact that to-day every one teaches and no one plays. The "old school" permitted playing from notes; the consequence was that occasionally an amateur gratified his friends and himself by playing a movement by Beethoven or Weber in an acceptable fashion. To-day the "new school" having hurled its anathema against playing from the music, the average amateur loses the little confidence the printed music gives him, and the result is far from being a satisfactory one. The musical "nerrose" of to-day, even among professional pianists, can be traced to a great extent to the abuse of memory. A well meant advice to amateur pianists, therefore, would be to devote the enormous amount of time which is wasted in the exercise of memory to the cultivation of other branches of music more beneficial and more useful, for to put it in the words of our Gallic friends, "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*," which translated into solid English means, "It is not worth the trouble."

ALFRED VEIT.

BEARINGS OF BLINDNESS UPON MUSICIANSHIP.

LAST November, your magazine contained an article by me, cast in the form of an open letter, and dealing with thoughts derived from the bearings of blindness upon musicianship. It was my intention at the time to complete that article at once, since in the first installment I was able simply to clear away the brushwood and prepare the field for action; but during the past year, a series of light but alarming attacks of nervous prostration have warned me with no uncertain voice not to carry so huge a camel's load of multifarious merchandise upon my back. Feeling now, however, stronger and quite recovered, I resume the subject, *con amore*, feeling, as I did then, quite sanguine that my words may help a few hundreds, at least, of the musical world to a more just and brotherly comprehension and appreciation of their blind collaborators.

Those of your readers who may have chanced to read that once famous book, "The Life and Doings of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman," by Laurence Sterne, will remember how, after an immense deal of detail, the hero gives up in utter despair of ever telling his biography because of the huge bale of matter, the endless filament of circumstance which comes up to his mind. Such is my feeling in approaching this subject. I am in the condition of a bottle out of which you attempt to pour the liquid too suddenly: I am strangled with the amount that I have to say. However, perhaps in a subject which is so particular as this and coincident with the whole world of humanity, any part of the circumference is as good to take hold of as another. I begin, then, with some account of the methods by which blind people—that is, I mean, blind people educated by the system prevailing in American institutions for the blind—acquire their music. You may remember, Mr. Editor,

that when you talked with me in March, 1892, in the presence of my blind pupil, Mr. Frank Arlington Smith, the subject of memorizing music came up and you expressed great surprise that we do not learn music by having it played over. In opening this topic I would say that every one who ever addresses me on this subject, especially every musician, begins with some form of this remark: "I suppose you learn music by having the pieces played over to you." When I say "No," "Why, do you have the notes with the stems and heads all raised?" This is the condensed substance of the two horns of the dilemma which has been fixed in the mind of the "sighted" musician. Now, what I told you then, and what I have to tell them again and again, hundreds of times, is that neither of these modes is the one used and the one found most effective by educators of the blind.

There are two methods in common use for the imparting of music to sightless students: The first and most general is to pronounce the names of the notes and allow the student to fix them in the memory; the second is to present symbols of the notes in a tangible form. Each of these methods will require some detailed examination.

Reading music orally has no necessary connection with the sound itself; it is accomplished in this way: The two primary elements of a musical unit, namely, its pitch and its length, can be expressed very simply—thus, second space A, a quarter; or, second line G, a sixteenth, up E, D, C, sixteenths, making a group of four. The meaning of such words as "natural," "sharp," "flat," "key," "chord," "tonic," "dominant," "measure," "beat," "dotted eighth," "triplet," and, in a word, all the technical outfit of the music student, can be imparted to the blind student by verbal explanation with absolute clearness and fullness. There is, however, in all this no necessary association with visible notes.

I well remember in my boyish days, at the institution at Columbus, where we had a most learned and amiable gentleman by the name of Nothnagel as principal of the musical department, that we younger students, realizing our un-

familiarity with printed notes and comparative lameness in this direction, and being well aware that we would be expected to teach seeing persons—persons with eyes, and consequently needing to know what all the visible symbols meant—I well remember how we went to work and formed a class for the studying of notes. We had no special appliances, and in order to get an idea as to what the shapes of quarters and rests and the various signs such as sharps, naturals, clefs and the like might be, we had partly to resort to description and partly to marking with the finger as a pencil; this, by the way, is a most admirable means for teaching a blind person who has a quick mind. By this means alone a little patience and intelligence on the part of an assisting student or teacher will enable any blind person to perfectly grasp and follow the printed demonstration of geometrical problems. Thus, for instance, you take the index finger of the blind person whom you are assisting, and you draw upon a book or table the circle, the chord, the inscribed triangle, the tangent, etc., etc., mentioning as you touch each point that this is "A," this is "B," this is "C," this is "D," and how the line "D–E" is drawn from this point to that, and so on, just as you would draw a diagram on a blackboard with chalk, or upon paper with a pencil. The student will remember this, and keep it as a positively visible image before the mind. Then read your demonstration, and the blind student will follow every detail and all the intricacies of the reasoning with precisely as much correctness and as great speed—often even greater speed than the student of the same mental caliber who has his eyes open all the while. The learning of music is not at all different from this; indeed, I think the mental study of geometry and algebra is perfectly analogous to the study of music. I believe that people are inclined to forget that music is not (to adopt an excellent, trenchant, alliterative phrase of Emerson) "a mere mush of materialism," not a vague, vaporous voice, but a clear crystallization of the mind. It is a mathematical process. Ideas, order and proportion, notes, tone figures, phrases, chords, chord progres-

sions, melodies, movements, sonatas, symphonies, everything that constitutes music, from the mere notion of "middle C" a whole note, up to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony or the "Parsifal" of Wagner, may be contained in a human mind without any necessary relation to, or dependence upon the auditory nerves. Every musician knows this perfectly well, but he is so accustomed to conceive his music by visible symbols, which were in the first place painfully learned as mere arbitrary associated marks, that he has no power of understanding how the same mental process may be carried on by a person who does not see the stems, heads, lines, added lines, white spaces and a thousand queer curlycues, but who associates other modes of expression with the same mathematical concepts.

Music in the silent mind of the composer may be likened to stalactites and stalagmites in some dark subterranean cave; there all the thousand shapes are, graceful, orderly, contrasted, and in among them glitter crystalline points, invisible till the flashing torch appears, when suddenly what was a blank darkness bursts into the glowing, many-hued splendor of a royal and bejeweled ante-chamber. What the light from the flaming torch does for this potentially beautiful cave with its wealth of nature's jewelry, that the performance of tones upon an instrument or through a voice is to the mental existence and realization of music. Any highly educated musician with faculties trained to follow the intricate windings of musical thought will easily comprehend the mental work of a blind musician if he will only remember how a symphony or sonata seems to him when he reads it without playing or hearing.

It must constantly be borne in mind by those who follow me and grasp what I am striving to express, that this deep, many-sided, abstract mental existence of music is, in my opinion, absolutely essential for a blind person; and yet, just as among other people there are all degrees of superficiality, all degrees of deflection from the strict line of the ideal, so among blind students we find flaws, imperfections, indolence and the like foibles.

Twenty years ago, when I first began teaching at the institute for the blind at Columbus, Ohio, having a strong predilection for experiment and for improved methods, I, having applied them to myself, attempted to do the same to the students, and tried with great zeal to work a reformation in modes of music memorizing. My results, of course, were like those of most reformers, only a faint, far-away resemblance to the ideals and images of my mind. Still I accomplished some good, for, if I did nothing else, I thoroughly reformed and improved my own mental habits. "But in what does this great reformation consist?" you will naturally ask. In one very simple thing—the attempt to create in the student's mind the mental concept of music without the assistance of the ear. When I was a child I was taught at this same institution and in the same manner that most students have been taught till within a very few years. It is like this: When I was seated at the pianoforte the teacher read to me the notes of the exercise or the composition, as the case might be, and as each tone was read I struck it with the appropriate finger and counted it aloud, or the teacher did so for me, and thus, little by little, each hand formed itself. Next came the process of joining the two parts together; this was frequently left, if the student was at all bright and reliable in mental processes, to be done after the teacher was gone. If the student was especially slow and needed extra help, the teacher would go through it with him carefully and tell him just what notes to bring against those in the other hand, and so by a very patient and almost infinitely slow process, a little music could be acquired.

My reformation consisted in determining that every student should so concentrate the mind and the mental powers of musical thinking that when "G, a quarter" was pronounced to him it should not be necessary to strike it and remember it as a sonnd, but remember it as a mental idea.

Just at this point it will be appropriate to give an actual specimen of how a passage of music would be imparted to a student without sight. I choose at random the first four measures of the opening andante of Mendelssohn's Op. 14,

the famous, familiar but never trite "Rondo Capriccioso.' Thus: "Key of E, four-four time, andante, pianissimo. Left hand, octave E (below and in the staff), a dotted half, down octave G, a quarter. Right hand for this measure, an eighth rest, then seven eighth chords marked swell, portamento, the chord being first B (below the staff), E, G, five times, then B, E, G, B once and B, E, G again. Second measure; left hand, octave A, dotted half, sharp A, quarter. Right hand, eighth rest, then a chord of four notes seven times, F (below the staff), C, E, F. Third measure; left hand, octaves B, C, B, B, four quarters. Right hand, marked swell, F, E, F (two eighth chords), F, sharp A, E, F (two eighth chords), natural A, B, E, F (two eighth chords), A, B, D; A (once), A, B, D, F (once). Fourth measure; left hand, single note E (first line below the staff), quarter, eighth rest, then chord of three notes from fourth space G up, G, B, F (five times), pedal at first beat of this measure. Right hand; eighth rest, G, B, E (two eighth chords), eighth rest, piano, first space above G, quarter-slurred to E (fourth space), quarter."

There are, of course, certain well known regulations to be followed in such verbal expressions of music; for instance, it is understood wherever a letter is pronounced, that the nearest one to the last is to be taken, and in the reading of a series of tones which form a run or vague tone-chain, wherever the step is more than a fourth it must be indicated by the reader, who must say either "up" or "down" or mention the space or line upon which it is written. The reason for this is obvious, because here we run into the region of complementary intervals. For example; first line E, a quarter, then a series of quarters, E, G, C, B, D, A, G. Again, E, G, down C, B, D, up A, G. The rearrangement of the tones made by these two larger intervals materially modifies the melody, but it is easily observed how simple is the process of making the correct expression. In following the above example the student has, of course, been properly instructed as to what is meant by "Key of E," what the tones of the scale of "E" are, how they differ from the

scale of "C," what the formation of chords such as the tonic triad, E, G sharp, B, and the dominant seventh, B, D sharp, F sharp, A, may be, and the advanced student understands, of course, all about the proper connection of harmonies and a hundred other things which are familiar to the thoughts of all musicians, and in this I think there is absolutely no difference between the blind man's conception of music and that of the cultivated man with sight, because in the pure region of abstraction where music strictly originates, the mind is the same, whether the ideas have been introduced through the front door of the eye and its appropriate optic nerve or the side door of the ear and its appropriate auditory nerves.

The beautiful in music originates in the abstract just as rivers that spread a smiling fertility and luxuriant greenness over the valleys derive their origin and strength from the silver, crystal urn of the glacier upon the mountain top in the pure air, where heaven with its unmisty star host remains forever.

There are, to be sure, many intricacies in the mode of verbal expression of music, which I have not the space to illustrate, but it may be well to add one more example.

There are two forms of difficulty to be found in music, the mental and the mechanical. I illustrate from the most familiar of all fields, that of pianoforte music. In delivering many of the greatest works of Beethoven the difficulty, interpretation aside, is not so much of a mental as of a mechanical character, for Beethoven thinks chords as symmetrical and logically inevitable as nature's geometry of crystallization. Take, for instance, the great sonata, Op. 57, in F minor; the climax of arpeggios toward the end of the *allegro assai*, first movement, is, with all its enormous difficulty, simply four familiar chords, the F minor triad, the dominant seventh of the key, the B flat minor triad, and the diminished seventh on the sharp fourth. The difficulty in this passage is in attaining sufficient strength, precision and endurance of digital skill to deliver these vast oceanic breadths of arpeggio, and not in the mental analysis of them. There are passages, on the contrary, of frequent occurrence

in Bach, in the later works of Beethoven, in Schumann, in Chopin and in others, which it is difficult to express verbally, but all this can be done by a little patience. For instance, the polyphonic character of even the little pieces in Schumann's Op. 15 and Op. 68, the "Kinder Scenen" and "The Album for Youth," is somewhat difficult to express, but all that is necessary is that every note be read in its proper voice, and the student be able to think the four voices independently. When, as frequently occurs, a note is short in one part perhaps a sixteenth, but held a dotted quarter in another, and having two stems, this can be just as clearly expressed to the mind through the ear, in spoken words, as by the visible symbols. We say, for instance, F, on the fourth line in the bass clef, struck a sixteenth and held a quarter dotted; then, in the upper voice, A, C, B, C, A, five more sixteenths filling out the time of the dotted quarter.

The above discussion will perhaps explain this primary difficulty. Before leaving this branch of the subject I ought, however, to add that in order to facilitate the perfect familiarity with the visible shapes of notes the blind are now provided with a most excellent key, having three large folio pages, containing upwards of one hundred signs distinctly and beautifully embossed, by means of which every known form of note and musical sign is made tangible. By carefully passing the finger tips again and again over these forms the pupil comes to have a faultless idea of everything there is, so that in case the child being taught by such a blind person is unfamiliar with a "curly-cue," and can give anything like a clear description of it, the teacher can supply the explanation, or, by showing his book of embossed signs, a complete mutual understanding can be established.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MUSICAL COMPOSITION AND THE GENERAL LAWS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

Adapted from the French of F. Paulham (Revue Philosophique, December, 1892) by J. de Zielinski.

MUSIC presents a peculiar manifestation and a curious verification of the great psychological laws, and we find that in the mind it presents a small world of its own, sufficient within itself up to a certain point; for a musical phrase is a sort of organized element, a symphony or any kind of a piece that is or ought to be analogous to an organism, to a spirit composed of parts that are associated for a final purpose.

The principal factor of our music is the tonality, and though its influence is growing less and less, it still predominates. The tonality of a piece is determined through a certain relation of notes heard simultaneously or successively, one of which, the tonic, predominates, while the piece begins and especially finishes on its perfect chord or one of its inversions. The different notes which form a melody, and the chords that form the accompaniment must in the end—after having deviated more or less—finish on the tonic triad. Passing dissonances make it more agreeable and more desirable; modulations, in retarding the tonic chord, prolong the interest.

It is not exaggeration to compare a piece of music to a comedy or a drama that invariably finishes well after numerous heart rending episodes. But our musical sense is different in its demands from the dramatic sense. We admit that a stage production may finish badly, which after all may be merely the logical conclusion; we even go so far as to admit that so to speak it need not finish at all, but we admit of no other musical termination than the perfect chord, which is a decided advancement, since for a long time composers were not satisfied with anything but a perfect major triad, the

perfect minor having been considered as a dissonant and passing chord rather than as a fundamental. Blaserna and Helmholtz record that up to the time of John Sebastian Bach—that is, up to the middle of last century—composers hesitated to finish a piece with a minor chord even if the character of the piece required it, and up to the time of Mozart when that form was used, though very rarely, the minor third was voluntarily eliminated, as it did not appear to sound well. One thing is certain, the minor triad is the most sad ending that can be given to a musical story.

The importance of the tonality, that is, the systematic association of sounds, cannot be doubted; the ear likes it and retains it; if the piece is extended, modulations are necessary in order to avoid monotony; nevertheless, the tonic must appear now and then, as Reber says in his "Traite d'Harmonie," p. 140: "At all events the phrases forming the conclusion of a piece cannot belong to any other key than that of the original tonic."

Thus the tonality once fixed, the mind uses it to interpret the sounds that are heard; it is a phenomenon analogous to all possible interpretations, resultant from the influence of a dominating state which associates itself to the inconsistent reasonings of day or night dreams, by modifying the new psychical facts that are produced. For example, if we have obtained the impression of the key of C major, the succession of G–A–B would produce an entirely different effect than if we had had a prior impression of G major, or E minor. This succession makes us anticipate the tonic C, which is prepared and anticipated by the leading note B. In the key of G major, on the other hand, the succession gives us a clear impression of the tonality, with a pause on the third, if the last note is prolonged, while in E minor the pause is on the dominant. The succession of A–B–C, in the key of C major gives us an impression of perfect rest on the tonic, while in the key of A minor it gives us a more vague impression of an incomplete pause on the third. Thus a succession of three notes is of a different significance and aspect according to the manner in which the mind is prepared by what precedes. It is not nec-

essary in order to realize the different impressions produced by this succession to prepare the mind by a hearing of notes forming a positive tonality; they may be understood at will, one way or another, just as in certain visual perceptions, we can see at will certain details in *intaglio* or in *relievo;* all of which brings us back to the fact that traces of anterior impressions, acquired habits, and inborn or gradually developed inclinations are not entirely at the mercy of present impressions.

What has just been said of the succession of notes applies also to notes heard simultaneously; moreover from our point of view, melody is in no wise opposed to harmony—both concur to inspire a tonality. So when a chord can be interpreted in several ways, which often happens, the impression which it will produce on us will be determined by the key note of the phrase to which it belongs. In the scale of C we can produce the chord of E–G–B, on E; these three notes, which constitute the perfect triad of the chord of E minor, do not give the impression of this tonality and do not destroy the tonality of C. The mind interprets this chord quite differently than it would if it came, for example, after the dominant seventh of E, namely B–D sharp–F sharp–A. The meaning is not the same, its effect quite different, we do not *feel* it in the same manner; in short, it is a different chord. The chords which constitute what is called "the rule of the octave," and which may be interpreted in several ways, each one individually, do not destroy the tonal impression, nor do they give the impression of a modulation or sudden change of key. The degrees of the harmonic scale formed by the superposition of thirds on all the degrees of the melodic scale, may be employed without creating the impression of a different key, exactly as the different notes of the melodic scale may be employed without producing modulation, thus allowing the preponderating importance of the tonic to remain. Oftentimes it is difficult to determine correctly the character of a given chord. For example, the chord of A flat–C–E flat, appears certainly, without the slightest doubt, as the perfect major triad of the key of A

flat. It has been maintained, however, that in certain peculiar cases there was only a semblance of a major chord, resultant from a bad form of writing.

Count Camille Durutte ("Esthetique Musicale") sees in this supposed major chord a peculiar form of a complicated chord represented, for example, by G–B–D sharp–F–A flat–C, in its complete form, which includes the sounds of D sharp, A flat and C, written wrongly as E flat, A flat and C. He gives two examples of the use of this chord. One is taken from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and he demonstrates that the composer used an entirely new chord under the form of a simple perfect major triad, while the other example is from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

If a chord is incomplete, containing but two notes, it is interpreted in the sense indicated by the general tonality, the mind choosing not only the key but also the degree which suits it best. Reber says that if two C's in octave follow the chord of E–G, these two notes produce in no wise the effect of the third degree E G–B, but really that of the first degree C–E–G, with the fundamental suppressed. The law of the mind thus supplies the absent notes. Reber adds, that every incomplete chord whose notes could belong to two or more different degrees, is always classed by the ear as belonging to the best possible degree, or to the most used, musical instinct always supplying the absent note. Thus ideas and impressions which agree with the general tonality are favored and awakened, while others are erased; this is the perfect application of the laws of systematic association and exclusion.

The object and effect of dissonances is to create a desire for the perfect chord, and the character of a piece will be entirely different if the dissonances are numerous and harsh, or if said piece be written almost entirely in consonances; but if our natural tendencies are more or less opposed in various ways, in music they always end by being satisfied.

The influence of the prevailing tonality is not only strong enough to give a positive interpretation to chords susceptible

of several meanings, but also to prevent certain chords from awakening impressions that are naturally associated with them. We know that the nature of a chord cannot be changed by passing notes, that is, notes which cannot be a part of a chord, and though these passing notes form among themselves real chords, musical instinct, in such a case, considers them as merely accidental notes. These notes, thus harmonized among themselves, form what may be called passing chords or passing harmonies. We may also add borrowed harmonies, used only to add variety and the unexpected, without using them for modulation.

It is an acknowledged fact among theoreticians that the major mode can borrow from its relative minor, or one or two of the nearest keys, without modulating, while the minor mode cannot do the same without causing the musical instinct to feel the change of key; this comes from the fact that as soon as the chord borrowed from its major has been heard in a minor key, modulation in this mode becomes imperative, while the major mode is much less disturbed by chords borrowed from its relative minor. In order that modulation in a minor key be not implied by foreign chords they must be borrowed from one of the relative keys of the established minor.

It is one of the objects of melody, and of the harmony which accompanies it, to vary the expression and to maintain the key without change, unless there be an æsthetic reason for so doing. This tendency is found in most of the rules regarding melody and harmony. The famous rule which forbids consecutive fifths, or even the resolution into a fifth by parallel movement, is designed for the purpose of avoiding the harshness of the second fifth and the confusion that it creates in the key, and Reber insists on the necessity of preparing the fourth in the second inversion of a perfect major triad, when said triad is not the tonic triad. If change of key is required by means of modulation, certain notes previously avoided may be used to furnish a means of passing from one key to another.

From a harmonic point of view modulation is analogous;

transition into the new key is effected by means of a chord which contains the characteristic note of that chord, and which differentiates it from the key which dominated until then. Harmonic ambiguity is used not less than melodic; thus, for example, taking the chord of the dominant seventh without the fundamental (C: G–B–D–F, with the fundamental left out, viz.: B–D–F) and the second degree of the minor key (B–D–F, formed on the second degree of A minor), the former chord with the fundamental left out, can furnish a means to modulate; for having been weakened, the ear does not refuse to accept the change, and one may profit by this elimination (of the fundamental) and consider the chord as that of the second degree of the minor; reciprocally the second degree of the minor can be considered as the dominant seventh (without the fundamental) of the relative major, and modulation thus obtained.

It is easy to find in common life the physiological equivalent for modulations of this kind; it is the same thing as when two systems of conscientious belief differently trained, have one part in common which establishes a mutual point of agreement around which those beliefs revolve. We know how often this happens in the phenomena of the mind, from the barest perceptions up to the most abstract reasoning and into the realm of emotion.

We find also the application of psychological laws in the influences which allow such or such an impression to arise and develop. In order that the ambiguity which produces the modulation may be possible, the recollection of the first tone must be weakened; in order to really change the key, and in order that the mind may have a clear and strong impression of a different key, it is necessary that this new key assert itself with force, and by prolonged chords. The characteristic note can give the impression of a new key, but it cannot always establish it, because whatever may be the influence of those notes in modulation, a new tonality is as a rule not confirmed except by means of a cadence. A phrase in a positive tonality may contain one or more chords foreign to the key which do not destroy the final unity. The dura-

tion of chords exercises considerable influence; for example, the perfect chord of the tonic may be prolonged indefinitely; but if on any other degree of the scale a perfect chord be prolonged too much it often effaces the tonal impression of the preceding chords, and ends in establishing itself in its turn as the chord of the tonic. Inversely, if a modulation is to be accomplished, the key into which one is about to enter must have time to assert itself. For certain modulations which can be accomplished without intermediate chords Reicha says that it is necessary to remain a while in the new key, otherwise only the chords are changed and not the scale, and in order to actually change key without the help of intermediate chords it is necessary to make an entire phrase or period in the new key.

It is often necessary to use intermediate chords to pass from one key to a distant key; thus one does not deviate from the preceding psychological formula, but merely rings the change around one idea in common, within a relatively brief period of time. A transition from one key to another can be made quite rapidly, although a certain amount of care should be exercised. As a general rule it may be observed that the ear seizes with difficulty a great number of different chords succeeding each other rapidly, hence transitory chords *a fortiori* should not replace each other too suddenly.

A concrete example taken from "Lohengrin," will perhaps demonstrate more visibly the psychic phenomena of modulation. Toward the end of the introduction to the third act, the motive of the bridal chorus, which appears in the orchestra, presents a very interesting and very simple modulation. At first during four measures the sound of D is heard over a varied rhythm; this note is prolonged and under it appears the first phrase of the chorus written in the key of G; D–G–G–G, D–A–F sharp–G, then comes a modulation effected by means of these three notes, D–E flat–F, which lead, after the F has been prolonged or repeated for four measures in $\frac{4}{4}$ time, and during four measures in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, to a repetition of the same phrase in B flat,

namely, F–B flat–B flat–B flat, F–C–A–B flat. The key of B flat is sufficiently distant from the key of G, it has the same signature as G minor, but does not contain an F sharp; out of seven notes of the scale, four are common to both, *i. e.*, G, A, C and D; three are different: E and B are flatted in the key of B flat, while F is sharped in the key of G. Hence the modulation here is brought about by the sustained tone D, which is very important in the key of G, and quite important in the key of B flat, for in the former it is the fifth in the tonic triad, while in the latter it is the third; its frequent repetition and position impress it on the ear, which is thus prepared to accept another chord of which said note forms an integrant part, or another scale in which it would hold an important position. This is the pivot around which winds the psychic system. One more form of modulating—it is the enharmonic, according to Bazin. Our modern system reveals that there are five notes that if sharped (raised one-half step) represent the same notes that one step above them would if flatted (lowered one-half step); enharmonic modulation is to replace one of those notes by the other, as, for example, A flat in place of G sharp. It is the same key as far as sound is concerned, but an entirely different note as far as the relations that it can enter into, or as far as forming part of new chords is concerned. Examples of enharmonic modulations are very frequent. Here is one taken from "Lohengrin"; it is the motive which follows the sad phrase uttered by the oboes and the English horns, when Elsa, in the first act, appears before the king to answer the accusations of Telramund. Here the modulation is prepared by a chord of G flat major, composed of G flat–D flat–B flat–G flat. The two G flats become enharmonically F sharps, the D flat becomes in the same way a C sharp, the B flat descends to A, and we have the chord F sharp–C sharp–A, which leads us easily enough to the tonic triad of A major. All this notwithstanding that the key of G flat has six flats for signature, and the key of A three sharps. These two keys are then very distant from each other, though said distance is perfectly apparent, which is due to our musical notation.

A similar theory could be applied to the study of cadences and dissonant chords. One of the best examples of the influence of systematic association is the attention bestowed by our musical sense upon different chords compelling almost irresistibly a succession of others. No one could claim that a piece should terminate by a chord of the diminished seventh, or even the dominant seventh; sometimes it may be well to replace by a different chord the one required by the sense of the phrase; this is called an interrupted cadence. Its effect is remarkable, but as generally the ordinary rules of harmony have to be observed in such cases, no chord whatever can take the place of the perfect tonic triad, and moreover the new chord does not conclude the phrase, but on the contrary opens a new perspective.

Another example of the association of one and the same note with two different keys is found in the third act of "Lohengrin"; after Elsa has asked of Lohengrin his secret, after Telramund has been killed in the attempt to surprise the knight of the Holy Grail, and while the latter is absorbed in regret for his lost happiness, the orchestra takes up in E major the motive of the love-duo. This motive is followed by Elsa's phrase in E minor, terminating with the notes G–F sharp E; this E, which is the tonic of the phrase, instead of forming as tonic part of the chord of E minor, forms part, as third, of the chord of C major, which brings back into this key the theme of the "Judgment of God."

The study of dissonances, of their preparation and of their resolution, would lead to analogous conclusions.

The resolution of dissonances on a consonant chord always implies systematic association and a tendency to the realization of stable harmony, by means of notes belonging at the same time to the dissonant as well as to the consonant chord, of which they are also a part; this is similar to the process of changing keys which succeed one another around a common center. The preparation of the dissonance, obtained by sounding first in a consonant chord the note which afterward is to produce a dissonance, demonstrates the same principle.

The question remains as a last analysis: What is this peculiar system which is born of musical harmony, and why does our mind find rest in the perfect chord? The physiological causes of harmony are not yet perfectly known, and the hypotheses of Helmholtz and others are far from being final. His mathematical calculations are interesting, and there is no doubt that the mathematical relations of the number of vibrations of the sounds which succeed each other or are heard simultaneously, may be of considerable importance, but this is hardly sufficient to obtain an adequate conception.

Thus music seems to be a sort of organism, a living soul, a soul composed of phenomena having no resemblance to the external world, for music creates its own substance, with little or no imitation, still not without relation to these phenomena. It is a species of ideal mind which we substitute for our own in hearing a symphony; a mind which, if it has not the same resources and the same variety as ours, neither is it subject to the same fetters and limitations, and being free, purified, supple, less imperfect, develops itself in its own measure, unhindered by exterior resistance. An effort has been made to enhance the representation of thought and feeling in the opera by giving to the music a character of precision, adapting it to the concrete nature of scenes of real life, transformed and idealized, while the representation of feeling and thought would be benefited by the purity, power of expression, the force and subtlety of ideal musical combinations. This combination of music and drama has been deplored, yet it has its legitimate side, and owes the discredit thrown upon it to the wrong use made of it, and to the grotesque fashion of subordinating the musical effect to the dramatic, to the virtuosity of a singer, to the bewildering brilliancy of the ballet, and to the ill understood development of *melody*.

J. De Zielinski.

THE ZUNI MUSIC AS TRANSLATED BY MR. BENJAMIN IVES GILMAN.

THE study of the music of primitive races has received a powerful impulse during the present year through the presentation of the subject at the different World's Fair Congresses and the discussions called out by these presentations, and also by the publication, by the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology of Harvard University, of "A Study of Omaha Indian Music" by Miss Alice C. Fletcher and the present writer. The natural effect of the impulse thus given will be not only to stimulate original investigation, but also to call renewed attention to studies heretofore made. Sharing this impulse, I have been led to read over again Dr. J. Walter Fewkes' admirable account of "A Few Summer Ceremonials at Zuni Pueblo," published in Vol. I of "A Journal of American Archæology and Ethnology," of which Dr. Fewkes is editor. One chapter of this work is devoted to Zuni songs, which Dr. Fewkes recorded by means of a phonograph and then turned over to Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, of Cambridge, Mass., for transcription into our musical notation, and for such study and comment as the music seemed to require at the hands of a specialist in this subject. This chapter is written by Mr. Gilman and, presumably, contains all that he had to say on the subject in the year 1890, when the studies were made. If any musical journal or magazine has given Mr. Gilman's work any attention, it has thus far escaped my observation. It is high time these studies were reviewed, both on account of the importance of the subject, and also because the value of any presentation of primitive music depends on the point of view of the specialist who presents it, and on the faithfulness of his transcription of the music submitted to him into the notation commonly used by the civilized musical world, with a view to making it comprehensible *as music*. I desire to emphasize this last point.

The songs of the Zunians, like the songs of all other primitive races, are, to them, unquestionably *music*, the expression in tones of their most sacred and deepest feelings, and at the same time their embodiment of the musico-æsthetic sense, so far as it is yet developed in them. The first question of a scientific inquirer ought to be: What does this music mean to those who make it? Second: Are the musical experiences and expressions of these people comprehensible by us, and are their songs capable of being transcribed into our notation so as to be intelligible to our own musicians? If this last question be answered in the affirmative, it becomes the bounden duty of the student to make such a transcription as shall fairly represent the music of the people whose work he is studying, *as music*. If it has tonality, *i. e.*, tones in key relation, that must be shown, for music is not music, to us, unless its component tones are in relation to a key-note or tonic and to the chord (major or minor) of that tonic. If harmonic relations exist among the tones, that must also appear in the notation. It is the student's business to help us to enter into the thought of the primitive men whose music he is studying, interpreting their experiences to us by means of our own, so far as we have anything in common with them; for we have no way of interpreting the unknown except by means of the known.
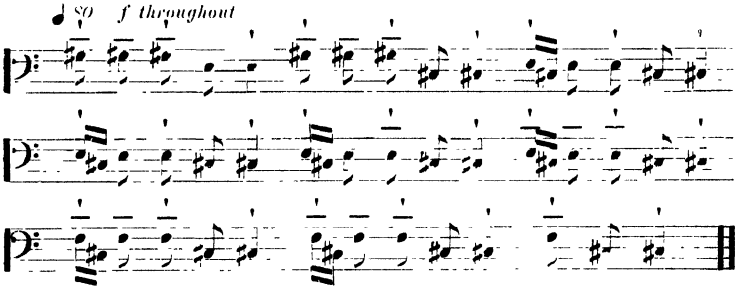
With such an ideal of an investigator's work in our minds, let us now turn to Mr. Gilman's work. The first characteristic to be noted is the evident sincerity and honesty of it. He showed the greatest care and anxiety to record the exact, absolute pitch of every tone given by the phonograph, as correctly as our musical notation would permit. He took the utmost pains to guard against any possible bias. He wished to have no preconceived opinions. He says (page 67): "The fact may be worthy of mention that before listening to these songs the writer had never heard any primitive music, and during their study purposely refrained from consulting any of the records of Indian melodies which have already been made by other investigators." He has sought to allow for all possible sources of error; was alive to the

fact that the phonograph used was run by a treadle, and, therefore, the steadiness of its motion and consequently the accuracy of the pitch could not be implicitly depended on." So careful is he in this respect that he feels justified in writing (page 67): "All things considered, it may be reasonably inferred that, apart from errors in the work, the following records give a very fairly accurate report of these melodic sequences as they came from Zuni lips." These utterances are not only sincere, but modest; and the reader turns to the records he has transcribed with the full expectation of finding the Zuni songs set down in a shape which shall give him at least an intelligible, if not an absolutely accurate idea of what the Zuni music really is. A few examples quoted from his work will show how far this expectation is justified. I give on page 42 the first three songs of the collection as noted by Mr. Gilman.
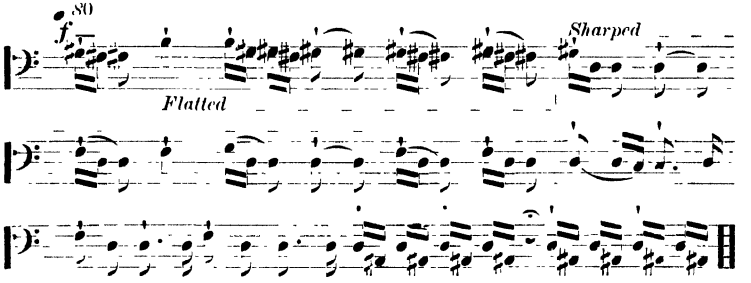
These songs, as noted here, have a very strange look. There are no signatures and no bars. The accents are indicated by points over the accented notes, "to avoid the multiplication of bars," Mr. Gilman says. But why should he wish to avoid the means in common use among musicians for expressing precisely what he is trying to express by means unusual, and consequently less intelligible, than the familiar notation for the metrics of music? And why avoid writing a signature to indicate key? His mode of noting each separate sharp as an accidental is certainly much more laborious. What was there to be gained by its adoption? Is it possible that he imagined that these songs had no tonality, *i. e.*, were not music at all, and that he looked on the task he had undertaken as merely a problem in acoustics? And why should he have chosen to use sharps exclusively to indicate tones not found in the scale of C?

It is very easy for any musician to see why he should *not* have done so. A mere casual inspection of his version of the "Sacred Dance of the Koko" will show this. Any intelligent musician who reads it will speedily become aware that he is imagining the sounds which compose two chords, one major and the other its relative minor, but that both are
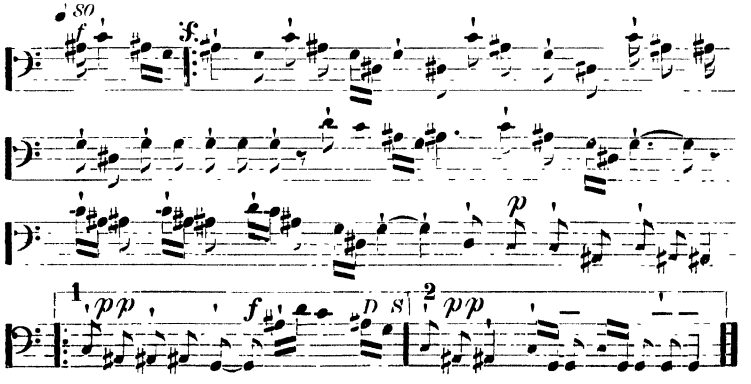
THE SONG OF THE RABBIT HUNT.



DU-ME-CHIM CHEE.
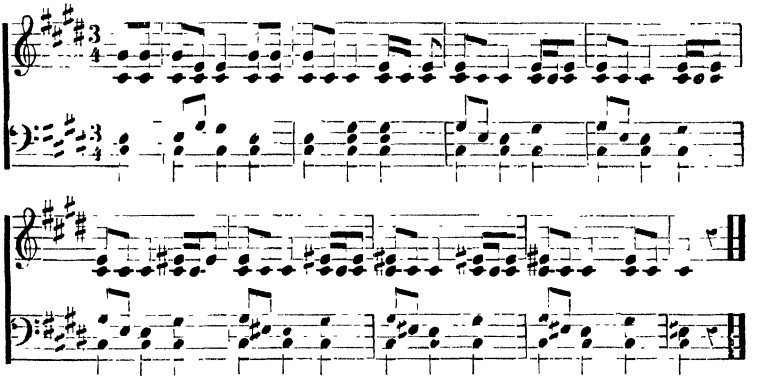


SACRED DANCE OF THE KOKO.



wrongly spelled in the notation. The tones indicated on the piano keyboard by the notes D sharp G and A sharp make the *sound* of the major chord of D sharp; but it requires only the most elementary knowledge of harmonic relations to see that the tone here noted as G should be noted as F double sharp. Or, if the G be retained, which is preferable, for reasons soon to be given, then the other two tones should be noted as E flat and B flat, respectively. If the C be combined with the G, then E flat must be used instead of D sharp to make the chord of C minor. It is true enough that D sharp sounds exactly the same on the piano or organ, but it has not the same harmonic relations, and consequently not the same meaning to a musician. "Ale" and "ail" sound

SONG OF THE RABBIT HUNT.

(Written so as to show its tonality and its natural harmonies.)
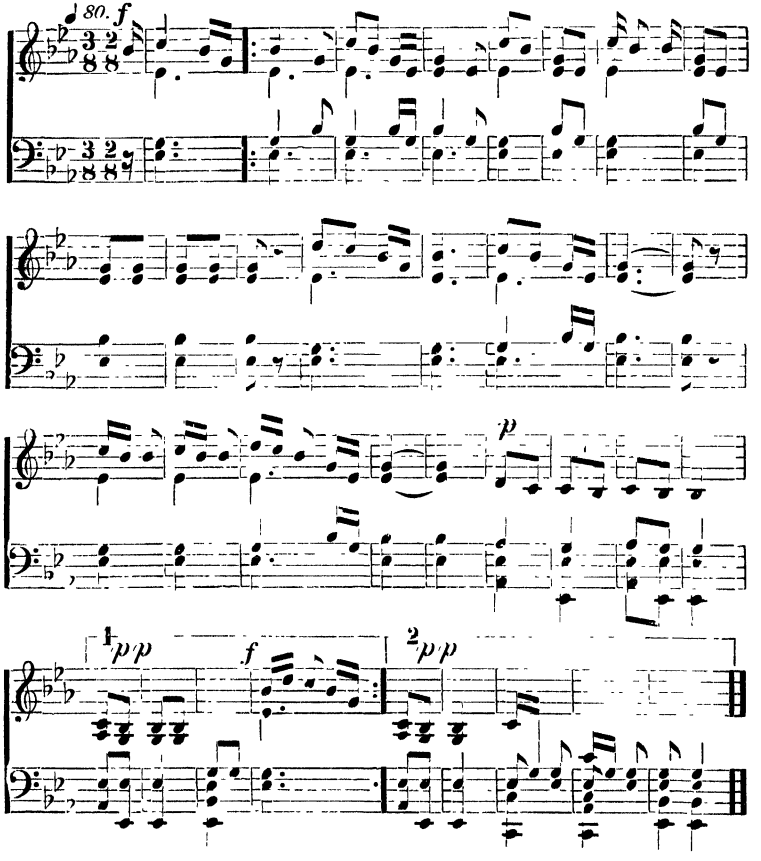


precisely alike in pronunciation, and nobody could tell by the mere sound which word was intended; the meaning has to be gathered from the connection, *i. e.*, from the relations of the ideas, precisely as a musician decides that he is to write E flat, G, B flat, when he means the chord of E flat, and D sharp, F double sharp, A sharp, when he means the chord of D sharp, and not mix the two forms of notation. Chords, like words, are spelled according to their sense, and not merely according to their sound. What should we think of an alleged literary "specialist" who should write "ale," when he meant "ail"? Yet it is just such grammatical errors as this that Mr. Gilman has committed in his notation

of the "Sacred Dance of the Koko." The tonality of the song is perfectly plain, and it is equally clear that the melody runs on simple harmonic lines. It would be possible to note it as in the key of D sharp major; but this would necessitate using nine sharps in the signature. This no musician would ever think of doing. The proper notation is that of the key

SACRED DANCE OF THE KOKO.

(Harmonized and written in correct tonality.)



of E flat, with three flats for the signature. I insert here the proper notation of the song, according to the standards universally accepted in the musical world, adding the simple chords, which are not only *implied*, but are actually *embodied* in the melody.

The worst of it is that Mr. Gilman has sinned against a certain amount of light; for he suggests in a note, afterward, that "up to the coda, the melody may be viewed as written in our key of E flat," "*May be*," indeed! How is it possible that any one with a musical ear and the most elementary knowledge of musical grammar could ever have thought of writing it otherwise!

The "Song of the Rabbit Hunt," if we assume that the aberrations from harmonic pitch, noted by Mr. Gilman are accidental (and they are quite as likely to be so as otherwise), is very simple. As the notation stands, it is in the key of C sharp minor, up to within four measures of the end, when it changes to C sharp major. There is absolutely nothing in the melody except tones belonging to these two chords, as will easily be seen from the harmonized version on page 44. But Mr. Gilman has chosen to spell the major chord wrongly, by using F instead of E sharp. Indeed, if he had gone deliberately to work with the intention of obscuring the tonality and the harmonic relations of these melodies as much as possible, it is difficult to see how he could have succeeded better.

The second song, "Du-me-chim-chee," as he has noted it, is largely unintelligible. So are parts of all the others; so that, as real interpretations of the musical thoughts of the Zunians, they must be regarded as practically worthless.

As for the aberrations from harmonic pitch which Mr. Gilman has so conscientiously noted, it is impossible to decide from any evidence here offered how much of it is due to the imperfections of the phonograph and how much of it is really to be heard in the Indian singing. Even if it were shown that the Indians wavered a good deal from what we should consider correct pitch, it would still be necessary to inquire into the causes of such variation; and it might be needful to study the Indian singing itself, apart from any phonographic reproduction of it, in order to arrive at trustworthy conclusions.

Within the past five years it has been my fortune to hear a good deal of primitive music. I have taken down

between one and two hundred Indian songs, of several different tribes, singing with the Indians, when necessary, over and over again, until they assured me that I sang the songs correctly. I have also listened to many songs of the Dahomeyans, South Sea Islanders, Javanese, etc., for hours together, on the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair, during the past summer. If there be any primitive music which has not tonality and which does not run on plain harmonic lines, I have yet to hear it. I have harmonized nearly two hundred Indian songs and submitted the harmonizations to Indian criticism. I have yet to find a single case in which the harmony I thought natural was not equally natural and satisfactory to the Indians. I think I am justified, therefere, in feeling confident that all these Zuni songs possess the same characteristics, especially as two of them certainly do; and that a rational and grammatical notation, such as Mr. Gilman has unfortunately failed to give us, would have made both the tonality and the natural harmony of the melodies clearly intelligible. It is matter for regret that so much laborious work as has evidently been expended on these songs should have been so completely misdirected; and still more that science should fail of having now before it an adequate version of this interesting folk-music. Happily the cylinders are still in existence, and in a place where hundreds of competent musicians are easily accessible; it ought not to be difficult to find one or more, both able and willing to transcribe these songs grammatically and intelligibly so as to make them accessible to students in really authentic shape. In the present version, it must be reluctantly confessed, they are of little or no use to any one.

MILWAUKEE. JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

THE USE OF ART IN EDUCATION.*

THERE are many words which have almost lost their original signification, being buried under the accumulated misconception of years. In their secondary or acquired meaning they are not so useful as they were at first because they become synonyms of other words equally expressive, and the language is impoverished just in the degree that the true meaning is discarded,

Education is one of these words; meaning a "building up" or "edifying," it at first described the development or formation of a character and mind, step by step from infancy to old age,

Now it is applied to the course of study of a school or college, or the knowledge of books, and while "learning," "study," "knowledge" and other words would serve equally well, or better in this sense, we have no word to supply the old lost meaning of "education."

Another word that is fast losing its true meaning is "æsthetic." In this case it has become too extended, instead of being contracted to a technical term as in "education."

"That which can be perceived by the senses, or which appeals to the senses," is the proper definition of æsthetic, the adjective, or "æsthetics," the noun; but the word is now used to express that which is beautiful, artistic, picturesque or harmonious in color, as applied to things, and as describing a person it means having an artistic taste, or being able to produce good effects in costume, house furnishing or decoration.

In the meantime we have no word to describe æsthetic properties except "sensible," "audible," "tangible," "visible," which are specific and not general definitions.

"Art" is another word fast sinking below the horizon in its meaning of "the power to do," as science is in its first conception of "something known," art becoming the thing

* Copyright, 1893. From "Art and Education," now in press.

created, and science the knowledge applied to practical purposes. These and many other words would long ago have disappeared, if they had not been anchored to Shakespeare and King James' version of the Bible, both which, so far as many people are concerned, might as well be sunk in the great ocean of oblivion.

Dr. Kalischer, in his essay on "Musik und Moral,"* gives an account of a Greek word, which shows how full of meaning a word may be, as a "nut is full of meat," and how it may be narrowed in its later use, and I will quote it in a rough translation which I shall make as literal as possible in order to give a clear rendering to those who do not understand German. It will serve, also, as an appropriate text for the consideration of education. He says: "Before presenting some of the thought-treasures of Plato and Aristotle on the moral power of music, it may be profitable to linger a moment over the term (*Wortbegriff*) 'Musiké.'"

We have as little reason to conceive its meaning to be pure, independent music, as the meaning of "Harmonia" (*armonia*) to be pure accord, in our understanding of "accord" or "concord"; for concord in our sense was always a *terra incognita* to the Greeks. Harmony meant with them only the science of sound, or artistically musical arrangement; in other words, composition.

Their conception of "Musiké" was also very widely different from our conception of "Music." We shall not go amiss if, under "Musiké" we include all that part of the *spirit life*, collectively, which is dedicated to the Muses; to which music, the art of sound, especially belongs.

The idea in "Musiké" is the idea of music, as well as all the Muse-consecrated powers, which are the arts and sciences of the Muses. (*Muesische Kuenst*, or *Muesen-Kuende.*)

This is especially clear in Plato's dialogue of the "Republic," wherein the hero Socrates unfolds his ideal of a "State." The striving of the Greeks for the harmonious expression of the body and soul is the central idea, and Plato

* "Musik und Moral," *Ein Kultur-historischer Essay von Dr. Alf. che. Kalischer* (1878).

is unrestrained in his praise of the "Gymnastik" and "Musiké" as chief factors of human development.

Most translators call these "Gymnastics" and "Music," although they thus "Germanize" (Anglicize) only one part of the broad Greek conception; for the "Gymnastik" concerned the whole bodily well-being, and "Musiké" the health of mind and soul.

So Plato makes Socrates say, in expanding the idea of education, "What, then, is education?" Is it not hard to find a better mode than the one which has long been discovered?

That is "Gymnastik" for the body (*Leibliche*), on the one side, and "Musiké" for the soul, on the other. ("Republic," 2 Buch, §16 nach edition, Fr. Ast.)

The word music seems to be derived from "Muse." This in turn is supposed to come from an obsolete verb meaning "to invent," "to inquire." Anthon's Classical Dictionary remarks that "the Muses are nothing more than the inventive powers of the mind as displayed in the several arts," and a modern writer on art remarks: "It will perhaps appear to you that to create anything is to put life into it."

A poet or creator is, therefore, a person who puts things together, not as a watchmaker steel, or a shoemaker leather, His work is essentially this, it is the gathering and arranging of material by imagination, so as to have in it at last the harmony or helpfulness of life and the passion or emotion of life. Mere fitting and adjustment of material is nothing; that is watchmaking. But helpful and passionate harmony, essentially choral harmony, so called from the Greek word "rejoicing," is the harmony of Apollo and the Muses, the words Muse and mother being derived from the same root, meaning "passionate seeking, or love, of which the issue is passionate finding, or sacred invention." ("Modern Painters," Vol. V, Chap. 1.)

The narrow views of art which are so prevalent to-day need to be corrected, or at least directed to the extended range and influence of art, and of music, which is in every sense a wide and perfect art, and which includes much more

than the mathematical and demonstrable relations of sounds as described by Euclid, and more than the scientifically constructed combinations of modern formalists.

We must, however, leave it to scholars to determine what view of music was taken by the ancients, and readers who are interested can follow the subject at their own pleasure.

Whether savants allow us to understand "Musiké" to mean the powers of mind devoted to and presided over by Calliope, Clio, Melpomene, Euterpe, Erato, Terpsichore, Urania, Thalia and Polymnia, collectively, that is, whether it is necessary to our musical education to learn epic poetry, and eloquence from Calliope, the "silver-toned," with her parchment roll and trumpet; to have Clio unfold the secrets of history, and Melpomene of tragedy, which she will accompany on the lyre; to submit ourselves to the guidance of Euterpe, the "well delighting," the inventor of the tragic chorus, the real musician of the nine, as her two flutes show; or to Erato, with her love vases and diadem of roses and myrtle; or to Terpsichore, the dancing sister, whose movements are rhythm; to Thalia, the "blooming," laughing in her gardens, and presiding over *comedy* and *husbandry*, the two arts of health; or Polymnia, queen of melody, singing and rhetoric; or whether scholars confine the term "Musiké" to the strictly musical arts, as we understand *music*, and exclude the idea of tragedy, comedy, poetry, oratory and rhetoric, matters little.

The kernel of the idea is this, that the Greeks believed in art as an educating means, and as a nourishing and fostering *mother* to all the powers of the mind, heart and soul, that is, to all the parts of a human being not bodily or tangible, called in the German the "*geistliche.*"

It would be well if we could regard art in the same light as the ancients, and use it in the way that they recommend, to foster the right "spirit" in every child born into the world. Such a spirit, often called the "art spirit," whether it develops into musical taste and talent, artistic insight and invention, poetical feeling and expression, or whether it

begins and ends with enlarging the capacity of the mind for any and every claim which life presents, must conduce to the happiness and well-being of its possessor.

The time to cultivate this spirit is in very early youth; we cannot create it; no one will understand me to mean that it can be germinated by human means, but many years' observation of many children has proved to my satisfaction that the germ of the artistic taste or faculty exists in every child that is not noticeably deficient in intellect. A child of two years old is not too young to notice the birds, the thunder, the frogs croaking at sunset; at three he might distinguish the songs of different birds and learn to know the voice of the katydid from the locust, cricket and grasshopper, as well as he knows the daisy from the buttercups and dandelions. Children who cannot walk can sometimes keep time with their hands and feet to musical rhythm, and some little ones can sing as soon as they can speak. Mere babies have been known to imagine a cow or a dog in the shape of a cloud, or to trace houses and people in the outline of the tree tops against the sky. Some children delight in filling and emptying tumblers of water, and trying the tone at each stage of the process, and the driest wood cuts in the primer often inspire the fancies of the scholars. One boy who had arrived at the hay making scene, and the lines "This is a hay field," looked up to his teacher's face and said, "Oh! I wish we were there." Another child, considered by his parents too troublesome to keep at home, was always reduced to order and happiness in school by the reading of "Come to the sunset tree."

Any one who loves children enough to study their characteristics can multiply examples of their sensitiveness to impressions, and of their susceptibility to the influence of beautiful sights or sounds, and the inference may be drawn that, given the materials and the tools, and the chance to develop their natural gifts of imagination and observation, many of them would be able to "combine" and "invent," or, in other words, many of them would be artists in execution and poets in feeling.

Life is very short, and art, the poet says, is long; therefore every hour of life should count, from the first breath to the last. Years must be spent in acquiring the technical arts by which we live; or, rather, technical skill to perform the necessary work of life. These years must be the mature years, when the muscle and brain have gathered strength and ripeness.

It is only the immature period which can be spared for refining and polishing the taste and imagination and spiritual powers generally; yet these years are most often thrown away. Nursemaids are often the only artists who make indelible pictures on a child's sensitive brain, and it is their influence which locks forever the door of fancy and imagination and throws away the key.

Brick walls and narrow streets too often supply the only material for future use which a keen observation or lovely insight might appropriate. Faculties which need the free sky and green fields, birds' songs and sweet scented flowers to quicken and ripen them, must languish and die in a prison of dull smoke and battling din.

The little mind should be already trained to a love of the beautiful, the ears attuned to natural sounds, the eyes be lovingly familiar with nature's secrets, and the whole bias of the heart be toward a tender and brave sympathy with all of God's creatures, and toward a harmonious understanding of human relation, before the year arrives, let it be six years old, or ten, or fifteen, when the child "goes to school" to learn what human teachers can impart of rules and lines.

The kindergarten is a substitute for a "country" education, and the teacher is a substitute for a loving, wise, guiding father or mother. It is a good sponsor, if a child is orphaned from Dame Nature or mother love; but it is not the fullest nourishment the undeveloped faculties can have. It is unquestionably a great boon to city children; probably the quickness of hand and eye, and the readiness of brain and tongue thus gained, would be a boon to *any* child. And we must give the "free kindergarten" its full meed of praise as God's gift to the poor little outcasts of great cities.

But there are many children who might have as much more glorious training, in preparation for life's darkness and struggle, as the sunlight surpasses the lamplight, or as a woodland scene surpasses the illustrations in the botany book.

If the parents are not able to teach their children, and know nothing of art and nature themselves, some harsh judges might say they were not fitted to have homes or the care of other lives committed to them; but others, more charitable, might and do say, "Let them learn side by side with the little ones, imparting those things in which they outstrip the children, and humbly receiving those things which the clear vision and unprejudiced wisdom of childhood can impart to them, remembering that there are some things revealed to babes, which are hidden from the wise and prudent."

We have wandered far from our consideration of "Musiké": and to return to it, does it not seem curious that the moderns in their systems of education leave out of account, in a great measure, the sense of hearing and the science and art of sound? It would have been, perhaps, a more needful discussion to try and prove that "Musiké," a "mind-former," included *Music*, than to prove, or suggest, that more than music is meant by the term. I do not know why it is supposed that the eye should be more keen and critical than the ear, but such seems to be the opinion of many teachers, and the tendency of education at present seems to be toward the cultivation of the sight and touch, to the neglect of the hearing. It may be said that no one knows which of the kindergarten pupils will be musicians, or develop any talent in that direction, but neither can you tell whether the little fingers will ply a mechanic's trade; you cannot tell that the eyes will have to mix colors or combine shapes, or whether the little bodies will ever *use* their lithe and graceful motions one moment after they leave the kindergarten routine.

Then why not include a more careful training of the ear than is embraced now in the merry little songs they sing, and the lessons in keeping time, in marching, etc. The children might all, with perhaps one or two exceptions,

learn the difference between pleasing and unpleasing sounds, or combinations of sounds in concords and discords. The teacher could have exercises as she has for visual practice. She could strike a piece of wood, or glass or iron, and ask the children to say what it was, and to describe the sound. She could teach them time, pitch, the distinction between loud and soft, and perhaps try the method which Mendelssohn insisted on so strongly in his nephew's education, that he should learn to sing and to recognize one tone, and then learn to sing a scale up and down from that tone. If at the same time the children were taught the note which represents that tone, and to read one scale and sing it at sight without an instrument, they would have a better foundation for a musical education than hundreds of little songs. It may be that this would be too much to add to the present enormous requirements of the kindergarten teachers, and make their course of study too arduous, but the way to obviate this difficulty, and the best way in any case, would be to have an especial teacher for sound and music, who would be able to instruct the scholars in several schools in her branch. These are merely suggestions, which may have occurred to many others, and which need amplification and much detail to be of practical use.

I have heard of one musical kindergarten, but have not been able yet to visit it, and it may be a long time before the sense of hearing receives the attention it deserves, but the main point to emphasize is this, that there is a right way and a wrong way to study, and a right way and a wrong way to lay the foundations of knowledge. It is certainly a wrong way to neglect the first years of life and it is equally a wrong way to neglect some faculties entirely, and to overestimate others.

It is only a partial preparation of the soil in the garden, which fits it only for vegetables, and omits the flower seeds. It is a very partial preparation for life when the artistic and "sensitive" half of a nature is ignored.

It is a partial and imperfect preparation for an artistic life, which ignores the musical faculties, as it has been said,

and truly, I believe, "It very rarely happens that a lover of music is not also a lover of poetry and painting."

The habits and associations of early life have as much influence on musical career and musical studies as on anything else. The art of phrasing, for instance, is more a matter of feeling and study and the application of rules.

Nice discrimination in accent and expression is instructive; that is, a cultivated taste and good preliminary education improve a natural delicacy and intuition until it becomes second nature to play with feeling and with correctness as to rhythm, accent and all that constitutes the punctuation of music. The quality of tone that is produced, especially in pianoforte playing, is also the effect of good early training, added, of course, to musical and artistic gifts, such as a sensitive ear and that indefinable something in the formation of a hand and arm which makes the muscles respond to the will.

It is the same in music that it is in learning to read. Unless there is some natural deficiency, a child whose earliest associations have been favorable to its mental development will read with expression and punctuate naturally, almost as soon as he knows the letters and words, while it takes years to teach a neglected child the use of the punctuation marks, and correct inflection. Heredity counts for something, but as the birth determines some of the qualities of the individual it is all the more important that a child should be watched, from the time it shows the first signs of volition and perception, that the little life may be turned from evil, and made to grow toward the sunlight.

It is here that education begins; and from this point till death, there is no cessation. Either the nature grows more delicate, more responsive to goodness and beauty, more pliable yet more firm in texture, more courageous and hopeful, in short, more refined in the senses, the intellect, the heart, or it grows more coarse, more unsympathetic, more stiff and unyielding, more untouched and unmoved by the tender and beautiful parts of life.

Edith V. Eastman.

MR. STEINERT AND THE CLAVICHORD.

THE brighest jewel in the musical display, in Sec. I, of the Manufactures building is the Steinert collection of old instruments—spinets, clavichords and harpsichords forming the more important portion, but including also many rare stringed instruments. Only a part of the collection was brought to Chicago, owing to the lack of sufficient space, and consequently a number of interesting pianofortes were left behind, the latest specimen brought being a piano by Alpheus Babcock, of Boston, made about 1820, about five years before he invented the iron frame.

These strange instruments, particularly the spinets and harpsichords, attract a great deal of attention from visitors, but few are able to give them sufficient time to comprehend the principles of their tone production, still less to form any conception of their tonal peculiarities, which, indeed, are lost in the vast space and the multitudinous noises. In order to bring these instruments and their peculiarities more clearly to the attention of connoisseurs, Mr. Steinert gave an illustrative lecture in Recital hall, October 16, which was attended by a large and highly interested audience.

Mr. Steinert began by saying that during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were three instruments of the pianoforte kind, which divided the attention and likings of musicians. They were the spinet, the harpsichord and the clavichord. The pianoforte proper was invented in 1711, but it did not come into general use until about the close of the century.

Two of these instruments, the spinet and the harpsichord, produced tone upon the same principle. The older spinets were very small instruments, scarcely more than thirty inches long, and but little more than half as wide. The compass was about three octaves and the stringing was very light. The tone was produced by means of an upright "jack" standing upon the key, and a "plectrum" of crow-quill

passing through the upper end of the jack, plucking the string and making a tone, upon the same principle as when one snaps a piano string with the end of a quill toothpick. The tone of the spinet could not be varied by pressing the key more lightly or heavily. When the point of the plectrum passed the wire it snapped it, and this was all there was of it. The compass of the spinet was increased, and many different forms were employed, the chief ones being the rectangular or table formed, and the trapeze-formed, of which Mr. Steinert exhibited a very fine specimen.

Contemporaneous with the spinet was the clavichord, the instrument of which Sebastian Bach was so fond. It was like a very small piano, and in the older specimens the sharps are white and the naturals black, as also is the case in many old pianos. The stringing was very light indeed, the longest wires rarely being over thirty inches. In all the older instruments there were more tones than strings, the mechanism of the clavier permitting at least two tones from the same string. This was accomplished by means of two "tangents" impinging upon the same string. The tangent was an upright little strip of brass fixed in the far end of the key, and of such height as to press the string when the key was depressed. The tangent commonly pressed the string upward out of its place of rest, perhaps an eighth or quarter of an inch, and held it there as long as the finger was retained upon the key. The tangent was therefore both a finger to "stop" the string, as one stops a violin string upon the finger board, and a hammer to set it in vibration. The tangent divided the string into two unequal parts, and as one of these parts was permanently "damped" by means of strips of cloth woven through between the ends of the strings toward the tuning pin end, only the other part of the string was able to vibrate. This end was calculated as to its length and tension to produce the tone of the key. A second tangent might engage the same wires at a slightly different position, and thereby leaving a longer or shorter vibrating length, produce a different tone. Naturals and their sharps were thus produced from the same wires, except in the case

of D and A, which never had second tangents. The reason of this peculiarity is difficult to understand.

The tone of the clavichord is very sweet, clear, bell-like and penetrating, very much like that of the lute. It had also the peculiarity of sensitiveness to the touch, for if, while a string was in vibration the finger were slightly trembled upon the key, a tremulous quality was imparted to the tone, much like that which violinists produce by the same means with the finger making the stop. This was what was called "*Bebung*" in Bach's day, and the great master prized it very highly, and often demanded it in his works. It made the clavichord to him a more responsive instrument, having something of the expressive quality of the violin.

The advance in clavier manufacture betokened by the term "well tempered" as applied to the clavichord in Bach's time, did not so much depend upon the actual temperament whether equal or unequal, as upon the instrument admitting of temperament at all. The old style clavier did not admit of perfect tuning. The tangent was a very uncertain method of determining pitch accurately, but as the strings had but a short vibration this did not so much matter, so long as one desired only diatonic music. But with the complete evolution of the instrument to the point where every finger key had its appropriate strings, chromatics began to be possible, wholly independent of the question whether they did or did not belong to the key. And along with this addition to the resources of the instrument, a finer demand was made upon it in the matter of intonation, which led to the equal temperament and the free use of chromatics—Bach being the greatest and most modern of innovations in this respect.

At its best the clavichord was an instrument for the chamber. It demanded a quiet place and a delicate sense of hearing. It was less a solo instrument than a *closet* instrument, upon which the musician might meditate and *fantasiren* without disturbing his neighbors.

The spinet seems to have played a still more humble role than the clavichord, its use being largely confined to the house and to women players.

The public instrument of the spinet tone-variety was the harpsichord, which was in the form of the grand piano. This instrument had three strings to a note, one of them being turned to the octave. Thus there was a decided gain in tone volume and in spirited quality. The English made their harpsichords with two manuals, like an organ, and Mr. Steinert's collection contains one with no less than four octaves of tone to each note. The lower keyboard has two wires of eight feet tone, and one of sixteen feet, to every note. The upper has two of four feet tone, and one of two. When both were used together, as was always the case when breadth and power of tone were required, the effect was singularly noble and full. As Mr. Steinert played this well preserved specimen one realized for the first time the reason of the manly Handel's preference for it over the clavier, or even over the pianoforte as it had begun to be developed before his death. Upon the harpsichord, the same as upon the spinet, there was no possibility of expression by varying the touch. All that one can do is to shut off a part of the strings by means of stops, which were provided for the purpose. Evidently this instrument must have been developed from the spinet by organ builders, and for satisfying organists.

The pianoforte differed from these instruments in obtaining its tone by means of hammers, which, having been violently projected against the string by the impulse of the key, were permitted to spring away instantly by means of an "escapement," thus leaving the vibration unobstructed by the pressure of the hammer. When this mechanism was once devised by the Florentine Cristofori, about 1711, the way was opened which was destined to lead later to the perfect instruments of our own day, for since that time it has been a question of longer and heavier strings, greater solidity of case to withstand the tension, better hammers, an action contrived for delivering a more spirited blow, and a sufficient damping device for terminating the tone when its musical usefulness expires.

The piano evidently was developed by way of the dulci-

mer, a table-shaped sounding board with wire strings, which were played by means of small hammers held in the hand. These hammers were double-faced, one side being covered with hard leather, the other with soft, and either face was employed according to the demands of the music. The dulcimer had a pleasing tone, but as it had no damping device there was always confusion, as one may hear any time nowadays in listening to a Hungarian band, of which there are examples in all the large cities.

The mechanism of all these instruments was much less solid than that of the present day, and none of them would bear the heavy touches of a modern concert player. Indeed, as late as in the early part of this century the young Liszt was accustomed to have several pianos on hand upon the stage of his concerts. When a hammer gave out or a string broke upon one instrument, another was rolled up. The amateur player always expected to string and tune his own instrument, quite the same as the lutinist or the violinist. For this purpose the instrument had a little drawer in the case, for holding the tuning hammer and a few coils of the wire most likely to be needed.

While the pianoforte was invented in Florence, the instrument found its later development for a long time in Germany, the organ builder Silbermann, of Dresden, being the most distinguished representative of the industry. It was a lot of Silbermann pianofortes that the great Bach was asked to try at Potsdam, when he visited his son at the court of Frederick the Great. A little later the great piano makers of the world were the family Stein, at Augsburgh. It was upon a grand piano of their make that Mozart always preferred to play, as he stated in a letter from which Mr. Steinert quoted. Later still, toward the beginning of the present century, the Steins removed to Vienna, where the firm was Johannes Stein & Sons. Yet later, again, the sons disappear, and the daughter, Nannette Stein, appears a maker. This talented woman was both an artist and a practical mechanic. She worked at the bench, and appears to have been of financial capacity withal. She introduced many improve-

ments of her own, and her identity was not lost when she married one of her workmen, Streicher, and the firm assumed his name. She was a great friend of Beethoven, not only looking to see that he had one of her pianos wherever he needed it, but also taking care of him in sickness and casting a housewifely eye over the prosaic matters of mending his apparel. Mr. Steinert's collection contains more than one of the Stein instruments, and among them is one which is said to have belonged to Beethoven, or at least to have been used by him in certain concerts. If this claim should be thrown from its foundations by some later iconoclast, the fact will remain impregnable that it was upon precisely such an instrument from the same manufactory that the great master often played, both in private and in public.

Naturally the tone of these old pianos is not quite the same as that of new instruments. The instruments are entirely of wood, no metal frame or plate at all being used in them. Moreover, for the sake of favoring them they are perhaps a little more lightly strung than was the custom, and are tuned even below the old concert pitch, in consequence of which it is not impossible that their tone may have been fuller and more sonorous in their early days. Nevertheless, there is a distinct gain in the Stein pianos over the harpsichord, while as compared with the clavichord they have something like ten times the volume, but do not possess its peculiarly sweet and appealing tone quality.

In the olden times, said Mr. Steinert, the buyer of a piano traded directly with the maker himself. After long deliberation he made a contract for a piano of such and such peculiarities, as carefully as one would contract for a ship or a sixteen-story building. Commonly the customer paid down a portion of the price. But the remainder was often made up of commodities of many kinds, woolen goods, grain, corn, meat and vegetables often forming part of the purchase price. The time of constructing the piano often extended to eight, ten or even twelve months. The maker worked at it himself, making almost every part of it in his own shop, just as the old violin maker was in the habit of

doing. When the piano was done, there was a procession to bring it home. The wagon was decorated, and the maker and his workmen, if he had any, as well as his apprentices, followed after in their holiday attire. At the house of the customer there was a solemn gathering to welcome the new comer. The mayor made a speech, in which he recognized the credit which the community would derive from this new addition to its artistic resources, and he complimented the piano maker as one who had benefited his fellows. The preacher blessed the piano and bespoke its ministry in "things lovely and of good report." At length the instrument was duly installed in the owner's house; the purchase goods were duly delivered, if the contract so required, and all parties made holiday and gave themselves over to feasting and merry making. Such were the pleasing accessories of a piano trade in the simple Bavarian home of Mr. Steinert, in the earlier quarter of this nineteenth century. Thus every instrument which was turned out was a new triumph of its maker, and stood for just so much of his life and spirit. It had heart in it. Honestly and well was it made, and truly and faithfully was it received and used. It was guest and higher minister for beauty and song.

Curiously enough, considering that Mr. Steinert is perhaps quite as enthusiastic an agent of the Steinway piano as he is collector, he made no allusion to the superiority of the modern instruments. Could such an idea be entertained for a moment, one would believe that he honestly regretted the loss of the sweet but ineffective tone of the clavichord, and perhaps even of the fuller but colorless tone of the harpsichord. This, however, is a mistake. What Mr. Steinert desired to do for his audience was to aid them in realizing the good qualities of these forgotten instruments, which have vanished as completely as the do-do, and within so brief a time have passed out of the knowledge of the present generation of musicians, so that not even in Bavaria, Germany or Austria was he able to find musicians knowing how to play effectively these instruments which meant so much to composers but little more than a century dead.

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

PART III.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

"Hers too were all my thoughts ere yet endowed
With music and with light, their fountain flowed
In poesy; and her still and earnest face,
Pallid with feelings which intensely glowed
Within, was turned on mine with speechless grace,
Watching the hopes which there her heart had learned to trace."

"We know
That we have power over ourselves to do
And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try,
But something nobler than to live and die."

—*Shelley.*

An interval of domestic calm succeeded this sudden storm. Millie prided herself upon her generalship in forcing Carl to dine at the restaurant, and believed she had cured him of tardiness at meal times. He *was* more punctual, for the dread of another scene was becoming a positive *bete noir* to him. Three weeks had elapsed since the occurrence of events chronicled in the last chapter. Carl sat alone in the studio lost in gloomy meditation, as so often happened now. He was discouraged, tired of work, and still more tired of the intervals of idleness, when his thoughts wandered in spite of himself into paths of conjecture as to what his life might have been had he remained a bachelor a few years longer; if he might have married such a woman as Mr. Crosby described, whose love and sympathy should have upheld and encouraged him in his artistic career. A picture of Cleo, as he had last seen her at the reception, rose before his mental vision, but he repelled it with a swift feeling of self-contempt.

"What in the world am I coming to?" he thought. "I'm disgusted with the narrow-minded, selfish woman to

whom I am bound for life, and the face of this mere acquaintance *will* come before me in spite of myself. I'm all wrong somehow. A fancy once possessed me that I was born for some real work in this world; that I should write my name in something more stable than sand; but it's all the other way. I *was* musical once, though, and thought of nothing else, lived for nothing else, and now the petty annoyances this woman subjects me to drive every ambitious thought away. But what does it matter? For all I shall ever do now I might as well follow Millie's advice and live like an oyster in its shell at Elmwolde. What can I do? Suppose I live to be seventy or eighty, can I go on like this? I despise myself; and for what? Am I to blame that a woman I thought nearly an angel should turn out a veritable shrew? Bah! this life's a useless sort of a pilgrimage, anyway, and the laziest, most selfish people have the best of it. They manage to enjoy ——"

His musings were cut short by the entrance of the postman with a single letter. Carl rose languidly, sauntered toward the table and picked it up with the utmost indifference; but a sudden interest seized him as he read the superscription, and in a few moments he had mastered the contents and seated himself with the open letter still in his hand. It was the briefest note from Cleo, asking him to call if possible that evening, as she had a request to make. If he could run in about five, he would greatly oblige Mrs. Dr. Coleman.

"How I hate that name!" muttered Carl, "it's like the man himself, aggressive and disagreeable to a degree. Fortunately I can oblige the lady, though I shall most likely pay for it with a scolding when I get home. Never mind; 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

He seated himself at the piano, and for the first time in months fell to improvising. Varied mental visions were shadowed forth in the dainty trickling melodies, delicate as half-formed thoughts, interspersed here and there with bits like broken fugues made up of unpleasant memories chasing each other through his excited brain.

Carl was in better spirits when his first pupil arrived,

and the day sped quickly. Anticipations of a chat with Cleo, whom he was in danger of idealizing past all sense, made the time fly on swiftest wings.

He entered Dr. Coleman's hall at five o'clock. Cleo met him with one of her rare smiles, for she liked the young musician, and was glad of an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him.

Carl felt thoroughly bewitched by her friendly manner, and followed into the library where she led him, in a frame of mind so beatific as to surprise himself. The absolute absence of intelligent womanly society and sympathy, from which he was suffering, exaggerated the charm of Cleo's welcome to altogether absurd dimensions; but our musician was an idealist, an extremist and not a calculating man of the world. Hence his seeming imbecility.

"I have planned a little surprise for you," said his hostess, drawing forward an easy chair, "and will call my confederates at once."

Carl looked expectantly toward the heavy curtains which seemed to have swallowed her like hungry waves, but she reappeared in a moment leading Millie and Ralph Wilder, "Your little wife has promised you 'll dine with us," were the words Carl heard as he succeeded in banishing an annoyed expression from his speaking countenance, for his heart sank when he saw who the conspirators were. Millie seemed in an amiable mood, however, so he made the best of the situation, thanking them all for the pleasure they had planned for him.

"It isn't all disinterested friendship, though," said Cleo, "for I want you to play for our concert next week, a charity one, you know, and I inveigled you here to first gain your promise, and then discuss ways and means; or, in other words, determine what we shall play and sing."

"You will play?" asked Carl.

"Yes, I always do for anything of that kind. Dr. Coleman doesn't like me to play in public at any other time, though."

How sweetly she spoke of her husband! "I wonder if she loves him," thought Carl. Millie and Ralph were busy

over a book of engravings in the back parlor, and a sense of satisfaction and comfort in the society of a woman who seemed so congenial and appreciative made our young musician oblivious of everything else. The program was discussed at length and at last arranged to their satisfaction. Besides Mrs. Coleman, Mr. Hausen and Ralph Wilder, who possessed an excellent tenor voice under good cultivation, a well known violinist had volunteered his services, bringing with him a 'cellist and Miss Sudds, a popular contralto; so they felt satisfied the talent would prove equal to the occasion.

Dinner passed off smoothly, though none of the party distinguished themselves in conversation. Now that the business of the concert was settled both Carl and his hostess were silent and thoughtful.

Dr. Coleman came in soon after they adjourned to the parlor, and Carl noted the affected manner in which he greeted his wife, and her cordial welcome, then tried in vain to find a reason for the opinion Mr. Crosby had expressed in regard to them.

Millie and the doctor became friends at once, and she was soon heard laughing merrily at his vivid description of an amusing experience in his day's visiting.

Carl was urged to play, and complied cheerfully, rendering several selections in his happiest manner. After thanking him Dr. Coleman turned to Ralph, saying:

"You'll sing something for us, won't you? Mrs. Coleman will play for you. Sing 'Didst Thou but Know,' and excuse me if I retreat to my favorite corner. Mrs. Hausen, there is just room on this sofa for you and me, and your husband can turn the music for the other two."

The doctor and Millie ensconced themselves upon the sofa, where Carl noticed the gentleman's face was well shaded, while the two at the piano were in a broad glare of light and exactly in range of the doctor's line of vision.

Ralph's voice rose clear and firm after the opening chords, and Carl wondered how Mrs. Coleman could play so calmly while this man sang his love in sweetest notes at her side;

her husband meanwhile watching them with a cruel, sinister expression that was disagreeable to witness.

"That great boy hasn't a bit of sense," Carl thought. "Just like his impudence to sing a song like that to the woman he adores. But that doctor's a cruel animal and no mistake, for he knows Ralph's in love with his wife, I'll wager. I wonder if he'll ever be done? That's the trouble with these people who sing; they never know when to stop."

He did stop presently. Carl inwardly blessed the doctor for calling to him: "Come here, Ralph." I heard a cute little anecdote the other day about Balfe; I'll tell it to you and Mrs. Hausen." Ralph sauntered toward the sofa, the others remaining at the piano. Carl was engaged turning over a pile of music, and stopped suddenly as he came upon an "Idyl" dedicated to his old master Mr. Crosby, by Carl Hausen. Cleo looked at him mischievously, as she said, "You look as if you'd seen a ghost. That is a favorite of mine."

"I feel more pleased than I can say. It was written in the Tyrol, and I remember as though 'twere but yesterday what a lovely day it was. I was all alone, with only the forest voices about me, and it almost wrote itself. I have never known so perfect a day since."

"It was a real consolation to me," said Cleo. "I came home one evening after making some tiresome calls, found a roll of music which Mr. Crosby had sent for me to look over, and this was among the rest. Nothing else in the collection could I play at all, for I was in an aggressive mood, ready to quarrel with everything and everybody. But after I had played once through this little gem, the spirit of peace which you have so delicately woven into it took possession of me. I was overwhelmed with the self-pity such plaintive melodies aroused, and cried for some minutes in a real silly, womanish fashion. Afterward, when I played it a second time, all the comfort of solitude came to me, and even now when I'm put out and go to the piano for consolation it still has the same sweet influence."

"I am very glad it pleases you; will you play it for me?"

"It seems absurd for me to do so," answered Cleo, "it is you who should teach me to interpret it."

"That is a mistaken idea," he said quietly, arranging the music upon the rack.

Cleo played, and the exquisite little tone picture was rendered with such delicate tracing of light and shade, that Carl could only say—carried quite away from the present:

"The music as I wrote it is solitude alone: as you play it, it is solitude and sympathy combined." Mrs. Coleman did not disclaim the truth of his words as most women would have done, but said, "I am glad you like my rendition of it, for I think you mean what you say. Don't you write at all now?"

"No, I can't," said Carl wearily; then realizing that he was on dangerous ground, he continued: "My teaching absorbs most of my time, you know."

"Yes; but have you any right to let it do so when you can write music? Is it wise to sit quietly teaching day after day, doing work that so many who cannot write can do quite as well, and let quack musicians fill the world with their raven-like croakings? I think every one who possesses real genius has a great deal to answer for, and surely they should think twice, ere they allow the waves of every-day annoyance to beat them back from the work they are set to do."

"I will remember your words," said Carl so gravely that she looked searchingly into his face.

"You are not offended with me, Mr. Hausen? Pardon me if I presume upon a too short acquaintance——"

"Say no more," he interrupted, "and believe me, I am deeply grateful for the real friendship that is shown by every word you utter. I deserve your ill opinion——"

"No, no, not that; but I think men are more apt to let petty things turn them aside than women are. They will leap a high wall before which we would stand completely baulked; but if it could not be leaped we would find a way of digging through, while they give way to despair."

The trio from the sofa joined them at this moment, and as it was growing late, Ralph and the Hausens betook

themselves to their respective homes, leaving Dr. and Mrs. Coleman standing upon the steps in the moonlight. As Carl glanced back and saw the doctor arrange a displaced flower among Cleo's dark braids, a most unreasonable hatred of the man, that had been gradually taking root in his heart, blossomed forth into a thriving plant, which he was little likely to let die for lack of attention.

CHAPTER XI.

"The joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietnesse,
That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchednesse;
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
A thousand sowres hath tempered with one sweet,
To make it seem more deare and dainty, as is meet."

"Whoever doth to temperance apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shal find no greater enimy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same:
To which right wel the wise doe give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame."

—*Spenser.*

As the days sped on, Millie grew more confident in her belief that her management had been of the wisest. Carl was more nearly happy than he had been for months, as the necessary details of the concert brought him into almost daily contact with Cleo. Her presence and conversation acted like a stimulant upon the imaginative young artist. So long as Millie refrained from scolding or complaints he never thought of murmuring, for he had given up any idea he might once have entertained of looking to her for either sympathy or encouragement in his work. Her office seemed to be to keep the household machinery running in a place where he might have an occasional meal, his to furnish the money and ask no questions. Millie interested herself in the struggling society she had spoken of to Cleo, and, a large part of her time previous to her marriage having been

spent in assisting at fairs, socials and the like, as there was a decided dearth of other amusement at Elmwolde, she was welcomed with open arms by the ladies, and proved a real acquisition to the band of workers. She had given Cleo a partial promise that she would attend the concert. Carl—with the refreshing disregard of the laws of common sense so often shown by the lords of creation—determined to make an effort toward modifying the too free expression of her views regarding music and musicians. He hurried home an hour earlier than usual, hoping thereby to gain her good will, and render his hints regarding her conduct less obnoxious, but found only the servant at home.

"Mrs. Hausen's gone, but she'll be back in a little while," the girl said, and Carl seated himself to think matters over, and arrange how he should "say his say," without running the risk of a quarrel. "I'll keep my temper this time, anyway," he thought, "I'll not belittle myself by saying disagreeable things like a cantankerous old woman. I shall at least have the satisfaction of having preserved my dignity, if I gain nothing by giving good advice. I'll ask her what she's been doing, and try to be interested, for——" Millie's step in the hall put to flight whatever budding thought he was about to frame in words. Like the oft quoted drowning man, he made a straw of the phrase that still remained, saying cheerily: "I'm here first. Sit down there by the window; there's a good breeze. What have you been doing all day?"

Millie looked at him suspiciously, then commenced fanning herself with a torn sheet of music, and answered indifferently.

"Oh, nothing much," while she thought, "You're going to say something disagreeable, I'm certain, for you've not troubled yourself lately about what I do or leave undone."

"What are you going to wear to-night?" was the next question from Carl, who fancied himself the very pink of diplomatists.

Millie fancied nothing of the kind, however. She had determined to attend a social at the church on this particular evening, and had wondered at intervals during the day how

she should excuse herself from fulfilling the half promise to Cleo.

"He's going to give me some advice," she thought, "and he expects me to go to that tiresome concert; but I sha'n't, and he may say whatever he likes."

"What am I going to wear?" she said aloud, "a dress and shoes, and ——"

"Oh, of course, but what particular dress," said Carl, determined not to be vexed with her.

"The heliotrope, with the pretty bodice."

"Not the one I dislike so thoroughly?"

"Yes, I like it, and I'm going to wear it."

"I'm sorry, for you look so much sweeter in pale blue."

He was fast losing faith in his ability for generalship, but continued manfully:

"There'll be so many nice people there to-night, I hope you won't say anything unpleasant; that is ——"

"Why? Am I so given to saying unpleasant things?" cried Millie, while an ominous flush rose to the dimpled cheek.

"Not that, but you don't like music, you know ——"

"No, I don't! what then?"

"You needn't say so every time you get a chance!" blustered the man who was going to keep his temper under such perfect control. "I sha'n't have a friend left if you don't learn to keep your opinions to yourself, pretty soon."

"And I must *lie* to please you, must I."

"No, you know better than that; but you needn't tell all you think. Most musicians are sensitive, and ——"

"I'm not!" She broke in quickly. "Well, let me tell you I've no intention of going among your precious musicians at all. I'm going to a social among people who treat me as an equal, and not like an inferior because, forsooth, I'm not as daft as the rest."

"I believe you are two-thirds crazy, and I honestly wish I was wholly so; a lunatic cannot suffer from a woman's tongue. You surely don't intend to disappoint Mrs. Coleman."

"She'll live through it, and survive the heartbreak caused by my absence," said Millie contemptuously. "I shall go to the social, as I have said."

"You may go where you like!" was the quick retort.

She arose to leave the room, but Carl, whose temper was thoroughly roused, grasped her arm firmly, wheeled her around and said, in a low, vehement tone that should have warned her she was going too far: "You are my wife and you shall obey me this once, if you never do again. I'll not be a laughing stock for my friends on account of your nonsensical goings on. If you have no respect for me, you must at least make an outward show of it. I am tired of being treated like a school boy by a person who is only fit to be a school girl."

"Indeed! and I am tired of living with a lunatic. You haven't the least occasion to wish you were crazy. I think you'll do." Carl wondered if this white-faced, mocking woman could be the dream of pink and white loveliness he had wooed. Her scornful words raised all the combativeness in his nature, and he said with real dignity as he opened the door:

"You have an hour to dress. I will call you at the expiration of that time, and shall expect you to accompany me."

She left the room without another word or glance, and Carl sat down to think over the events of the last half-hour.

"I'd defy any one to keep his temper with a woman like that," he mused. "Why can't she use a little reason as any other one would? I flatter myself she knows who's master here, and it's high time I asserted myself. I don't think she'll try crossing me again."

Poor Carl! though he knew all about music, he knew absolutely nothing of that more intricate and far less satisfactory study—woman. At the appointed time he stopped outside of Millie's door, looking very handsome, and determined as well. He knocked, waited a minute, knocked again, then, receiving no answer, turned the knob and entered. The gas was burning brightly at either side of the dressing table, attracting his attention at once to a card set

in a corner of the mirror, with these words written upon it: "*Gone to church. Back at 10:30 sharp.*" The room was littered with various articles of wearing apparel, and the husband realized that he had made a grievous mistake in supposing his grand airs would have the least effect with a woman like Millie. But the minutes were passing, and he must lose no time if he would arrive at the hall for his first number. Hurrying to the street, he dismissed the waiting carriage after paying the man his fare, and started off at a brisk pace, endeavoring to dispel the intense mental excitement under which he labored, by physical exertion. He had never known what real domestic difficulties and squabblings meant. That men and women quarreled he believed to be a fact, as he had repeatedly read of such occurrences; but his personal experience had never, until now, gone so far as even the witnessing a set-to between husband and wife. No idea of separating from Millie had as yet found a resting place in his mind. He looked upon the matter as one doomed to eternal punishment might—as something to be endured, nothing more.

The clock struck nine as he stepped into the hall, looking so white and excited that Cleo, who was the first to greet him, asked anxiously: "Are you ill? and where's Millie?

He turned from her almost rudely as he answered: "Gone to a church social."

"Poor fellow," thought Cleo, "you're beginning to drink the bitter draught, and I fear you'll find it impossible to keep from making faces."

She peeped from behind the heavy curtain as Carl seated himself at the piano, and her pity knew no bounds as she listened and became convinced that he was killing all liking or kindly feeling his audience might have, by his spiritless performance. The number finished, he returned to the anteroom and sat down wearily, too absorbed in his unpleasant reflections to notice the lame attempt at applause the people felt in duty bound to make.

"You must play again, Hausen," said Ralph Wilder.

They want their money's worth, and we're all expected to repeat ourselves."

Still in the same dazed way, Carl walked across the room and in another instant would have faced the disappointed audience, when Cleo stepped forward, and laying her hand upon his arm, said impressively:

"You must *play!* The 'Appassionata' must be your encore."

It is surprising what seemingly trivial circumstances turn the course of one's life from one channel to another. In the after time Carl wondered what he would have played, and if he would ever have been asked to play afterward, but for those few words from the one woman in the world who seemed to understand him. He obeyed her. All the battle between body and soul was fought. All the hope and aspiration that had been a part of his being until within a few short months were expressed. Then the loss of hope, the realization of the wreck he had made of life and its chances. Then the triumph.

As the past came before him with its disappointed hopes, the present with its failures, there came also the thought of the woman who would not let him fail; whose faith in him was like an armor, rendering harmless the bitterest shafts of malice and selfishness. Never had the "Appassionata" been so played, said the listening throng. The tide of public opinion was turned and his success assured through Cleo's quick realization of his suffering and prompt action in what really proved a crisis of his musical life.

She stood with locked hands and bated breath, living with him the minutes of horrible depression and glad triumph; and only by a supreme effort was she able to stifle the sobs and keep back the tears which threatened to overcome all effort at self-control. Whether the remaining numbers would be well received she did not stop to think. She knew the artist soul was once more awakened in Carl, and a feeling of elation seemed to lift her above her ordinary self as she thought how fortunate she was in being permitted to hold forth a helping hand to one she esteemed so highly.

Later she brought a gentleman to him whom she introduced as Mr. Adams. "He is determined to secure your services for the Patriarchs' club convention," she said, and left them to talk the matter over at their leisure, with the parting words to Mr. Adams: "I hope you will induce him to go, for he needs a change."

The convention was to be held at Columbus, and as the resident society was to entertain the visiting ones, Mr. Adams thought the one thing needful to insure the success of the undertaking, and delight the lovers of good music, was Carl.

He agreed to go the following week, having intended taking a vacation, when Millie should determine where she would like to pass a couple of weeks; but now he gave up all idea of consulting her, for after her recent behavior he felt at a loss to know what she would do next. But Cleo had hoped he would go, and willing to be guided by her lightest wish he accepted the invitation, settled the question of remuneration, and walked slowly toward home, his mind a strange medley of thoughts concerning his truant wife and Cleo, now thinking of one, then the other; He was not "in love" with Cleo, or his wife either, for the matter of that. His short-lived fancy for Millie had been killed outright by her conduct of late, and the only comfortable moments he knew were those in which his business compelled him to be away from her. In contrast to the indifference of his wife, the kindness and watchful helpfulness of this mere acquaintance seemed like a beckoning hand, drawing him toward her. It is natural for men and women to appreciate sympathy; and if a husband or wife shut the heart's door upon the other, is it any wonder, if they find another open, that they should walk in, grateful for kind words and encouraging smiles. Not that I would advocate free love or anything of that description, or encourage willfully vicious people. Vice is not a human necessity. Sympathy is; and if one does not get it at home, he is apt, in all honesty, to put on his hat and sally forth in search of it.

CHAPTER XII.

"The symbol of women in general is that of the apocalypse, on the front of which is inscribed *mystery*."

"If we have more reason than women have, they have far more instinct than we have."—*Diderot.*

As Carl wended his way homeward, thinking how he would break the news of his intended departure to Millie, and whether she would make it the excuse for another scene, he was forced to ask himself whether he was altogether blameless in this matter. Whose fault was it that two human beings should live in such constant discomfort, and be unable to mend the matter? He was still puzzling over the vexed question when he turned the latch key in his own door, and through force of habit hung up his hat and walked into the little parlor. He started back in astonishment on beholding Millie seated comfortably beside a table upon which a basket of fruit, a pitcher of lemonade—her favorite beverage—and some tempting cakes were arranged. She turned toward him with a cool little nod, saying:

"Will you have a glass of lemonade or some fruit? Awfully warm, isn't it?"

The cool effrontery of this greeting surprised him into compliance. He accepted the proffered glass, and seated himself without replying; for he wondered how he was to treat this whimsical woman.

"Was Cleo there?" inquired Millie.

"Yes, Mrs. Coleman was there," he answered gravely.

"Much of a crowd?"

"A full house."

"They looked at each other a minute, then Millie's eyes began to twinkle, and she laughed so long and merrily that Carl found himself following suit without at all knowing what he was laughing at.

"We're awfully stupid to quarrel, Carl," she said, when their merriment had somewhat subsided.

"I think so too, Millie, and I don't intend to annoy you; but since we can't agree, I guess the best way is to let bygones be bygones."

"That's the best way," said Millie, comfortably. "Have another peach? These are the best I've seen this year."

Carl took the peach and looked at it meditatively, as he tried to form an introduction to the announcement he wished to make. As usual, Millie was the one to break the silence: "I'm awfully sick of this dirty city; I wish I could go somewhere."

"How fortunate! my good angel must have put the words into her mouth," thought the husband, making haste to ease his mind of the burden which had weighed so heavily upon it for the last hour.

"I agree with you, and have made arrangements for quitting town for a short time. We will both enjoy a vacation."

"Where are we going? To the mountains, I hope," exclaimed Millie.

"N—no, not exactly. I have accepted an engagement to play for ——"

"And you call *that* a vacation? For whom are you to play?"

"A convention the Patriarchs are to hold at Columbus," he answered, determined to keep a tight rein upon his temper. "I've heard it spoken of as a very pretty place, and ——"

"You'd think the Cannibal Islands a pretty place if you were asked to play there; and not only that, but you'd expect me to enjoy the society of the natives, if only they had a piano for you to amuse yourself with. I'm sure ——"

"Millie, don't say anything more. For pity's sake, if we *cannot* agree, let us at least be respectful to each other."

"You might as well say, let us eternally lie to each other! No, I think it much wiser to tell the truth and have done with it. I waited for you to-night for no other purpose but to tell you what I think of our affairs. We surely can't go on living like this; it's a regular cat and dog existence."

"I agree with you there. We're all wrong somehow, but perhaps we might do better if we'd both try," said Carl, utterly at sea, but willing to accede to almost any proposal that should insure peace.

"Bah!" was the contemptuous answer. "That's where half the people in this world fool themselves and each other. They talk of doing better, kiss and make up, and then set about abusing each other worse than ever."

"You seem very worldly wise for so young a person," said Carl.

"No, but in the last six months I've kept my eyes wide open, and have found out several things. Almost every husband and wife quarrel privately, and make believe with all their might publicly; and I fail to see any sense in such hypocrisy."

"But how can it be helped? Probably, like ourselves, they have promised to cleave to each other till death shall part them."

A very silly promise, and one better broken than kept, I think."

"But I suppose there is sometimes a question of affection in the case," said Carl, bitterly.

"That'll do, my dear; it's useless 'making believe' to me, and positively senseless for you to attempt to convince yourself of something that you know isn't so. You don't care for me, and I don't care for you. You despise me because you think I'm selfish and silly; and I despise you because I look upon you as nothing more or less than a musical machine, for which I can have no real affection. That we were silly enough to marry is more a misfortune than a fault of either; but to remain as we are would be nothing less than downright wrong."

"But what are we to do? That we have been foolish is not to be denied; but one can't marry to-day and unmarry to-morrow in this matter-of-fact world."

"No, of course not. I suppose it would rather upset society. There's Mrs. Cleugh, for instance, who has hated the ground her husband walked on for years, and never

knew what peace or comfort was till they agreed each should do exactly as they pleased; and they live like boarders in the same house, because they've half a dozen children. Then there's Cleo and Doctor Coleman; I'm sure they hate each other, but it's a matter of pride with them."

"You seem to have won the confidence of your female friends in a surprising manner."

"There's no question of confidence in the case. Mrs. Cleugh tells every one she meets everything she knows and some things she doesn't."

"And Mrs. Coleman——"

"Keeps her own counsel; but I've watched both her and her husband, and I'm confident there's no love lost between them. What keeps them together, unless its pride, I can't imagine."

"Possibly they have some reverence for that part of the service which says: 'What God hath joined together——"

"Nonsense!" Millie interrupted once more, "What has God to do with the matter? If a good woman marries a drunken brute who beats her three times a day, dare any one assert that the match was made in heaven? And cannot one be excessively uncomfortable without being beaten? I don't pretend to any wisdom, but I can't understand how people with half sense can go on living by such worn-out shadows of reasons as that one; *I* think when two persons can't agree, its high time they put the world between them."

"And *I* think it may be a good thing for humanity in general that every one doesn't think as you do. Sometimes, even when they don't agree, there is love on one side, if not on the other."

"Carl, can you honestly say that if you were a free man to-morrow, knowing me as you now do, you would ask me to become your wife?"

Millie was in earnest, and the blue eyes were looking him through and through. Why was it that as she asked the question, he could think only of Cleo and her earnest voice saying, "the 'Appassionata' must be your encore." He flushed involuntarily as he hesitated an instant.

"Answer me, if you can!" Millie continued. "Is it possible for you to say with truth that I am necessary to your existence? That you love me as a husband should love a wife?"

"Millie, that is a hard question to put to a man."

"Why so? Can't you tell the truth? Have you lived so long among habitual liars that you shrink from stating an obvious fact? *I* have been brought up differently, and will set you the example. I can say with all my heart, if I were Millie Town I would sooner marry a common farmer who couldn't write his own name, than the elegant Carl Hausen; now will you answer my question? Can you say you love me as a husband should?"

"No, I cannot!" said Carl, ashamed to admit the truth, but compelled to it by her persistency.

"Then," said Millie impressively, "can you find any honest reason for continuing our unhappy association? How much better am I, if I continue to live with you, than the woman of the streets, from whose contamination I would draw away my skirts? And how much better are you than the man who protects her?"

"Millie, what *do* you mean?"

"I mean that I shall apply for a divorce at once. It was to tell you this I waited to-night."

To tell him this, and he had supposed a spirit of friendship and conciliation prompted her!

"Do you know what you are saying?"

"I surely do; I say, *I shall apply for a divorce at once.*"

ERATO.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY SCHOENEFELD.

AMONG the younger Americans few have shown greater promise than the Chicago conductor and teacher, Mr. Henry Schoenefeld, at present conductor of the Germania Musical Society. The following are the general facts of this story:

Henry Schoenefeld, born in Milwaukee, Wis., October 4, 1857, is the son of Frederick Schoenefeld, a well known musician of that city. He began his musical studies at the age of seven, his first instructor being his father. Three years later his brother Theodore, a pupil of the Royal High School of Music in Berlin, became his teacher, and the youthful student began to show a natural aptitude for composing—songs, impromptus and other small-form works being written. At twelve he made his first public appearance as a pianist, and also began active work as violin player in the local orchestra. From this latter occupation he may be said to have obtained his first knowledge of orchestration and orchestral effects. A trio for piano, violin and 'cello was written by him when but fifteen years old, and at this age he took part in chamber music soirees, and thus became acquainted with the classic creations of the great masters. At seventeen he went to Leipsic to pursue his musical studies. Three years were spent under the instruction of Carl Reinecke, Dr. Papperetz, Prof. Cacius and Leo Grill. During his stay in the German city Schoenefeld composed an "Allegretto Scherzando" for three violins and viola, and a "Salvum fac Regum" for chorus, orchestra and organ, in honor of King Albert and Queen Carola, of Saxony. The latter work was pronounced the best among a large number entered in competition, and it and the allegretto were performed in the historic Gewandhaus, the young composer conducting. After being graduated with high honors at Leipsic in 1878 he went to Weimar and placed himself under the tuition of the song writer, Eduard Lassen, who gave him his first insight into the modern school



HENRY SCHOENEFELD.

(Conductor Germania Musical Society.)

then coming into existence, of which Wagner was the head. He then traveled through Europe, visiting the chief cities and devoting his spare moments to composing. He returned to America in the autumn of 1879, and settled in Chicago. He competed for the Cincinnati festival prize offered by Springer, and received honorable mention. Among his compositions are: "Sonata Pastorale," violin and piano; "Sonata Heroique," for piano. "Gypsy Melodies," for orchestra; Air for the G string; "Evening Serenade and Meditation" for strings; various songs and choruses. The "Suite Characteristique," composed for the M. T. N. A. meeting at Detroit in 1890, and performed by the Theodore Thomas orchestra, has been given also in Germany with pronounced success, Rubinstein and Nicode, who heard it in Dresden, speaking of it in terms of high praise. As a teacher Mr. Schoenefeld has attained to high position in Chicago, and now as director of the Germania Maennerchor is winning encomiums for excellent work. The symphony which won the prize is entitled "Rural," and was composed during the summer of 1892. It is in four movements, is idyllic in its themes, and depicts nature in its sunniest moods.

The prize above mentioned was that offered by the National Conservatory of Music for the best symphony by an American composer under thirty-five years of age. The work has been highly praised by Dr. Dvorak, who prophesies still better things in the future from the young composer. It was very successful at its first performance in New York, under the composer's direction. It is one of the unpleasant features of the music at Jackson park that a work of this character by a young American composer should not have been given under the *quasi*-national auspices there supposed to prevail. But this is another story.

ORGAN MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

SINCE the destruction of the orchestra the artistic element in music at the Fair has been confined to organ and chamber music, in both which important things have been done. On the whole the place of honor must be given to the organ programmes, which have been important in themselves, as illustrations of all schools in this department, and by reason of the eminence of the artists who have co-operated in them. The large organ in Festival hall, erected by the firm of Farrand & Votey, of Detroit, was intended to illustrate the most advanced state of organ building at the present time. This firm is the one which bought out the patents, material and good will of the famous organ building house of Roosevelt, of New York. In fact, most of this instrument was constructed in the New York factory, formerly Roosevelt's, and by the old men.

Not having had opportunity to examine the instrument carefully, the present writer can speak only in somewhat general terms of its peculiarities, but in general the following are the main points: It is a large instrument of four manuals and a pedal, the manuals equivalent to five, since there is, besides the great, swell, choir and solo organs expected in the manuals, an echo organ, the pipes to which are placed upon the farther side of the hall. The total number of speaking stops is about seventy, and the pedal contains about ten. The voicing is perhaps quite up to the best standards. The Roosevelt wind chests are used, and nearly all the pipes are enclosed in swell boxes. Electrical action is used, which, when it works well, works very well, but there has been a great deal of trouble with it in this case. Not all the Roosevelt peculiarities are followed, but some of Farrand & Votey's. This firm, although engaged but a short time in building organs, has shown the same daring inventiveness as formerly shown by the late Hilbourn Roosevelt;

but, as also in the case of Roosevelt, the inventions are almost all in the direction of improved mechanism and manageability, and none of them in the direction of improved tone or novelty of effect, except in so far as they follow necessarily from the ingenuity and complication of construction. The organ was not finished until about the middle of July, thus materially shortening the time of its effective use. It is handsomely encased, and would be a prize for any church able to expend the twenty or more thousand dollars necessary for acquiring it. At this price it would still be far below its value, since the builders had a liberal contribution from the Fair as inducement to install it in Festival hall, where it would be of use in the choral concerts.

The opening programmes were given by Mr. Clarence Eddy, to whose energy and enthusiasm was largely owing not only the acquisition of the instrument but also the provision of eminent organists, especially of Mr. Alexander Guilmant, who remains the most eminent representative of organ playing art who has personally appeared. Mr. W. T. Best would have come if his health had permitted; and Mr. Camille Saint-Saens would perhaps have come had Mr. Thomas remained at the head of the music, since, in addition to playing organ concerts, he would have been heard in piano concerts and in orchestral works of his own.

Mr. Eddy's programmes were the following:

I.

Toccata, in A major (new), W. T. Best; Gavotte, in F major, Martini, arranged by Guilmant; "Funeral March of the Marionettes," Gounod, arranged by Best; Largo, Handel, arranged by S. B. Whitney; "Am Meer" ("By the Sea"), Schubert; "Spring Song," Mendelssohn, arranged by Clarence Eddy; Overture to "William Tell," Rossini, arranged by Dudley Buck; "The Holy Night" (Noel), Buck, Motto: "There were shepherds in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night"; Concert Piece, in C minor, Thiele;

II.

Sonata, in C minor, Op. 70 (new), Oskar Wermann, I. Phantasie, II. Pastorale, III. Finale; Allegretto (new), Arthur Foote, dedicated to Clarence Eddy; Gavotte, from "Mignon," Thomas; Over-

ture to "Stradella," Flotow, arranged by Buck; Allegretto, from Op. 63, Volkmann; "Harvest Home," Walter Spinney; "Festival March," George Carter: Theme, Variations and Finale, Thiele.

III.

Triumphal Fantaisie, Th. Dubois, dedicated to Clarence Eddy; Prayer, Lemaigre; Fantaisie de Concert (on the prayer from Weber's "Der Freischuetz"), Lux; "Scherzo Symphonique," Guilmant; Pastorale, from the Organ Suite, Op. 60, Oliver King; Variations on the Austrian Hymn, Carl Attrup; March in E flat, Wely; Concert Piece in E flat minor, Thiele.

Mr. Guilmant appeared four times, and his programmes took a wide range. The following is the list:

I.

Toccata, in F, Bach; Offertory in D flat, Op. 8, Salome; Sonata Pontifical, 1. Allegro moderato, 2. Adagio, 3. March pontifical, 4. Fugue—Fanfare, Lemmens; *a* Invocation, in B flat, *b* Finale in E flat, Guilmant: Cantabile, in A flat, Rousseau; Sonata, No. 3, in A, 1. Con moto maestoso, 2. Andante tranquillo, Mendelssohn; "Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphs," Guilmant; Canon, in B minor, Schumann; Toccata, in G, Dubois; Improvisation on a given theme; March for a Church Festival, Best.

II.

Sonata No 2, in C minor, 1. Grave—Adagio, 2. Allegro maestoso, vivace, 3. Fuga, Mendelssohn; Meditation, in A flat, Aloys Klein; Sonata, No. 4, 1. Allegro assai, 2. Andante, 3. Menuetto, 4. Finale, Guilmant: Piece, in F sharp minor, Wesley: *a* Pastoral, in F, Lemmens; *b* Andantino, in D flat, Chauvet, transcribed by Alex. Guilmant; Prelude and Fugue, in A minor, Bach; "L'Adieu des Bergers," Berlioz, transcribed by Alex. Guilmant: *a* Fugue in C, Buxtehude; *b* Communion, in A, Gigout; *c* Gavotte, in F, Padre Martini; Improvisation on a given theme; Fugue, in D, Guilmant.

III.

Sonata, No. 1, 1. Andante maestoso, allegro risoluto, 2. Andante, 3. Allegro con moto—Fuga, Salome; Ciacona, in E minor, Buxtehude: *a*. Elevation, in A flat, *b*. "Nuptial March," Guilmant; Sonata No. 1, in F, 1. Allegro moderato e serioso, 2. Adagio, 3. Andante recitative, 4. Allegro assai vivace, Mendelssohn; Adagio, in D flat, Liszt; Toccata and Fuga, in D minor, Bach; Caprice, in B flat, Guilmant; "Pilgrim Chorus," Wagner, arranged by Liszt; Improvisation on a given theme; Finale, in D, Lemmens.

IV.

Concerto No. 10, in D, Handel, arranged with cadenzas by M. Guilmant, 1. Adagio, 2. Allegro, 3. Aria, 4. Allegro; "Scene Monique" (rondo), Couperin, arranged by M. Guilmant; Finale, in B flat, Cesar Franck; "Lamentation," Guilmant; Pastorale, Tombelle; Fantasia and Fuga, in G minor, Bach; Offertoire, upon two Christmas themes, Guilmant; *a*. Romance, in B flat minor, Chauvet, transcribed by M. Guilmant; *b*. Fanfare, Lemmens; Improvisation on a theme to be given; Choral Song, Wesley.

His playing was magnificent, characterized by great precision, musical feeling and mastery. He is an artist of the first rank. This was perhaps better shown in the treatment of the themes for extemporizing, where the performance took a wide range, and readiness of resource no less than musical phantasy were evident all through. On the whole Mr. Guilmant must be accounted the most interesting player who has been heard at the hall. The audiences were very large, and upon the first occasion the hall was full. At later concerts the attendance diminished somewhat, but was still very large. As a virtuoso, while he has great resource, he is perhaps no more worthy of pre-eminence than Mr. Eddy, or perhaps others who have played here.

In personal appearance he is of medium height, with gray hair and whiskers, and somewhat full in body. His manners are the perfection of gentlemanly quiet.

Mr. Harrison M. Wild played a series of fine programmes. The present writer was unable to attend any of these recitals, owing to their falling upon inconvenient hours. In fact, all the organ concerts have suffered greatly in attendance from unreliability of hours, it being the habit of the Music Bureau to sandwich them in whenever there was room, in consequence of which the hours varied from day to day, and frequently were changed at a late hour of the morning of the same day upon which they occurred, so that even the announcement in the morning papers was no assurance that the attendant would find the concert at the hour mentioned.

Moreover, the concerts were shabbily treated in other ways, the hall being occupied by attendants putting up flags and shouting to one another across the audience room at the

very moments while soft passages were in progress. One of the most extreme cases of this kind happened to Mr. Wilhelm Middleshulte, on Irish day, his last half hour being ruined by this kind of brutal interruption. Such a management would be more in place in some remote country fair in a lower corner of the Cherokee strip than in a central gathering of the world's devotees to art.

Mr. Middleshulte's programmes took about the same range as those already given. All his selections were played without notes, and with great assurance and fervor. In fact, in this respect one would place the efforts of this competent master among the most brilliant of all that have been heard in Festival hall. Quite in accordance with the position of MUSIC concerning organ playing from memory (see MUSIC for May), the playing gained in mental concentration and in ability to touch the audience by the freedom due to absence of notes. The player had more time to attend to his registration.

Another player whose work was heard with great interest was Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, who for about thirty years has occupied prominent positions in that city, and has been organist of the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Lang does not now quite belong to the many-fingered race of modern organ virtuosi, but he is a solid and artistic player, whose work is to be heard with respect. He also gave an improvisation, and among his many hearers was Mr. Guilmant.

One of the players whose work was spoken of in the highest terms was Mr. R. H. Woodman, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is generally considered one of the best American organists. He gave important programmes with force and artistic ability, but for the reasons before assigned the present writer was not able to attend any of them.

I.

Fourth sonata (three movements), Allegro con brio, Allegretto, Allegro maestose e vivace, Mendelssohn; Allegretto, in B minor, Alex. Guilmant; Overture in D, Henry Smart; Pastorale in F, Th. Kullak; Organ Concerto, No. 2 (first movement), Handel; Paraphrase, "I Am the Resurrection and the Life" (dedicated to Mr. Woodman and performed for the first time at this recital), F. de la Tombelle; "Marche Pontificale," C. M. Widor.

II.

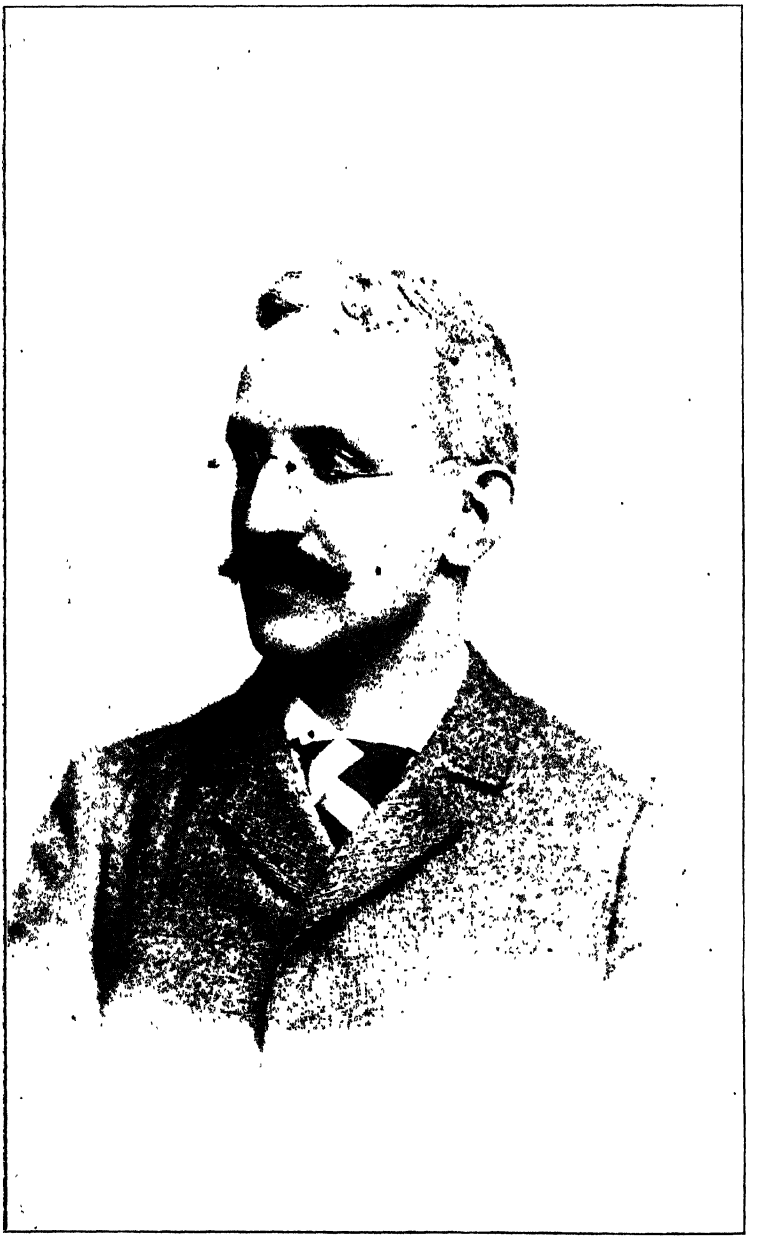
Passacaglia Fugue, Bach; Nocturne ("Midsummer Night's Dream"), Mendelssohn: Sonata in C minor (first movement), Th. Salome; Bridal Song, Adolf Jensen; "Piece Heroique," Cesar Franck; "Marche Religieuse." Alex. Guilmant; Pastorale, Arthur Foote; "Christmas Offertoire," Jules Grison.

III.

"Gothic March" (dedicated to Mr. Woodman), Th. Salome; Cantilene Pastorale, Jules Grison: Fantaisie, in E flat, Saint-Saens; Organ concerto, No. 1 (two movements), Allegro, Adagio—Andante, Handel; "Sunshine and Shadow" (dedicated to Mr. Woodman), Dudley Buck; "Funeral March and Seraphic Song," Alex. Guilmant; Andante con Varia, J. B. Calkin: Toccata (finale first sonata), F. de la Tombelle.

IV.

Prelude, in B minor, Bach; Cantilene Pastorale, "Marche Religieuse," Guilmant; Second concerto (first movement), Andante maestoso—Allegro, Handel; Toccata, in E minor, F. de la Tombelle: Andante con Variationa, J. B. Calkin: Fantaisie, in E flat, Saint-Saens: Variations on "Star Spangled Banner," Dudley Buck.



EMIL LIEBLING.

(Concert Pianist, Composer and Lecturer.)

EMIL LIEBLING.

IN calling attention to the artistic plans of Mr. Emil Liebling, I shall not delay to make elaborate biographical notices of his antecedents nor of his teachers. When an artist has been prominently before the public for a matter of twenty years and upwards, and has come through the competition of active business life into a distinguished and honorable position, it is no longer a question of childhood history or school days. It demonstrates without further examination that the man has in him the somethings which gain and retain respect and professional influence. Hence my present business is wholly with these somethings which have combined to place Mr. Emil Liebling in his present distinguished position, to the end that justice may be satisfied, and that those seeking for professional guidance possessing these qualities, may be properly directed.

As concert pianist, Mr. Liebling represents the best modern school. Although actively engaged in teaching, he has a memory of such quickness and tenacity as enables him to retain at his command pretty much all the repertory of all the leading pianists of the day. During his career as artist, he has played in public probably 400 different compositions, the vast majority of which he would be able to play you off hand any moment you might happen to ask for them. In this respect he stands almost alone among artists, very few of whom will undertake to play compositions which they have not recently studied. Even in the case of those whose record of work extends into the two hundreds of pieces, they rarely are able to give you at call more than a quarter of that number.

A part of this readiness naturally grows out of his daily life as teacher. Standing at the head of one of the largest and most active musical clientelles possessed by any American piano teacher, he is constantly called upon to give illustrative readings of every work in the whole piano playing reper-

tory. For this, the notes brought by the pupil are naturally at hand, but Mr. Liebling rarely has occasion to refer to them. When the pupil has played the work through, it is again fresh in the mind of the master, and he is instantly ready to show all the hundreds of little *nuances* which go to make up a "reading" of a great work.

Speaking of this teaching, it is commended in every way, not alone by the talent of the students and teachers coming to him for instruction, but still more by the musical activity they show in their own fields of labor, where a vast majority of them are leading teachers. They found amateur clubs, circles for musical reading, and get up series of recitals of their own, and of visiting artists. In this way Mr. Liebling's activity extends into many communities where his name and personality are comparatively unknown to the average musical amateur.

Mr. Liebling is one of the modern school of artists, equally ready with his pen for all sorts of musical explanations and literary discussion of musical questions. In this respect he stands among the very few writers upon musical subjects in America, who always have something to say, and he invariably says it in a direct, but highly suggestive and frequently witty manner. Hence he is a very suggestive writer, and as one of the editors of *Brainard's Musical World*, he has a very large public. Some of his most characteristic articles were written for MUSIC, especially "Die Ritter vom Geist," in which he discussed a wide range of musical personalities in a manner worthy of Henry Heine. Both as artist and as teacher, Mr. Liebling belongs to the order of progressive minds, always in search of something new and interesting. The merely old does not find in him its unswerving supporter.

As a pianist he brings to the interpretation of this vast repertory, embracing the very cream of modern pianoforte literature intelligence, repose and refinement. He is also very successful in his lectures with pianoforte illustrations. A ready talker, *au courant* with musical tradition and personality as well as musical history, knowing by heart almost the

whole of the compositions of all the great writers, and able to play extracts at a moment's warning, he is in a position where very few artists can compete with him in ability of insight, clearness of statement, and quickness and amplitude of illustration. Hence for educational recitals he is one of the very best artists possible to secure.

His compositions are of the highest order of salon music, and rank with those of B. Pendel, Loeschhorn and Leschetitzky. Especially notable are the "Concert Romances," Op. 20 and 21, a charming "Gavotte Moderne," Op. 11, the brilliant "Florence Concert Valse," and a very pleasing "Albumblatt." Mr. Liebling is also editing a special edition, now appearing, of the Heller and Loeschhorn etudes.

To add to these particulars, that the personality of the artist is incisive and agreeable, as well as highly stimulating, is perhaps superogatory. All this was implied on *a priori* grounds, in the account already made, and in any case the pupil or hearer would easily find it out for himself, as I have in twenty years' acquaintance, where I have never found him wanting in the sterling qualities which command respect and confidence between men.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

By Camille Saint-Saens.

A PARADOX made into a man, such was Berlioz. If there is one quality we must concede to his works, one which his most obdurate adversaries have never contested, it is the prodigious coloring of the instrumentation. When we study it to try to discover the composer's methods, we meet surprise after surprise. Those who read his scores without having heard them played can form no idea of them. The instruments appear to be distributed without common sense; any one might suppose that the coloring would not be good, and the coloring is marvelously perfect. If there are here and there obscurities in the style there are none in the orchestra; it is flooded with light which sparkles as on the facets of a diamond.

In that, Berlioz was guided by a mysterious instinct, and his methods elude analysis simply because he had none. He admits this himself in his "Treatise on Instrumentation," when after having described in detail all the instruments, enumerating their properties and resources, he declares that their grouping is the secret of genius and impossible to teach. In this he goes too far. The world is full of musicians who, without a trace of genius, by certain and convenient methods, write very well for the orchestra. The "Treatise on Instrumentation" is itself a highly paradoxical work. It opens by a few lines foreign to the subject inveighing against musicians who abuse modulations and have a taste for dissonances like certain animals which have a liking for prickly plants and thorny shrubs. (What would he say to-day?) He then begins the study of orchestral instruments, mingling most solid verities and precious counsels with strange assertions. To cite but one instance: "The clarinet," he says, "is unsuited to the idyllic." He insists that its voice is only proper for the expression of heroic sentiments. But the clarinet, though

very heroic, it is true, is also very bucolic; to convince ourselves of this we have only to recall the way Beethoven has used it in the "Pastoral Symphony." The pretty opening of the "Prophète," which had not yet appeared when Berlioz wrote his treatise, also arrived to contradict this statement.

The great works of Berlioz at the epoch when his treatise appeared were for the most part unpublished, unknown; they were not played anywhere. Yet what does he do on almost every page but give, as examples, fragments from these same works? What could they teach to pupils who never had a chance to hear them?

Well, this treatise by Berlioz is like his instrumentation —its oddities notwithstanding, it is marvelous. With it all my generation was formed, and, I venture to say, well formed. The book had the inestimable quality of inflaming the imagination, of inspiring a love for the art it taught. What it did not impart it gave one a longing to know, and what one learns by oneself is learned thoroughly. The examples, apparently useless, set us dreaming, as though a door had opened on a new world, the distant and captivating scene of the future of the promised land. Would a more exact nomenclature with examples wisely chosen, but dry and lifeless, have produced better results. I think not. Art is not acquired like mathematics.

The paradox and the genius burst forth at once in "Romeo and Juliet." The plan of this work is unheard of. Nothing of the sort had ever been imagined. The prologue (too often cut out) and the last part are lyrical; the latter is even dramatic, treated as the finale of an opera; the rest is symphonic with rare choral apparitions, holding together by a steady thread the first and last parts, and giving unity to the whole; neither lyric, dramatic nor symphonic, yet something of all three; a heteroclitic construction where the symphony predominates, such is this tremendous work. There could be but one excuse for such a defiance to common sense—to make it a masterpiece—which Berlioz has done. Everything in it is new, individual; it has no connection with

any anterior work, but possesses the profound originality which discourages imitation. The famous scherzo "Queen Mab" is even better than its reputation; it is a miracle of fantastic airiness and grace. Besides such delicacy, such transparency, the lightness of Mendelssohn in "Midsummer Night's Dream" seems dense, which shows that the elusive, the impalpable depend not only on sonority, but as well on style. I know nothing that can compare with this unless it is the chorus of the Genies in "Oberon."

"Romeo and Juliet" seems to me the most characteristic work of Berlioz, the one which has most right to public favor. Up to the present date popular opinion, not only in France, but throughout the world, has pronounced in favor of "The Damnation of Faust," but works of such merit can afford to wait, and we need not despair of seeing "Romeo and Juliet" some day taking the victorious place which is its due.

The paradoxical spirit reappears in his critical writings. Berlioz, without possible contest, was the first musical critic of his epoch, in spite of the occasionally inexplicable singularity of his judgments; and yet he lacked erudition and knowledge of the history of the art, which are the very basis of criticism. Many people pretend that in art impressions should not be submitted to the test of reason. Very possibly; but in that case we must limit ourselves to pleasure as we find it, and renounce the right to judge anything whatsoever. A critic ought to proceed differently; he should take the part of the strong and the weak; he ought not to exact from Raphael the palette of Rembrandt, nor from the ancient artists who painted in distemper and white of egg the effects of painting in oils. Berlioz took the part of nothing but the satisfaction or the boredom he had experienced during the audition of a work. For him the past did not exist; he did not understand the ancient works he knew only through reading. If he so greatly admired Gluck and Spontini it was because in his youth he had seen their works represented at the Opera, and rendered by Mme. Brancher, their last interpreter. He scoffed at Lully, at Pergolesi's "La Servante-

Maitresse," saying ironically of the latter: "To see this work revived, to witness its first representation would be a pleasure worthy of Olympus."

I shall never forget his astonishment and delight on hearing a chorus by Sebastian Bach which I made him listen to one day. He could not recover from his amazement that the great Sebastian had written such things. He admitted to me that he had always taken him for a sort of colossal *fort-en-theme*, fabricator of fugues, very learned, but devoid of charm and poetry. Verily, he did not know him

Still, in spite of that and many other things, he was a critic of the first order because he offered to the world the unique phenomenon of a man of genius with senses extraordinarily refined, with a mind delicate and penetrating, sincerely relating impressions influenced by no exterior preoccupation. The pages he has written on the symphonies of Beethoven, on the operas of Gluck, are incomparable; we ought always to return to them when we wish to refresh our imagination, purify our taste, wash away the dust which the ordinary in life and in music throws on the souls of us artists, who have so much to suffer in this world.

He has been reproached for his causticity. This, with him, was not maliciousness, but a sort of boyish fun, an inexhaustible vein of humor which he carried into conversation and could not control. Duprez is about the only person I can find against whom this humor is exercised with some persistency in articles more amusing than pernicious; and frankly, the great tenor had well merited a riddling with darts. Has he not himself narrated, in his *Memoires*, how he strangled "Benvenuto Cellini"? and could its author feel grateful to him for that? Perhaps he might have done more to uphold the work if Berlioz had used the golden persuasions which Meyerbeer employed to encourage him to prolong the representation of the "Huguenots," as the great singer with winning, ingenuous candor recounts in the same volume. We may suppose from this that the "Huguenots" did not then, as now, float on a smooth current with crowded sails. The public is sometimes surprised that modern works are so

difficult to add to the repertory of our grand opera; the reason is perhaps because all of the composers have not an income of a hundred thousand livres. I only said *perhaps*. I affirm nothing.

Berlioz was very unhappy because of his ingenuity in creating self-suffering, of his determination to seek the impossible and to have it at any cost. He had the false idea which—thanks to him—is wide-spread today, that a composer's intention need not consider material obstacles. He refused to comprehend that the musician is very different from a painter who may cover his canvas with inert objects as he chooses, that the musician ought to consider the fatigue of the performers, their skill more or less great; and in his youth he demanded of orchestras, far inferior to those of today, efforts positively superhuman. If there are, in all new and original music which is in advance of its times, difficulties impossible to avoid, there are others again that may be omitted to the relief of the performers and without detriment to the work; but Berlioz would not enter into such details. I have known him to have twenty or thirty rehearsals for one single work, tearing his hair, smashing the desks and batons without attaining the desired result. Our orchestra had to improve with time, before this music could at last reach the ear of the public.

Two things seriously afflicted Berlioz: The hostility of the Opera, preferring as it did Bellini's "Romeo" to his own "Troyens," which fell flat; and the coldness with which he was treated by the "Societe des Concerts." The cause was revealed on the publication of the history of the society by M. Deldevez; it was due to the influence of its chiefs. This influence was legitimate so far as Deldevez is concerned, for he was a serious, erudite musician with every right to authority. Perhaps he only thoroughly understood classical music which alone he had deeply studied; perhaps his antipathy for the music of Berlioz was purely instinctive. It was even worse with his predecessor Girard, a musician very inferior to Deldevez, a leader of orchestra, whose overlauded direction had introduced a number of bad habits into

performers from which happily the next leader delivered them. A little anecdote will give an idea of the nature of his mind, of the largeness of his views. He notified me one day that he desired to put one of my works on the programme, and begged me to call and see him. I hurried, only to learn from his first words that he had changed his mind: to that I had nothing to say, being then a youngling of no importance. Girard profited by the occasion to give me a moral lecture on music, and to tell me among other things that trombones should not be employed in a symphony. "But," I answered timidly, "it seems to me that Beethoven, in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' in the C minor symphony——" "Yes," he said, "very true: but he might have done better not to have done it." With such principles we may fancy what he thought of the "Symphonie Fantastique."

This retrograding spirit, as every one knows, has quite vanished from Rue Bergère, where Berlioz is now held in high honor, and the illustrious society has known how to join the modern current without losing anything of its rare qualities.

Public favor began to veer toward Berlioz during the last years of his life, and "The Childhood of Christ," by its simplicity, its suavity, victoriously fought the prejudice which saw in him but a creator of noise, an organizer of uproar. He did not die, as has been said, of men's injustice, but of a gastric trouble caused by his obstinate refusal to follow his physicians' counsels, and observe a certain hygienic rule. I saw this clearly, without being able to remedy it, during an artistic tour I had the honor of making with him. "Something wonderful is happening," he said to me one morning, "I am free from pain!" And he confided to me his aches and continual cramps, and how he had been forbidden to take stimulants, or go beyond the bounds of a certain prescribed regimen under penalty of atrocious suffering, which would grow worse and worse. Yet he followed no regimen, but took anything he fancied, without troubling himself about the morrow. On the evening of that day we

were present at a banquet. Seated near him, I did my best to oppose his taking coffee, champagne, Havana cigars, but my efforts were lost, and the next day the poor great man was writhing in his usual agony.

Above my great admiration, I felt for him a lively affection, based on the kindness he had shown me (of which I was justly proud), as well as on the private qualities I discovered in him, utterly opposed to the reputation he bore in the world, where he passed for haughty, ill-natured, spiteful. On the contrary, he was kind, kind to weakness, grateful for the slightest tokens of interest bestowed on him, and of a simplicity which gave even greater value to his keen wit and satire, because one never felt that seeking after effect, that desire to dazzle other people, which often spoils so many good things.

The world will probably be surprised to learn the origin of the great artist's reputation for ill-nature. He was implacably hated by a certain set, because of an unsigned article on Herold, which was attributed to him.

Now, here is the closing paragraph of the *feuilleton* of *Le Journal des Debats*, dated March 15, 1869, on the morrow of the death of Berlioz.

"And yet I must tell you that certain critics have been mistaken in reproaching Berlioz for having written unkindly of Herold and the 'Pré aux Clercs.' It was not Berlioz, but another, an ignorant, self-confident young man, who in a miserable article maltreated Harold's masterpiece. He will repent all the rest of his life. Now, this ignoramus is named (I am ashamed of it!) * * * It must be admitted * * * Monsieur Jules Janin."

And so Janin, who lived, as it were, side by side with Berlioz—for they wrote every week for the same paper, one contributing the dramatic and literary, the other the musical critique—so Janin waited until Berlioz was dead to exculpate him from a fault which weighed over his whole life, and of which he himself was the author. Was it not charming, and does not Janin merit his reputation of an excellent man? What do you say? Janin was fat and Berlioz lean; it needed

no more than that for the first to be a good fellow, the second a bad. To what sentiment did the celebrated critic yield in publishing this tardy revelation? To remorse? To a desire to spread out his crime in daylight, that he might enjoy it more?

Berlioz has been reproached for the lack of love he bore his fellow-men, as avowed by him in his *Memoires;* in that respect he belongs to the family of Horace, who has said: *Odi profanum vulgus;* of La Fontaine, who has written:

"Que j'ai toujours haï les penseurs du vulgaire!"

With his superior nature he could not love the vulgarity, coarseness, ferocity, egotism which play such an important part in the world, and of which he was so often a victim. We should love the humanity we belong to, work if we can for its amelioration, aid in its progress; and that is what Berlioz in his sphere of activity has done as much as any one, by opening new paths in art, by preaching, all his life, love of the beautiful, devotion to the highest. That is all we ask of him. What is ours is the work not of an artist, but a saint.

Translated by SOPHIE EARL.

FOR MUSICAL GIRLS.

IN THESE days of advancement in the fine arts and universal interest in all pertaining to them, it is a matter of course that every young girl should learn to play upon some instrument, and, as the piano has become a household necessity, it is upon that instrument that most of our girls try to perform. I say *try* to perform, for how many really do perform is an open question.

While no art exerts a more heart-cheering influence, and adds more to the pleasure of social intercourse, than music, it is nevertheless a lamentable fact that the piano-playing girl is to most intelligent listeners an object of dread. There must be a cause for this, and if so, there can be a remedy found.

The majority of girls, when at the piano, wish to make a display. They prefer, therefore, to perform pieces beyond their powers of execution, attempting to dazzle their friends by feats of technique, regardless of expression or musical sentiment. A girl would always rather respond, when asked what it was she had just played, "Oh, that was one of Liszt's 'Rhapsodies,'" than to have to say, "It was an etude by Heller." The minds of young people will never recognize that in simplicity lies strength.

Now to the average listener, a melodious *morceau* tastefully and correctly played is infinitely more enjoyable than a long selection loaded with difficulties and indifferently rendered. An exquisitely executed miniature is always more pleasing than a large painting whose subject is too ambitious for the artist.

It has been urged that unless girls study the works of Beethoven, Chopin or Liszt they will remain ignorant of these master spirits, but let me ask, how much of Beethoven's inward greatness and depth of emotion does a girl appreciate while vainly struggling with the mechanical intricacies of a long sonata? The city girl has unbounded opportunities for hearing the great works rendered by the great pianists, and this should be her musical education. The country girl may read such works carefully with a teacher, but not under any circumstances attempt to play them. She cannot hope to do them justice or give any particular pleasure to others by her efforts.

Those teachers who are less art lovers than gain seekers, make great mistakes in indulging the desires of pupils to play great compositions. For the sake of momentary approval they help to overthrow all true conception of the art spirit, without which the nation's standard of excellence can never be upheld.

Chas. Gounod was once asked how many hours a day a young lady should devote to pianoforte practice. "No hours at all, unless she wishes to become a professional," he replied. While this idea is a trifle too strong, there is a germ of common sense in it. How many girls spend half a day at the

piano, and with no results! The secret lies in the above mentioned fact—they all strive to perform pieces too hard for them. One does not care to hear a young lady attempt a Chopin's ballade which Paderewski only approaches with utmost reverence. The trite but forcible proverb holds good for the piano playing girl, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

FRANK E. SAWYER.

THE THREE BOHEMIAS.

THE latest edition of Webster's Dictionary, the International, gives three different meanings of the word "Bohemian." It is said to mean: *First*, a native of Bohemia, *secondly*, an idle stroller or gypsy, and *thirdly*, an adventurer in art or literature, of irregular, unconventional habits, questionable tastes or free morals. Apparently there can be no logical or linguistical connection between any two of the above meanings, and none among the three taken together. A Bohemian Slav, a gypsy and a literary adventurer have nothing in common. Yet we hear and read of Bohemia as understood in all the three different senses: A country of central Europe, a land of gypsies, and an imaginary region of literary adventurers. The causes of this strange confusion of terms and the origin of the three Bohemias must be sought in history. It is interesting to note that music played an important part in the philological process.

The genuine Bohemians are a branch of the great family of Slavonic nations. Their home is in the heart of Europe, in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia and northern Hungary. These countries they have inhabited ever since the middle of the fifth century of our era. Their language is (according to Webster) the richest and most developed of all Slavonic languages. They have their own literature—you may get a glimpse at it in the library of the Woman's building at the Exhibition—and have done more than their share of work in the cause of civilization. It will suffice to mention the names

of a few men they have given to the world; they have given us a Huss, a Comenius, a Brozik, a Dvorak.

Who are the gypsies? A nomadic race, a remnant of several East Indian tribes, perhaps mixed with tribes of Persian origin. In Europe they appeared the first time about the commencement of the tenth century. Being strangers and supposed to have come from Egypt, they were accordingly christened Egyptians (gypsy, gitano). The French were the first to call them Bohemians, and the English accepted the new name. At present the home of the gypsies is chiefly in Hungary and the Danubian states, although they love nomadic life and like to wander all over Europe. In those countries where they live a settled life, they pursue chiefly the trade of blacksmith and farriers.

How did the unfortunate confusion of "gypsies" and "Bohemians" originate? It is the work of the French. The French—I mean the mediæval French and the French of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—were never noted for any unusual knowledge of geography; to them, in the fifteenth century, Bohemia was a *terra incognita;* they knew only that Bohemians were black-skinned heretics who fought against the pope and his servants, and who were particularly fond of song, music and dance.

When the first gypsies appeared in France (in the fifteenth century) they were found to correspond with the imaginary Bohemians of the superstitious French; they were dark-complexioned, fond of song, music and dance, and came from an unknown country—accordingly, they were readily christened Bohemians, and the new appellation accepted afterward by the English. This confusion has not been entirely cleared away to this day; nay, many new and strange coincidences have contributed toward a further continuation of that ethnological blunder. Thus, the famous gypsy composer Csermak, whom a German critic justly considers the greatest of the national composers of Hungary (see "Gypsy Music," in MUSIC for February, 1893), was, in fact, the son of a Bohemian lady of high rank, whom the well known prejudices of aristocracy prevented from legalizing and acknowledging

her son. Csermak was a gypsy by his associations, but a Bohemian by his birth. Again, the favorite instrument of both the Bohemians and the gypsies is the violin, and as gypsy musicians may be found in Bohemia as well as in other countries, this fact gives additional strength to the wrong theory.

Much mischief has been done, too, by the "Bohemian Girl," the well known opera of Balfe. It is true, we hear strains of Bohemian (Slavonic) music in the opera—Balfe has borrowed the tune of a Bohemian folk song, the "Husitska," which we have had the pleasure to hear at the folk-lore concert, July 14—but the heroine has not a drop of Bohemian blood in her veins, she is a pure gypsy, and the opera should have been correctly entitled "Gypsy Girl." Some people still persist in identifying gypsies with Bohemians, to the great annoyance of the latter. A short time ago a reporter of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* attended a Bohemian concert at the hall of the Slavanska Lipa. On the following morning we read in that paper that "several hundred sturdy *gypsies* were present at the concert * * *." A correction was demanded, but the reporter explained that he meant no insult, but merely intended his words as a joke! A peculiar joke, indeed.

This much for the two meanings of the word Bohemian. The third (meaning a literary adventurer), is but the second (a gypsy) used metaphorically.

I hope we shall hear no more of any instances of mistakes in those words. Let us call the dark-complexioned nomads gypsies, never applying that name to Bohemians. The latter name belongs only to the Slavonic inhabitants of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia and northern Hungary, once forming the historical kingdom of Bohemia, whose people are a nation of musicians, and one of whose sons is expected to establish a school of national music in this free land of ours.

JOSEF J. KRAL.

CHICAGO.

ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING AMERICAN MUSIC AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Bureau of Music, under date of June 30, 1892, issued the following:

"The Musical Director desires to include in the programmes of Exposition concerts representative choral, orchestral and chamber works by native American composers. All scores received by the Bureau of Music before October 15, 1892, will be submitted to a committee, whose names are shortly to be announced. The favorable recommendation of this committee will be final and insure performance. Both printed and manuscript music may be sent."

On September 22, a further announcement was made:

"The Musical Director desires to include in the programmes of Exposition concerts representative choral, orchestral and chamber works by native American composers. All scores received by the Bureau of Music before October 15, 1892, will be submitted to a committee, whose names are shortly to be announced. The favorable recommendation of the committee will be final and insure performance. Both printed and manuscript music may be sent. The Musical Director is privileged to announce the names of the following musicians who will constitute the committee to examine American compositions:

Camille Saint-Saens, - - - - -	Paris, France.
Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, - - - -	London, England.
Asger Hamerik, - - - - - -	Baltimore, Md.
Carl Zerrahn, - - - - - -	Boston, Mass.
B. J. Lang, - - - - - - -	Boston, Mass.
Wm. L. Tomlins, - - - - -	Chicago, Ill.
Theodore Thomas, - - - - -	Chicago, Ill.

"All American composers are invited to present works for the approval of this committee, and in order to accommodate the greatest number, the Bureau will receive scores up to November 15, 1892."

In response to this call, twenty-one composers sent the works named below:

10	Miscellaneous orchestral works.
6	Overtures.
7	Chamber music compositions.
3	Cantatas (vocal scores only).
2	Works for voices and orchestra.
1	Suite for orchestra.
1	Piano concerto.
1	Oratorio (vocal score only.)

With the exception of Mr. Saint-Saens, the examining committee made individual reports on the works submitted. Owing to Mr. Saint-Saens' long absence from Paris during the fall and winter of 1892-93, his services as adjudicator were regretfully dispensed with.

The examining committee recommended the following works:

"Suite Creole," for orchestra,	John A. Broekhoven.
Festival March for orchestra,	Ad. M. Foerster.
"Resouvenir du Ballet," "The Satyr's Reveille,"	Lucius Hosmer.
Overture, "Witichis,"	Margaret R. Lang.
Cantata, "Divine Love,"	C. B. Rutenber.
Concert Overture,	Herman Wetzler.
Cantata, "Dream Pictures,"	George E. Whiting.

Of these compositions only the instrumental works of Messrs. Broekhoven, Foerster and Wetzler and Miss Lang had public performance. Because of unforeseen circumstances the Musical Director was unable to arrange for the performance of the choral works by Messrs. Rutenber and Whiting, or the instrumental compositions by Mr. Hosmer.

Prior to the opening of the Exposition, Prof. John K. Paine, Mr. E. A. MacDowell, Mr. George W. Chadwick, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mr. George F. Bristow and Templeton Strong were invited by the Musical Director to name such of their compositions as they desired to have performed at Exposition concerts.

The following were performed: Prof. John K. Paine; "Columbus March and Hymn," without chorus, three times; "An Island Fantasy," for orchestra, two times. E. A. MacDowell: Suite for orchestra, Op. 42, three times. George W. Chadwick: Symphony No. 2, in B flat; Overture, "Melpomene"; "Columbian Ode" (last movement); Quintette for pianoforte and strings, in E flat. Arthur Foote: Serenade for strings, in E major, Op. 25, two times (Romanza and Gavotte from the Serenade had a separate performance); Serenade for strings, in E minor; Quartette for piano, violin, violoncello, in E major, Op. 23. Geo. F. Bristow: Overture, "Jibbewainoske," Op. 64.

In addition to the works hereinbefore mentioned, the following compositions were also heard at Exposition concerts: Arthur Bird: Suite for orchestra, No. 3, Op. 32, two times. C. C. Converse: Overture, "Hail Columbia." F. G. Gleason: Prelude, "Otho Visconti"; "Procession of the Grail," for orchestra. Henry Schoenefeld: Suite for orchestra. Harry Rowe Shelley: Suite for orchestra, "The Ruined Castle"; "Carnival Overture." Arthur Whiting, Sonata for pianoforte and violin, Op. 17

To complete the record of American music at the Exposition the two works commissioned for the dedication of the buildings on October 21, 1892, and performed then demand mention, viz.: "Columbus March and Hymn" for orchestra, military band and chorus, Prof. John K. Paine; and music to the "Columbian Ode," for chorus, solo voices and orchestra, Geo. W. Chadwick; also the Jubilate for chorus, solos and orchestra, by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, commissioned by the Board of Lady Managers and first performed at the Woman's Building, May 1, 1893. On the occasion of the formal opening of the Exposition, May 1, 1893, the "Columbus March and Hymn" (without chorus) was repeated. For the Bureau of Music,

GEORGE H. WILSON, *Secretary.*

CHICAGO, October 20, 1893.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

ISADORE.—Operetta in Three Acts. G. W. Stratton, 1893. Boston, G. W. Stratton & Co.

In its present form, "Isadore" is "Genevieve," somewhat rewritten, with the addition of a tenor part in the second act, as lover for Genevieve. There is a new intermezzo before the third act, and some of the music is improved. The operetta was originally designed for the use of female seminaries and schools, where many girls' voices are available, but where masculine co-operation is somewhat objectionable upon disciplinary grounds. In point of beauty these works of Mr. Stratton stand several degrees above the former works in this line, such as Dr. Root's "Flower Queen," etc., the melody being of a more advanced and stylish cut, and the harmonies more significant. The music is charming, and as the author has provided all necessary apparatus of explanatory programmes, instrumentation for small orchestras, and the like, there is no reason why its usefulness should not be indefinitely extended.

Moreover, this work, in connection with one lately reviewed in these pages, appears to promise something of still higher character later, or at least a comic opera of more general application. For there is something in the ease of these rhythms, the melodiousness and freshness of the music, and the variety that appear to give evidence of a talent which might be considerably developed without departing from its capacity of pleasing.

Incidentally, as an illustration of the operation of the new international copyright law, it may be mentioned that the copies of "Isadore" are printed at the Roeder press, at Leipsic.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. A monthly magazine, 48 pages, 8vo. Published at Northfield, Minn., by Wm. M. Payne and C. R. Willard, of the Goodsell observatory of Carleton College.

Popular Astronomy is a new comer in the field of scientific journalism, proposing to treat astronomical questions in a scientific but non-technical way, for the gratification of intelligent unprofessional readers. The subscription price is $2.50 yer year, and the typographical appearance is satisfactory. The first number has several illustrations, one of which relates to the Jupiter family of comets, a subject treated by Professor Payne. The appearance of a scientific periodical of such seriousness of aim and so good in appearance at an intellectual center so remote from "the cultured east" as Carleton, Minn., is a fresh evidence of the intellectual vitality of the west—a fact conspicuously illustrated in the department of music by the present state of musical periodicals in Chicago, where at the present moment the two most serious and comprehensive musical periodicals in the world happen to be prospering.

A PEDAL METHOD FOR THE PIANO. By Albert F. Venino. New York: Edw. Schuberth & Co.

In this little book, Mr. Venino has given something of great value to all who are interested in artistic piano playing. It is much more direct, concise and interesting than the pamphlet by Hans Schmitt, and in fact, covers the ground in a most satisfactory way. Everything is put in the clearest way, so that even one who knows as little of the subject as does the average pupil will thoroughly understand the points. The author's preliminary exercises for overcoming the natural repugnance which the foot has against acting independently of the hands (the real difficulty in the syncopated pedal) are admirable and cleverly devised, and the examples of various uses of the pedal, which he has taken from different composers, are not only well chosen, but show a fineness of perception rare even in artistic pianists. His illustration, *e. g.*, from the Chopin Nocturne in D flat major, showing how differently first-rate players may use the pedal for the same passage, are suggestive; and his statement of the various considerations that may influence the player (that is, sometimes the melody in the right hand, sometimes the changing harmony in the left hand), is well put. The book is enriched by an exercise of Dr. Mason's, with a descriptive statement of its theory and use, which will make many players do some useful thinking. There is only one place that seems to us of doubtful truth, and at any rate dangerous to put before any but the most experienced players—the examples on page 31. But that is a small matter, and one about which there can easily be two opinions. As a whole, the book is a remarkable one, is tremendously needed by teachers, and is something for which its author is to be thanked and congratulated.

HELLER ALBUM. Edited by Ludwig Klee. Berlin: Schlesinger.

In the three volumes of these pieces of Heller, the editor has selected many of the most charming things from Op. 16, 45, 46, 47, 82, 83, 90, 138, etc., has arranged them reasonably according to difficulty, and has, so far as we have been able to see, looked carefully after the phrasing and fingering. The pedal marking has not been attended to; but that is a thing easily supplied by the teacher. Little verses are sometimes prefixed to the pieces, of appropriate character, and they have all been given names like "Serenade," "Consecration," "Barcarole," etc., a thing which undoubtedly adds to their attractiveness, and therefore to their value for young pupils. It is too late in the day to call attention to the charm and usefulness from the teacher's point of view, of these exquisite tone poems, but certainly not out of place to say that this collection, having the best from a number of different works, will be a blessing to the teacher, and a treasure to the pupil.

MOSCHELES STUDIES. Op. 70. New edition. Edited by Ernst Pauer. Leipsic: Fr. Kistner.

Teachers who have been annoyed by the old edition of the Moscheles studies, with its bad paper, poor printing, and worst of all, double fingering (half of which had to be scratched out at the

expense of a quarter of an hour), will be glad to hear that the publishers have just issued a new and really fine edition. Mr. Pauer has presumably scratched out the fingering which he did not like, and saved others the trouble. The phrasing seems to have been corrected, although not up to the highest artistic standard, and the studies are in a much more useful form than ever before. Perhaps a selection of the most helpful ones would be better still, but after all there are very few that are without some good points, and it is as well to leave teachers to pick for the particular pupil. Moscheles' innocent preface is left unchanged, even his wonderful remarks about the manner of executing the staccato-legato touch, as well as his direction to keep the wrist stiff in staccato octave playing. But we must not expect too much. It may be as well to leave these things as landmarks of what was once taught.

LOESHHORN: ETUDES FOR THE PIANO. Op. 65, 66, 84. Edited by Emil Liebling. S. Brainard's Sons Co., Chicago.

Mr. Liebling has exercised a wise discrimination in selecting for his edition only such studies as have a definite object. As is well known, Loeschhorn has succeeded better than any other of the later writers in producing studies of moderate difficulty and of technical value, and this edition will be of great value to all teachers. In the way of fingering, phrasing, etc., it is a perfect specimen of critical work, as, indeed, one was certain to find it, coming from Mr. Liebling's hands.



THE EVERY-DAY VERDI.
A Snap Shot.—"Musical Courier."

MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1893.

GIUSEPPE VERDI--THE ILLUSTRIOUS COMPOSER.

IN the entire history of the art of music very few men have shown the vitality of the illustrious Verdi, who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. It is more than fifty-three years since his first opera was performed at the greatest theatre of his native land, La Scala at Milan, and it is nearly a full half century since his first great success reached a performance at the same theatre. This was the magniloquent "I Lombardi," or "The Crusaders," which contains melodies of great force. The well known favorites "Ernani," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata" date from 1853 and before, and it is within bounds to say that in any season of Italian opera in any part of the world, a full half of the time will be taken up by works of this noble old man, who is still at work upon a new opera.

The son of a small inkeeper, he was born in a little town of Roncole, a village of two hundred inhabitants, not far from Busseto, in the Duchy of Parma, October 9, 1813. One of his earliest passions was for music and while he was less than eight years old his father bought him an old spinet, the unused property of the village priest. From the nightly practice and the leisure hours bestowed upon this ineffective musical instrument, it was not a long step to the meagre old organ of the little church near by. But of this later. It was upon the spinet the boy practiced, and by the aid of its tinkling tones he dreamed out his musical ideas, which even in this early day had reference to the theatre—a mere tra-

dition in that remote village rather than a living reality. And it is the same spinet which the old and celebrated Verdi still has, newly varnished and made as good as new, in his elegant villa of S. Agatha, near Busseto.

The cover of the venerable instrument is gone, but it still bears an inscription to the effect that one "Stefano Cavaletti duly repaired it, put the pedal in order, and tuned it, all out of good will to the promising talent of his friend Giuseppe Verdi, anno domini 1821." Far away in the years was this repairing, and vastly different must the promising student have appeared from the old master Verdi, who after years of honors, such as rarely fall to the lot of the musical composers, now occasionally thrums a strain upon its old worn keys.

Verdi's first teacher was the village organist, Baistrocchi, and it was the chief hope of his father that the youngster would presently become able to take the honored place of his teacher when he should no longer be able to fill it.

Two years after, having completed his first stage in his musical education, Verdi—then but ten years old— was appointed organist in the room of old Baistrocchi. The dream of his parents was thus for the time realized; yet before long the mind of the elder Verdi began to be haunted with the thought that some knowledge of the three R's could but bring good to his son in after life, and after debating his scheme with his wife, he resolved upon sending Giuseppe to a school in Busseto. This would have been beyond the small means of the good Verdi, but for the fact that at Busseto lived a countryman and friend—a cobbler known by the name of Pugnatta. This Pugnatta took upon himself to give Giuseppe board and lodging, and send him to the principal school of the town, all at the very moderate price of threepence a day. And to Pugnatta's Giuseppe went, and while attending the school most assiduously, kept his situation as organist of La Roncole, walking there every Sunday morning, and back to Busseto after the evening service.

It may not be devoid of interest to the reader to cast a glance at Verdi's financial condition at that period of his life.

Except clothing, which did not represent an important item, and pocket money, which he had none, his expenditure amounted to 109 francs 50 centimes a year— that is $22.50. His salary as the organist of La Roncole was $7.20, which after one year's service and many urgent appeals, was increased to $7.40. To this add a profit of $10 or $12 from weddings, christenings and funerals; and a few shillings more, the product of a collection which it was then customary for organists to make at harvest time—collected in kind, be it remembered, by the artist himself, with a sack on his shoulders, at each door of the village. Life, under these unfavorable conditions, was not only devoid of comforts, but full of danger. One night, while the poor lad was walking towards Le Roncole, worn down by fatigue and want of sleep or food, he did not notice that he was in the wrong track, and of a sudden, missing his ground, he fell into a deep canal. It was dark, it was bitter cold, and his limbs were absolutely paralyzed; and but for an old woman who was passing by the spot and heard his cries for help, the exhausted and chilled boy would have been carried off by the current.

The following story of another very narrow escape from death we give on the entire responsibility of M. Pougin. In 1814 Russian and Austrian troops had been passing through Italy, leaving death and destruction everywhere. A detachment having stopped for a few hours at La Roncole, all the women took refuge in the church; but not even that holy place was respected by these savages. The doors were unhinged, and the poor helpless women ruthlessly wounded and killed. Verdi's mother, with the little Giuseppe in her arms, was among those who took refuge in the church; but when the door was burst open she did not lose her spirits, but ascending the narrow staircase of the belfry, hid herself and her baby among some timber that was there, and did not leave her hiding-place until the drunken troops were far beyond the village.

Giuseppe Verdi, after two years schooling at Busseto, had learned to write, read and cypher, whereupon M. Barezzi, a dealer in spirits, drugs and spices, began to take

much interest in the talented Roncolese, gave him employment in his business, and opened a way to the development of his musical faculty.

Busseto must have been the Weimar of the Duchy of Parma. Music was uppermost in the minds of the Bussetesi, and no name of any inhabitant is ever mentioned without the addition of his being a singer, composer or violinist. M. Barezzi himself was first flute in the cathedral orchestra; he could produce some notes on all kinds of wind instruments, and was particularly skillful on the clarinet, French horn, and ophicleide. His house was the residence of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was the president and patron, and it was here that all rehearsals were made, and all Philharmonic concerts given, under the conductorship of M. Ferdinando Provesi, maestro di cappella and organist of the cathedral.

This was the fittest residence for a lad of Verdi's turn of mind, and he immediately felt it. Without neglecting his chief occupation, he regularly attended the rehearsals, and undertook the task of copying out the parts from the score; and all this in such earnest that old Provesi began to notice Giuseppe with approval, and gave him the foundation of a sound musical knowledge. Provesi may be considered the man who led the first steps of Verdi into the right track, and lucky it was for the pupil to have come across such a man. He was an excellent contrapuntist, a composer of several comic operas, of which he had written both words and music, and a man well read in general literature. He was the first man in Busseto to understand Verdi's real vocation, and to advise him to devote himself to music. Don Pietro Seletti, the boy's Latin teacher, and a fair violinist, bore a grudge to Provesi for a certain poem the latter had written against the clergy. The fact that Provesi encouraged Verdi to study music was therefore enough for Don Pietro to dissuade him as strongly from it. "What do you want to study music for? You have a gift for Latin, and it will be much better for you to become a priest. What do you expect from your music? Do you fancy that some day you may

become organist of Busseto? . . Stuff and nonsense. . . That can never be!"

But a short time after this admonition there was to be a mass at a chapel in Busseto where Don Pietro Seletti was the officiating priest. The organist was unable to attend, and Don Pietro was induced to let Verdi preside at the organ. The mass over, Don Pietro sent for him. "Whose music did you play?" said he; "it was a most beautiful thing." "Why," timidly answered the boy, "I had no music, and I was playing extempore, just as I felt." "Ah, indeed," rejoined Don Pietro; "well, I am a fool, and you cannot do better than to study music, take my word for it."

Under the intelligent guidance of Provesi, Verdi studied till he was 16. During this period he often came to the help of his old master, both as organist and as conductor of the Philharmonic Society. The archives of the society still contain several works written by Verdi at that time, and composed, copied, taught, rehearsed and conducted by himself. None of these compositions have been published, though it would have been a matter of interest to examine the first attempts of his musical genius.

It became evident that Busseto was too narrow a field for the aspirations of the young composer, and efforts were made to afford him the means to go to Milan, the most important Italian town, musically speaking. The financial question came again to the front, and, thanks to the good will of the Bussetesi, it had a happy solution. The Monte di Pietà, an institution granting four premiums of 300 francs a year, each given for four years to promising young men wanting means for undertaking the study of science or art, was induced by Barezzi to award one of the four premiums to Verdi, with the important modification of allowing him 600 francs a year for two years, instead of 300 for four years. M. Barezzi himself advanced the money necessary for music lessons, board and lodging in Milan; and Seletti gave him an introduction to his nephew, a professor there, who most heartily welcomed him, and would not hear of his finding lodgings for himself.

We come now to an incident of Verdi's life, to which a very undue importance has been often attached; we mean his being refused a scholarship at the Conservatorio di Musica of Milan, on the ground of his showing no special aptitude for music. If a board of professors were now to be found to declare that the author of "Rigoletto," "Ballo in Maschera," and "Aida" had no musical disposition, such declaration would undoubtedly reflect very little credit on the institution to which the board belonged, or on the honesty and impartiality of the professors; but things were not so bad at that time as we are made to believe they were—nay, it is probable that in the best conducted musical schools of the world, some Verdi, Beethoven or Bach is every year sent back to his home and his country organ, as was the case with Verdi. Without following Fétis in his study of the prosperous fact, we think that a true idea may be formed of it by looking at the way in which matters of this kind proceed nowadays, and will proceed so long as there are candidates, scholarships and examiners.

To a vacant scholarship—for pianoforte or composition—there is always a number of candidates, occasionally amounting to as many as a hundred. A committee of professors under the presidence of the principal is appointed to examine all the competitors, and choose the best. The candidates, male and female, have each a different degree of instruction, ranging from mere children with no musical education to such as have already gone through a regular course of study. To determine whether there is more hope of future excellence in a girl who plays sixteen bars of an easy arrangement of a popular tune, or a boy who can perhaps sing something by heart just to show that he has a certain feeling and a right perception of rhythm and tonality, or in an advanced pupil who submits the score of a grand opera in five acts (not impossibly written by some friend or forefather)—to be able to determine this is a thing beyond the power of the human intellect. The committee can only select one amongst those that have the least disqualifications, but nobody can accuse them of ignorance or ill-will if the

chosen candidate, after five years' tuition, turns out to be a mere one-two-three-and-four conductor of *operettas*, while one of the ninety-nine dismissed, after ten years' hard study elsewhere, writes a masterpiece of operatic or sacred music. Not to get a scholarship does not imply that a candidate is unable to pursue a musical career; it means that there being but one place vacant, and twenty who passed as good an examination as he, he shares with nineteen others the ill-luck of not being the happy one chosen. Moreover there are no settled rules as to the time when musical genius breaks out in unmistakable light. We are ready to believe that Mozart, when only three years old, gave unmistakable hints of what he was afterwards to become; yet we can say, as an eye-witness, that M. Boito, the author of "Mephistofeles," a man of undeniable musical genius, did not reveal any decided aptitude for musical composition till nineteen; while several amongst his school-fellows who promised to be the rightful heirs of Rossini and Bellini are now teachers and conductors of provincial schools or second-rate theatres. Let us then bear no grudge to Basily, the then principal of the Conservatoire of Milan, nor let us depreciate him for not having been so gifted as to recognize in the young and unprepossessing organist of Le Roncole the man who was destined to write "Il Rigoletto" twenty years afterwards.

But though failing to be admitted to the Conservatoire, Verdi stuck to the career which he had undertaken, and, on the advice of Alessandro Rollo, then conductor at La Scala, he asked M. Lavigna to give him lessons in composition and orchestration. Lavigna was a distinguished musician and a composer of no ordinary merit; his operas, "La Muta per amore," "l'Idolo di se stesso," "l'Impostore avvilito," "Coriolano," "Zaira" and several others, having been performed several times with favorable success. He consented to give the lessons, and to him actually belongs the honor of being the teacher of Verdi.

This was in 1831, when Verdi was eighteen. The two years from 1831 to 1833 passed in an uninterrupted succession of exercises in harmony, counterpoint and fugue, and

a daily study of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." In 1833 the death of Provesi brought an entire change to Verdi. He went back to Busseto for five years, and after this lapse of time returned to Milan to take his start as a composer. We give, in the words of M. Ercole Cavalli—for this particular period the best informed of the biographers—the lively description of Verdi's residence at Busseto.

"In 1833 M. Ferdinando Provesi died. The trustees of the Monte di Pietà, of Busseto, and the other contributors



THE OLD CHURCH IN LA RONCOLE.

towards Verdi's musical training, had acted with the intention that, after Provesi's death, Verdi should be his successor both as maestro di cappella and organist of the cathedral, and also conductor of the Philharmonic Society. Verdi felt very sorry for the death of Provesi; with him he had lost the man who first taught him the elements of his art, and showed him the way to excellence; and though Verdi felt a call to something nobler in life, yet he kept his word to his countrymen and went to Busseto to fill the place left vacant by his deceased professor. The appointment rested

with the church wardens of the cathedral, men who either belonged to the clergy or were fanatic bigots, and therefore had but little liking for Verdi, whom they called "the fashionable maestrino," as being versed only in profane and operatic music; they preferred somebody cut a little more after their own pattern, and were anxious for a maestro well grounded in the Gregorian chant.

Verdi's competitor, one M. Giovanni Ferrari, played indifferently on the organ, but had the strong support of two bishops; he gathered all the votes of the church wardens, and the pupil of Provesi and Lavigna, for whom so many sacrifices had been made by the whole town, was blackballed. Upon hearing this decision, the Philharmonic Society, which for many years had made it a rule to enhance the solemnity of all the services in the cathedral by co-operating with their orchestra, lost all patience and, bursting tumultuously into the church, rummaged the archives and took away from them every sheet of music paper belonging to the society, thereby beginning a civil war that lasted several years, in a town that was formerly an example of tranquillity and peace.

On this followed satires, insults, affrays, riots, imprisonments, persecutions, banishments and the like, ending in decrees whereby the Philharmonic Society was prohibited to meet under any pretense whatever."

Verdi next fell in love with Margherita, Barezzi's eldest daughter, whose father, unlike most fathers, did not oppose Margherita's union to a talented though very poor young man.

In 1836 they were married. The whole Philharmonic Society attended the wedding; it was a happy and glorious day, and all were deeply moved by the prospect already opening before the young man, who, though born in the poorest condition, was at twenty-three already a composer, with the daughter of a rich and much respected man for his wife."

In 1838 Verdi, with his wife and two children, left Busseto and settled in Milan, with the hope of performing his

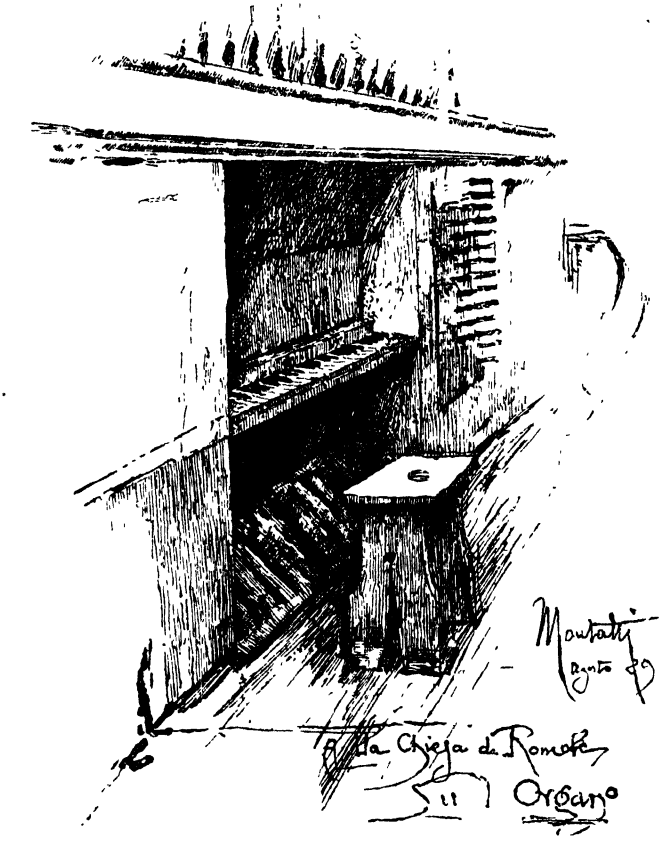
opera "Oberto Conte di S. Bonifacio. We are now to witness the vicissitudes of a talented but nearly unknown young man, who comes to a large town, one of the most important musical centres of those days, with no fortune but the manuscript of a melodrama, and nothing to help him on but the golden opinions which his genius and honesty have previously won for him from a few friends; and we shall see this young man transformed in a short time into the favorite composer of all opera-goers. And we are glad to be able to give the relation of this most important period of an artist's career, in words that may be said to be Verdi's own.

The first part of the narrative refers to the time when he was in Milan, studying with Lavigna. On his return there his kind old master was gone—died while his pupil was at Busseto. And here is Verdi's narrative:

"About the year 1833 or '34 there was in Milan a Philharmonic Society composed of first-rate vocalists, under the direction of one M. Masini. The society was then in the bustle and hurry of arranging a performance of Haydn's "Creation," at the Teatro Filodrammatico. M. Lavigna, my teacher of composition, asked me whether I should like to attend the rehearsals, in order to improve my mind, to which I willingly answered in the affirmative. Nobody would notice the young man that was quietly sitting in the darkest corner of the hall. Three maestri shared the conducting between them—Messrs. Perelli, Bonoldi and Almasio; but one day it happened that neither of the three was present at the time appointed for rehearsal. The ladies and gentlemen were growing fidgety, when M. Masini, who did not feel himself equal to sitting at the piano and accompanying from the full orchestral score, walked up to me and desired me to be the accompanyist for the evening; and as perhaps he believed in my skill as little as he did in his own, he added, 'It will be quite enough to play the bass only.' I was fresh from my studies, and certainly not puzzled by a full orchestral score; I therefore answered 'All right' and took my place at the piano. I can well remember the ironical smiles that flitted over the faces of the Signori dilettanti;

it seems that the quaint look of my young, slender and rather shabbily dressed person was not calculated to inspire them with much confidence.

"However, the rehearsal began, and in the course of it I gradually warmed up and got excited, so that at last, instead of confining myself to the mere piano part, I played



THE OLD ORGAN IN LA RONCOLE.

the accompaniment with my left hand, while conducting most emphatically with my right. It was a tremendous success, all the more because quite unexpected. The rehearsal over, everybody congratulated me upon it, and amongst my most enthusiastic admirers were Count Pompeo Belgiojoso and Count Renato Borromeo. In short, whether the three

maestri were too busy to attend the rehearsals, or whether there was some other reason, I was appointed to conduct the performance, which performance was so much welcomed by the audience that by general request it had to be repeated in the large and beautiful hall of the Casino dei Nobili, in presence of the Archduke and Archduchess Ranieri, and all the high life of those days.

"A short time afterwards, I was engaged by Count Renato Borromeo to write the music for a cantata for chorus and orchestra, on the occasion of the marriage of some member of the Count's family—if I remember right. I must say, however, that I never got so much as a penny out of all that, because the whole work was a gratuitous one.

"M. Masini next urged me to write an opera for the Teatro Filodrammatico, where he was conductor, and handed me a libretto, which after having been touched up by M. Solera, became 'Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio.'

"I closed immediately with the proposition, and went to Busseto, where I was appointed organist. I was obliged to remain there nearly three years, and during that time I wrote out the whole opera. The three years over, I took my way back to Milan, carrying with me the score in perfect order, and all the solo parts copied out by myself.

"But here difficulties began. Masini being no longer conductor, my chance of seeing my opera produced there was at an end. However, whether Masini had confidence in my talents, or wished to show me some kindness for the many occasions on which I had been useful to him, rehearsing and conducting for nothing, he did not give up the business, and assured me he would not leave a stone unturned until my opera was brought out at the Scala, when the turn came for the benefit of the Pio Instituto. Both Count Bor romeo and Dr. Pasetti promised me their influence on Masini, but, as far as I am aware, their support did not go beyond some scanty words of recommendation. Masini, however, did his best, and so did Merighi, a cellist who had played under my direction, and had a certain opinion of the young maestro.

"The result was that the opera was put down for the spring of 1839, to be performed at La Scala for the benefit of the Pio Instituto; and among the interpreters were the four excellent artists Mme. Strepponi, Moriani, Giorgio Ronconi, and Marini.

"After a few rehearsals Moriani falls seriously ill, everything is brought to a standstill, and all hope of a performance gone! I broke down utterly, and was thinking of going back to Busseto, when one fine morning one of the theatre attendants knocked at my door and said sulkily: 'Are you the maestro from Parma who was to give an opera for the Pio Instituto? Come with me to the theatre, the impresario wants to speak to you.'

" 'Is it possible?' said I, but . . . and the fellow began again—I was told to call on the maestro from Parma, who was to give an opera; if it is you, let us go. And away we went.

"The impresario was M. Bartolomeo Merelli. One evening, crossing the stage, he had overheard a talk between Strepponi and Ranconi, wherein the first said something very favorable to 'Oberto,' and the seeond endorsed the praise.

"On my entering his room, he aprubtly told me that having heard my 'Oberto' spoken of very favorably by reliable and intelligent persons, he was willing to produce it during the next season, provided I would make some slight alterations in the compass of the solo parts, as the artists engaged were not the same who were to perform it before. This was a fair proposition. Young and unknown. I had the good luck to meet with an impresario willing to run the risk of mounting a new opera, without asking me to share in the expenditure, which I could not have afforded! His only condition was that he should share with me the sale of the copyright. This was not asking much, for the work of a beginner. And, in fact, even after its favorable reception, Ricordi would give no more than 2,000 Austrian livres ($335) for it.

"Though 'Oberto' was not extraordinarily successful,

yet it was well received by the public, and was performed several times; and M. Merelli even found it convenient to extend the season and give some additional performances of it. The principal interpreters were Mme Marini, M. Salvi and M. Marini. I had been obliged to make some cuts, and had written an entirely new number, the quartet, on a situation suggested by Merelli himself, which proved to be one of the most successful pieces in the whole work.

"Merelli next made me an offer which, considering the time at which it was made, may be called a splendid one. He proposed to engage me to write three operas, one every eight months, to be performed either at Milan or Vienna, where he was the impresario of both the principal theatrical houses: he to give me 4,000 livres ($670) for each opera, and the profits of the copyright to be divided between us. I agreed to everything, and shortly afterwards Merelli went to Vienna, leaving instructions to Rossi to write a libretto for me, which he did, and it was the 'Proscritto.' It was not quite to my liking, and I had not yet brought myself to begin to set it to music, when Merelli, coming hurriedly to Milan during the spring of 1840, told me that he was in dreadful want of a comic opera for the next autumn, that he would send me a libretto, and that I was to write it first, before the 'Proscritto.' I could not well say no, and so Merelli gave me several librettos of Romani to choose from, all of which had already been set to music, though owing to failure or other reasons, they could safely be set again. I read them over and over and did not like any; but there was no time to lose, so I picked out one that seemed to me not so bad as the others, 'Il finto Stanislao,' a title which I changed into 'Un Giorno di Regno.'

"At that period of my life I was living in an unpretentious little house near the Porta Ticinesa, and my small family was with me—that is, my young wife and my two sons. As soon as I set to work I had a severe attack of angina, that confined me to my bed for several days, and just when I began to get better I remembered that the third day forward was quarter day, and that I had to pay fifty crowns.

Though in my financial position this was not a small sum, yet it was not a very big one either, but my illness putting it out of my mind, had prevented me from taking the necessary steps; and the means of communication with Busseto—the mail left only twice a week—did not allow me time enough to write to my excellent father-in-law, Barezzi, and get the money from him. I was determined to pay the rent on the very day it fell due, so, though it vexed me very much to trouble people, I desired Dr. Pasetti to induce M. Merelli to give me fifty crowns, either as an advance on the money due to me under the agreement, or as a loan for ten days, till I could write to Barezzi and receive the money wanted. It is not necessary to say why Merelli could not at that moment give me the fifty crowns, but it vexed me so much to let the quarter day pass by without paying the rent, that my wife, seeing my anxieties, takes the few valuable trinkets she had, goes out, and a little while after comes back with the necessary amount. I was deeply touched by this tender affection, and promised myself to buy everything back again, which I could have done in a very short time, thanks to my agreement with Merelli.

"But now terrible misfortunes crowded upon me. At the beginning of April my child falls ill, the doctors cannot understand what is the matter, and the dear little creature goes off quickly in his desperate mother's arms. Moreover, a few days after the other child is taken ill, too, and he, too, dies, and in June my young wife is taken from me by a most violent inflammation of the brain, so that on the 19th of June I saw the third coffin carried out of my house. In a very little over two months three persons so very dear to me had disappeared forever. I was alone, alone! My family had been destroyed; and in the very midst of these trials I had to fulfill my engagement and write a comic opera! 'Un Giorno di Regno' proved a dead failure; the music was, of course, to blame, but the interpretation had a considerable share in the fiasco. In a sudden moment of despondency, embittered by the failure of my opera, I despaired of finding any comfort in my art, and resolved to give up composition.

To that effect I wrote to Dr. Pasetti (whom I had not once met since the failure of the opera) asking him to persuade Merelli to tear up the agreement.

"Merelli thereupon sent for me and scolded me like a naughty child. He would not even hear of my being so much disappointed by the cold reception of my work; but I stuck to my determination, and in the end he gave me back the agreement saying: 'Now listen to me, my good fellow; I can't compel you to write if you don't want to do it; but my confidence in your talent is greater than ever; nobody knows but some day you may return on your decision and write again; at all events, if you let me know two months in advance, take my word for it, your opera shall be performed.'

"I thanked him very heartily indeed; but his kindness did not shake my resolution, and away I went. I took up a new residence in Milan near the Corsio de Servi. I was utterly disheartened, and the thought of writing never once flashed through my mind. One evening, just at the corner of the Galleria de Cristoforis, I stumbled upon M. Merelli, who was hurrying towards the theater. It was snowing beautifully, and he, without stopping, thrust his arm under mine and made me keep pace with him. On the way he never left off talking, telling me that he did not know where to turn for a new opera; Nicolai was engaged by him, but had not begun to work because he was dissatisfied with the libretto.

"'Only think,' says Merelli, 'a libretto by Solera, marvellous . . . wonderful . . . extraordinary . . . impressive dramatic situation . . . grand . . . splendidly worded . . . but that stubborn creature does not understand it, and says it is a foolish poem. I don't know for my life where to find another poem.'

"'Well, I will give you a lift out of your trouble. Did you not engage Rossi to do 'Il Proscritto' for me? I have not yet written one blessed note of it, and I will give it back to you.'

"'The very thing! clever fellow! good idea!'

"Thus we arrived at the theater; M. Merelli forthwith sends for M. Bassi, poet, stage manager, buttafuori and librarian, and bids him find a copy of 'Il Proscritto.' The copy was found, but together with it M. Merelli takes up another manuscript and lays it before me—

" 'Look,' says he, 'here is Solera's libretto that we were speaking of! such a beautiful subject; and to refuse it! Take it, just take it, and read it over.'

" 'What on earth shall I do with it? . . . No, I am in no humour to read librettos.'

" 'My gracious! . . . It won't kill you; read it, and then bring it back to me again.' And he gives me the manuscript. It was written on large sheets in big letters, as was the custom in those days. I rolled it up and went away.

"While walking home I felt rather queer; there was something I could not well explain about me. I was burdened with a sense of sadness, and felt a great inclination to cry. I got into my room, and pulling the manuscript out of my pocket and throwing it angrily on the writing-table, I stood for a moment motionless before it. The book, as I threw it down, opened, my eyes fell on the page, and I read the line

'Va, pensiero, sull' ali dorate.

I read on, and was touched by the stanzas, inasmuch as they were almost a paraphrase of the Bible, the reading of which was the comfort of my solitary life.

"I read one page, then another; then, decided as I was to keep my promise not to write anymore, I did violence to my feelings, shut up the book, went to bed and put out the candle. I tried to sleep, but 'Nabucco' was running a mad career through my brain, and sleep would not come. I got up, and read the libretto again—not once, but two or three times, so that in the morning I could have said it off by heart. Yet my resolution was not shaken, and in the afternoon I went to the theater to return the manuscript to Merelli.

" 'Isn't it beautiful?' says he.



GIUSEPPE VERDI.
From "Von Fels Zum Meer."

"'More than beautiful, wonderful.'

"'Well, set it to music.'

"'Not in the least; I won't.'

"'Set it to music, set it to music.'

"And so saying he gets off his chair, thrusts the libretto into my coat pocket, takes me by the shoulders, shoves me out of his room, slams the door in my face, and locks himself in. I looked rather blank, but not knowing what to do went home with 'Nabucco' in my pocket. One day a line, the next day another line, a note, a bar, a melody . . . at last I found that by imperceptible degrees the opera was done!

"It was then the autumn of 1841, and calling to mind Merelli's promise, I went straight to him to announce that 'Nabucco' was ready for performance, and that he might bring it out in the coming season of Carnevale Quaresima (Carnival before Lent).

"Merelli emphatically declared that he would stick to his word; but at the same time he called my attention to the fact that it was impossible to bring out the opera during the Quaresima, because the repertoire was all settled, and no less than three new operas by known composers already on the list; to give, together with them, a fourth, by a man who was almost a debutant was a dangerous business for everybody, especially for me; it would therefore be safer to put off my opera till Easter, when he had no engagements whatever, and was willing to give me the best artists that could be had for love or money. This, however, I peremptorily refused—either during the Carneval or never, and with good reason; for I knew very well that during the spring it would be utterly impossible to have two such good artists as Strepponi and Ronconi, on whom, knowing they were engaged for the Carneval season, I had mainly built my hopes of success.

"Merelli, though anxious to please me, was not on the wrong side of the question; to run four new operas in one season was, to say the least, rather risky; but I also had good artistic reasons to set against his. The issue was, that

after a long succession of Yes, No, Perhaps, and Very Likely, one fine morning I saw the posters on the walls and 'Nabucco' *not* there.

"I was young and easily roused, and I wrote a nasty letter to M. Merelli, wherein I freely expressed my own feelings. No sooner was the letter gone than I felt something like remorse, and besides, a certain fear lest my rashness had spoiled the whole business.

"Merelli sent for me, and on my entering his office he says in an angry tone: 'Is this the way you write to your friends! . . . Yet you are right; I'll give 'Nabucco'; but you must remember that because of the outlay on the other operas, I absolutely cannot afford new scenes or new costumes for you, and we must be content to make a shift with what we have in stock.'

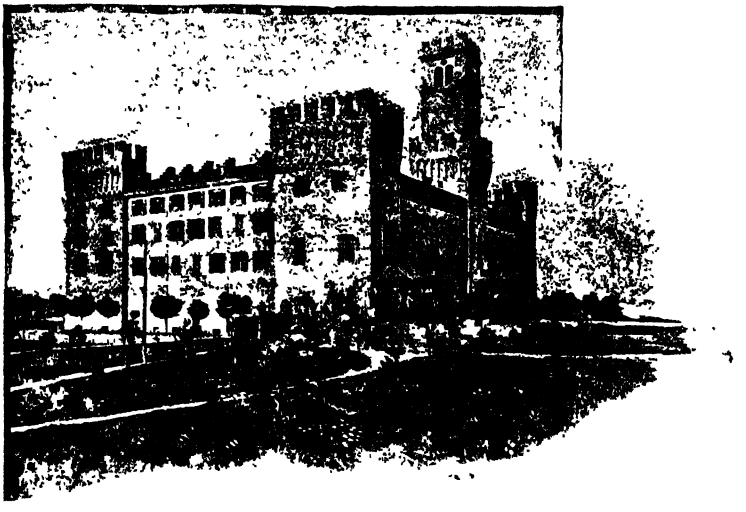
"I was determined to see the opera performed, and therefore agreed to what he said, and new posters were printed, on which 'Nabucco' appeared with the rest.

"I remember a droll thing happening about that time: in the third act Solera had written a love-duet between Fenene and Ismaele. I did not like it, as it seemed to me not only ineffective, but a blur on the religious grandiosity that was the main feature of the drama. One morning Solera came to see me, and I took occasion to make the remark. He stoutly disputed my view, not so much perhaps because he thought I was wrong, as because he did not care to do the thing again. We talked the matter over and over and used many arguments. Neither of us would give way. He asked me what I thought could be put in place of the duet, and I suggested a prophecy for Zaccaria; he thought the idea not so bad, and after several buts and ifs said he would think over it and write it out. This was not exactly what I wanted; because I knew that days and weeks would pass before Solera would bring himself to write a single line. I therefore locked the door, put the key in my pocket, and half in jest half in earnest said to him: 'I will not let you out before you have finished the prophecy; here is a Bible, and so more than half of your work is done. Solera, being

of a quick temper, did not quite see the joke, he got angrily upon his legs and . . . Well, just for a moment or two I wished myself somewhere else, as the poet was a powerful man, and might have got the better of me; but happily he changed his mind, sat down, and in ten minutes the prophecy was written.

"At the end of 1842 we had the first rehearsal, and twelve days later, on March 9, the first performance. The principal interpreters were Mmes. Strepponi and Bollinzaghi, and Mrs. Ronconi, Miraglia and Derivis.

"With this opera my career as a composer may rightly



THE VERDI THEATER IN BUSSTEO.

to be said to have begun; and though it is true that I had to fight a great many difficulties, it is no less true that 'Nabucco' was born under a very good star: for even the things which might reasonably have been expected to damage its success, turned out to have increased it. Thus, I wrote a nasty letter to Merelli; and it was more than probable that Merelli would send the young maestro and his opera to the devil. Nothing of the kind. Then the costumes, though made in a hurry, were splendid. Old scenes, touched up by M. Peroni, had a magical effect, the first one especially

—the Temple—elicited an applause that lasted nearly ten minutes. At the very last rehearsal nobody knew how and when the military band was to appear on the stage; its conductor, Herr Tusch, was entirely at a loss; but I pointed out to him a bar, and at the first performance the band appeared just at the climax of the crescendo, provoking a perfect thunder of applause.

"But it is not always safe to trust to the influence of good stars: it is a truth which I discovered by myself in after years, that to have confidence is a good thing, but to have none is better still."

So far the maestro's own narrative.

It would take us too far to discuss in full the production of the operas of Verdi intervening between this period and his first international triumph, with "Rigoletto" in 1851. "I Due Foscari" (1844), "Giovanni d'Arco" (1845), "Attila" (1846), Macbeth" (1847), "I Masnadi dieri (1847), "Corsaro," "Battaglia di Legnano (1849), "Luisa Miller," and "Stifellio" (1850) were none of them very successful, although every one contained more or less of the striking traits which had given celebrity in the case of the former works.

Thus we come to the period in which the master produced his most popular works. Wanting a new libretto for "La Fenice," Verdi requested Piave to adapt the "Le Roi s'amuse" of Victor Hugo, and one was soon prepared, with the suggestive French title changed into "La Maledizione." Widely open to criticism as is Victor Hugo's drama, the situations and plot are yet admirably fit for opera-goers who do not trouble themselves about the why and the wherefore, but are satisfied with what is presented to them, provided it rouses their interest. Verdi saw the advantages offered by the libretto, and forthwith send it to Venice for approval. But after the political events of 1848–49 the police kept a keener eye than before on all performances, and an opera in which a king is made to appear under such a light as François I. in "Le Roi s'amuse," was met by flat refusal. The direction of La Fenice and the poet were driven al-

most mad by the answer; the season was drawing near, and they would probably have to do without the "grand opera d'obligo. Other subjects were proposed to the composer, who, with his Olympian calm, always refused on principle, saying, "Either 'La Maledizione' or none." Days went on without any solution to the problem, when it was brought to an unexpected end in a quarter where help seemed least likely. The chief of the Austrian police, M. Martello, who, like Torresani, had as great a love for the interests of art as he had hatred to patriotic ideas—came one morning into Piave's room, with a bundle of papers under his arm, and patting him on the shoulder, said, "Here is your business; I have found it, and we shall have the opera." And then he began to show how all the necessary alterations could be made without any change in the dramatic situations. The king was changed into a duke of Mantua, the title into "Rigoletto," and all the curses were made to wreak their fury on the head of the insignificant duke of a petty town. Verdi accepted the alterations, and after receiving the complete libretto, went to Busseto and set furiously to work. And his inspiration served him so well that in forty days he was back at Venice with "Rigoletto" ready and its production took place on March 11, 1851. This was as great and genuine a success as was ever achieved by any operatic composer; since no change, either of time or artistic taste, during more than thirty years, has been able to dim the beauty of this masterpiece.

Nearly two years passed before the appearance of "Il Trovatore," which was performed at Rome at the Teatro Apollo on January 19, 1853; and in little more than a month later "La Traviata" was brought out at the Fenice at Venice (March 6, 1853). The reception of the two works was very different: "Il Trovatore" from the very first hearing was appreciated in full; "La Traviata" was a dead failure. "Caro Emanuele," wrote Verdi to his friend and pupil Muzio, "'Traviata' last night made a *fiasco*. Is the fault mine or the actors'? Time will show." Time showed that the responsibility was to be laid entirely to the singers, though

they were amongst the best of the day. The tenor, M. Graziani, took cold and sang his part throughout in a hoarse and almost inaudible voice. M. Varesi, the bariton, having what he would call a secondary role, took no trouble to bring out the dramatic importance of his short but capital part, so that the effect of the celebrated duet between Violetta and Germond in the second act was entirely missed. Mme. Donatelli, who impersonated the delicate, sickly heroine, was one of the stoutest ladies on or off the stage, and when at the beginning of the third act the doctor declares that consumption has wasted away the young lady, and that she cannot live more than a few hours, the audience was thrown in a state of perfectly oproarious glee, a state very different from that necessary to appreciate the tragic action of the last act. Yet the failure at Venice did not prevent the opera from being received enthusiastically elsewhere. In connection with the "Traviata" we may add that at its first performance in French, at Paris, October 27, 1864, the heroine was Miss Christine Nilsson—her first appearance before the public.

Next to the "Traviata" Verdi wrote "I Vespri Siciliani," which appeared in Paris on June 13, 1855. It is strange that writing for the French stage an Italian composer should have chosen for his subject a massacre of the French by the Sicilians. Messrs. Scribe and Duveyrier may be complimented upon their poetry, but not upon their common sense in offering such a drama to an Italian composer, who, writing for the first time for the Grand Opéra, could hardly refuse a libretto imposed on him by the then omnipotent Scribe. However, the music was appreciated to its value by the French public, who, overlooking the inopportunity of the argument, welcomed heartily the work of the Italian maestro. In Italy—where the opera was reproduced with a different libretto and under the title of "Giovanna di Guzman," the Austrian police not allowing a poem glorifying the revolt of Sicily against oppressors—it did not actually fail, but its many beauties have never been fully appreciated.

"Simon Boccanegra"—by Piave, expressly composed

by Verdi for La Fenice and produced March 12, 1857—was a total failure, though the prologue and last act may be ranked amongst his most powerful inspirations. The failure was owing to the dull and confused libretto, and to a very bad interpretation. Both book and music were afterwards altered—the former by Arrigo Boito—and the opera was revived with success in Milan on April 12, 1881.

"Un ballo in Maschera," though written for the San Carlo of Naples, was produced at the Teatro Apollo of Rome. Its original title was "Gustavo III"; but during the rehearsals occurred the attempt of Orsini against Napoleon III (January 13, 1858), and the performance of an opera with so suggestive a title was interdicted. Verdi received a peremptory order from the police to adapt his music to different words, and upon his refusal the manager of San Carlo brought an action against him for 200,000 francs damages. When this was known, together with the fact that he had refused to ask permission to produce his work as it was, there was very nearly a revolution in Naples. Crowds assembled under his window, and accompanied him through the streets, shouting: "Viva Verdi!" *i. e.* "Viva **V**ittorio **E**mmanuele **R**e **D**i **I**talia."

In this crisis M. Jasovacci, the enterprising impresario, of Rome, called on Verdi, and taking the responsibility of arranging everything with the Roman police, entered into a contract to produce the work at Rome. Richard, Governor of Boston, was substituted for Gustavo III; the opera was re-christened "Il Ballo in Maschera," was brought out (February 17, 1859), and Verdi achieved one of his greatest successes. This was his last opera for the Italian stage. The next three were written for St. Petersburg, Paris and Cairo.

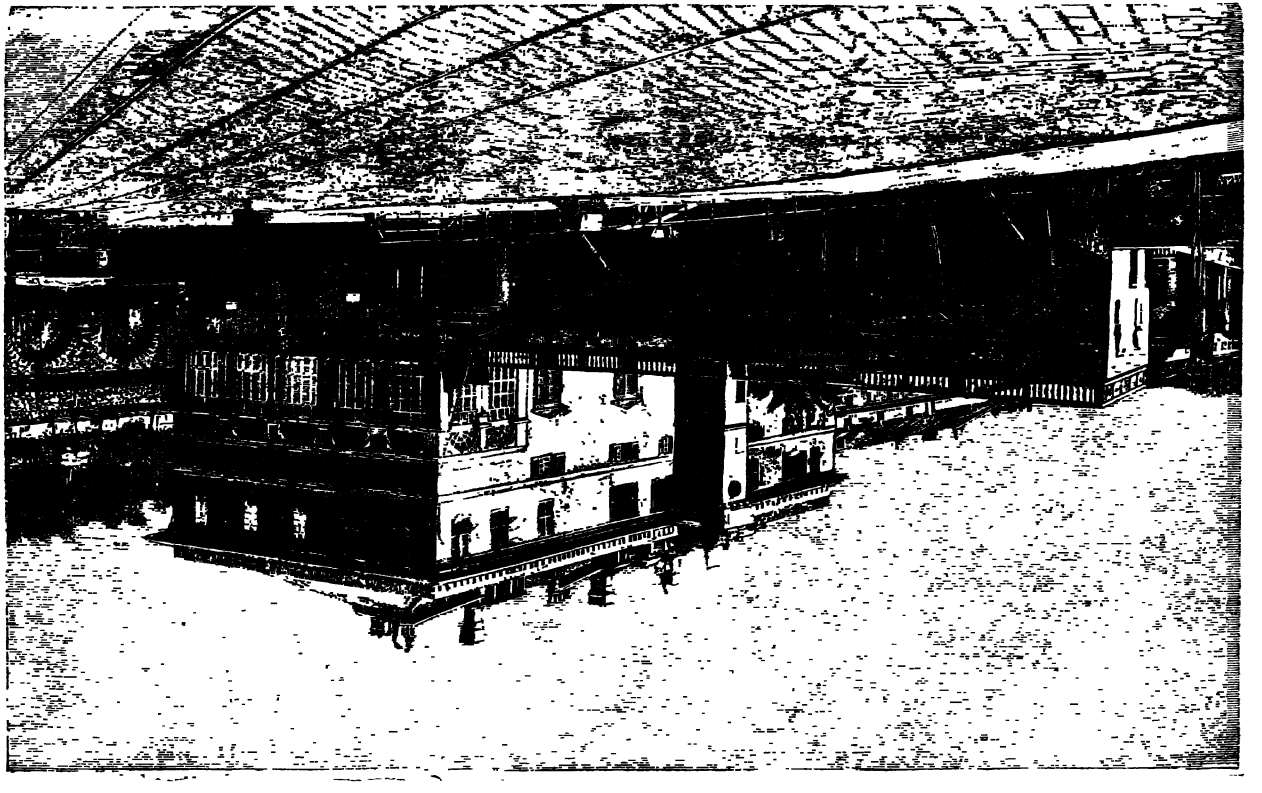
"La Forza del Destino"—the plot borrowed by Piave from "Don Alvar," a Spanish drama by the duke of Rivas—was performed with moderate success on November, 10, 1862, at St. Petersburg. Seven years later Verdi had the libretto modified by Ghislanzoni, and after various alterations in the music, the opera was again brought before the public.

"Don Carlos," the words by Méry and Du Locle, was enthusiastically received at the Opéra in Paris, March 11, 1867. Verdi has since (1883) introduced some changes in the score, materially shortening the opera.

Here ensued quite a long silence, but presently the Kedhive of Egypt desired for the opening of the royal opera house in Cairo a new work upon an Egyptian subject. The libretto offered did not at first please Verdi; but later he found it very attractive, and at length the opera of "Aida" was finished and brought out with the utmost splendor of *mise en scene* December 27, 1871. The work was at first received somewhat coldly. In point of fact it marked a distinct divergence of style from all the author's former works. Verdi had been known from first to last as the composer of strong and singularly virile melodies but that he was also a very strong dramatic writer had not been equally apparent to hearers who busied themselves with the melodies alone. Moreover, the noise that Wagner was making in the world affected composers and hearers alike. The composer it incited to revise again the canons of his art, and to take an account of stock, with reference to justifying his practices, if he could, by this higher dramatic criticism which was now current all over the world. Hearers were themselves quite as much effected, and every attempt at serious writing of a dramatic kind was immediately recognized as a token of Wagner's influence—which it might have been or not.

"Aida" contained much less of the obtrusive "Trovatore" type of melody than most of Verdi's former works, but the hearers who found it heavy were wrong, for time has shown it to be a strong work, likely to carry its composer's name farther than almost any of his earlier pieces. And as for the influence of Wagner that the knowing ones find in it, there is much more of the mature Verdi, with his strong common sense and his manly hatred of sham.

After "Aida" again ensued a period of silence, so far as operas are counted. But the great Manzoni "Requiem" belongs to this interim, written for an occasion, the memory of a great patriot, this work belongs to the list of master-



pieces which have been written to the text of the mass for the dead. The sensational elements in the text are handled with rare mastery, and the softer parts have all the old cunning of the writer of the quartette in "Rigoletto." The "Requiem" immediately found place in the world's repertory of choral works. And while one may smile at certain features of it, as where the piccolos rush up to the tonic, in answers of the fugue in "Quam olim Abraham" (perhaps it is a trifle too much like the spry man in the pantomime with his "Here we are again," the work is strong and masterly.

"Another opera was not expected from a composer already past seventy, but in 1880 appeared still a fresh work upon a subject even more ambitious than any of his earlier ones, and to a much better libretto. Signor Arrigo Boito is scarcely less eminent as poet than as composer, and having prepared a masterly text from the Shakespeare play he tendered to the great master, with a humility as honorable as gracious. And so after a while Verdi's "Otello." It would take us too far to speak at length of this remarkable work, but in brief it may be described as following the trend of "Aida", being true to the dramatic situation to a magnificent degree. Among the numerous and strong passages in this work perhaps the famous "Ave Maria" may be mentioned as forming one of the strongest moments in the entire repertory of opera. The hapless Desdemona is in her chamber. It is a dark and sombre room, high, magnificently paneled with dark oak, and richly hung with tapestry. She dismisses her maid, calls her back and bids her good night with extra and unusual effusiveness, again and again. At length she is alone. Crushed under an apprehension of fate, which the beholder knows to be only too well founded, she kneels at her *prie-Dieu* and begins the number. The music is soft and serious. It is sacred music throughout. Desdemona does not sing. She repeats in musical monotony her prayers, while the soft and muted violins weave a mystic background of melody. At length she soars into song. It is her last. Her heart rises above earthly trouble into the region of the eternal faith and light. Thus come the hal-

lowed words:

"Prega per si adorando a te si prosta, etc."

It is beautiful in itself, and becomes many times more so under the impressive setting the scene gives it. When it is ended Otello enters. Straightway the heavenly accents are ended, and poor Desdemona's life goes out ere yet the breath of this noble song has quite left her trembling lips. The greatest scenes of Wagner do not surpass the dramatic nobility and truth of this one. And it was the work of a composer whose name has been associated with hand organs for nearly a half century, and who at the very moment of its composition had nearly reached four score.

But this is not the end. We have a few years of silence and then intimations that another new opera is nearly done. This time it is a comic one, "Falstaff," which Boito again has rendered from the striking pictures of Shakespeare. Here again all is changed. The masterly instrumentation, the Italian economy of resource, in which the human voice is not asked to do battle with a hundred men in brazen armor, worse than Falstaff's "Buckram" and the knack of the tuneful are like the Verdi of old. But how different is this rushing and pattering melody, these quirks and gibes of orchestration and thematic work, these bright and piquant hymns! This is another story and at last the venerable master has had his wish and has written a comic opera with music that is as lively as the text, and as true to the dramatic spirit as that of Wagner's "Meistersinger!"

No doubt Verdi has been helped by Wagner. But to suppose that he has gone to work to deliberately adapt ideas is to underestimate the man, and to ignore the uprightness and simple directness of his spirit. No more true and simple-hearted master of musical craft has ever worked. He knows the theatre, it is true, but he also knows music and human nature. He writes as the play inspires. The growth in his style is that of the man. As he has become older he has become more direct and it is clearer to him how to be consistent. It is the mature Verdi, as against the boy Verdi and the young man Verdi.

Of the man the article in Grove's Dictionary well testifies:

From the earliest moment of his career, his dislike of the turmoil of the world has never varied. Decorations, orders, titles have been heaped upon him at home and abroad, but he is still annoyed if addressed otherwise than "Signor Verdi." In 1860 he was returned as member of the Italian parliament for Busseto, and at the personal wish of Count Cavour took the oath, but very soon sent in his resignation. In 1875 the king elected him a senator, and Verdi went to Rome to take the oath, but never attended a single sitting. Some years after the loss of his wife and children he married Mme. Strepponi, but from this second marriage there is no family. He lives with his wife all the year round at his villa of S. Agatha, near Busseto, excepting only the winter months which he spends in Genoa. Passing by the villa every one may see that our representation of his turn of mind is quite true. It stands far from the high road, concealed almost entirely by large trees. Adjoining it is a large and beautiful garden, and this again is surrounded by the farm. Verdi himself looks after the farming operations, and we find there all the best agricultural implements and machines of modern invention.

Verdi's life at St. Agatha is not dissimilar from that of other landed proprietors in the district. He gets up at five o'clock, and takes, according to the Italian custom, a cup of hot, black coffee. He then goes into his garden to look after the flowers, give instructions to his gardener, and see that his previous orders have been carried out. The next visit is to the horses, as the maestro takes much interest in them, and his stud is well known as the "Razza Verdi." As a rule this visit is interrupted at eight o'clock by the breakfast bell—a simple breakfast of coffee and milk. At half past ten the bell again summons the maestro and his wife to a more substantial *déjeuner*, after which he takes another walk in the garden.

At two o'clock comes the post, and by this Verdi is for a while put in communication with the world, and has for a

few hours to remember—with regret—that he is not only a quiet country-gentleman, but a great man with public duties. At five in summer, and six in winter, dinner is served: before or after this he drives for an hour, and after a game at cards or billiards, goes to bed at ten. Friends sometimes pay him a visit: they are always welcome, provided they are not interviewers, or too fond of talking about music. In a letter addressed to Filippi—the leading musical critic of Italy—the maestro discloses his views of critics and biographers:—

"If you will do me the honor of a visit, your capacity as a biographer will find very little room for displaying itself at S. Agata. Four walls and a roof, just enough for protection against the sun and the bad weather; some dozens of trees, mostly planted by me; a pond which I shall call by the big name of lake, when I have water enough to fill it, etc. All this without any definite plan or architectural pretense: not because I do not love architecture, but because I detest every breach in the rules of harmony, and it would have been a great crime to do anything artistic in a spot where there is nothing poetical. You see it is all settled: and while you are here you must forget that you are a biographer. I know very well that you are also a most distinguished musician and devoted to your art . . . but Piavi and Mariani must have told you that at S. Agatha we neither make, nor talk about music, and you will run the risk of finding a piano not only out of tune, but very likely without strings."

Shunning everything like praise, as an artist, he shuns even more the reputation of a benevolent man, though the kindness of his heart is as great as his genius. Money is sent by him, often anonymously, to those in want, and the greater part of the works done at his villa are done with the view of affording his workmen the means of getting their living during the winter. Of the strength of his friendship and gratitude, he gave an undeniable proof in what he did for his humble associate, the poet or—as he would call him-

self the *librettista*—F. M. Piave. As soon as Verdi heard that the old man had had an attack of paralysis, he took upon himself all the expenses of the illness, during the many remaining years of Piave's life gave him a yearly allowance, which enabled the old poet to surround himself with all requisite comfort, and after his death paid for the funeral, and made a large provision for the little daughter of his poet and friend.

If we would take a look at the daily life of the venerable composer, says a recent writer in *Vom Fels zum Meer*, we find him in winter living with his wife in an upper apartment in the royal palace Doria, in Genoa.

Almost daily one may see him, lonely and in a pensive mood, walk up and down the promenades of the Aqua Sole. As soon as spring sets in he, with his wife goes living at his beloved villa S. Agata, between La Roncole and Busseto. There he is surrounded by a world of his own creation. The villa is situated, in a vast plain, with the church of S. Agata and two small farmhouses as a background. At first sight one notices that the proprietor is a progressive agriculturist. While the garden with its shady corners and melancholy pond invites dreaming, yet fields and farmhouses illustrate the practical turn of a clear mind, who likewise shows his hand in the architecture of the buildings and the selection of the furniture. Generally the maestro composes in his sleeping-room, a spacious room, full of air and light, and furnished in an artistic, bohemian sort of way. The high windows look out upon the garden, above the piano hangs the oil-painting of old Barezzi, whom Verdi faithfully holds in grateful remembrance.

Even at this day Verdi is almost as of old. The gray hair, the heavy eyebrows, somewhat resemble the lion; the expression of his face is hale and healthy and his built is short. The taciturnity and seriousness of his youth have given way to a quiet and pleasant disposition. For he still feels—and well he may, more so than anybody else—he is only of middle age. In S. Agata, his physical and mental activity has more playing room than anywhere else. He

rises shortly after five in the morning, takes a stroll through the garden, looks at the fields or rows his boat through the pond. At half past nine a lunch is served. At two o'clock the mail arrives. This is the most interesting time in his quiet and regular life. The outer world knocks at the door of the famous man, letters, newspapers, complimentary notices, propositions and appeals come in and he often complains: "Not even in S. Agata may I live in peace!" Dinner is had at 5 p. m. Then a walk follows, still later, card-playing is indulged in, but at ten o'clock regularly, the maestro retires. Not a moment's rest is had during the day. For recreation from music he turns to poetry, philosophy or history. Almost nothing in modern civilization exists which he does not touch upon.

And herewith, we leave the man of four score of years, still in the full bustle of life and activity, wishing that for many years to come his mental and physical vigor may continue to exist and with the exclamation which often rings upon his ears: "*Viva Verdi!*"

(*From various sources.*) EGBERT SWAYNE.

CONCERNING CHURCH MUSIC.

IF disposed to be cynical one might write concerning church music with a brevity like that of the famous chapter of snakes in Ireland. For in sober truth there is nothing to be heard worthy of the name. Wherever one goes, in whatever land, and whatever sect, it is always the same story. Either the music is worthless from an art standpoint as to its subject matter, and ineffective as to its impression, or if given artistically, as in a few cases by famous artists, it is still foreign to the alleged motive of the service in which it forms a part. To this sweeping condemnation one would be inclined to except the formal and symbolical uses of music as applied in Romish and "high" English churches. In these where plain song is made the standard, the application of music is what we might call secondary, or symbolical; the true expressiveness of music as art (as illustrated in the works of all great masters) being nowhere reached or simulated, but instead a generally symbolical impression, which is external to the inner consiousness of the worshipper, quite as much so as that derived from the vestments of the priests and the incense of the censors. On the other hand one occasionally hears a use of music in evangelical services which while wanting all the higher qualities of musical art is nevertheless related to it and not inconsistent therewith. I refer to the uses of music by Moody, to take a sweeping example. The subject matter of the Moody Sankey strains has often been defined from an art standpoint, and this to such an extent that no more popular antithesis could be made than one between art music and Moody Sankey music. But here we miss a point. It is not that the Moody and Sankey music is contrary to art—but only that it goes oh! so very little way towards art. What there is of it is not inconsistent with art; but it is art in its most elementary principles. Notice how

Moody employs this agency. He works the service towards one central and over-ruling impression. At the proper moment a hymn is introduced, generally sung by a sympathetic voice, the singer in real sympathy with the master of the service. It falls upon the meeting like a voice from a better world. Eyes fill with tears, the heart is moved, and no one can tell how many good impulses have been awakened to consiousness by these hymns and songs as he employs them. Nor is this effect due entirely to the hymn and not to the simple and apparently barren music. When the hymn is read it has indeed an effect, but by no means so penetrating as when sung under the conditions mentioned. Here again we have yet another element not internal to music—the soulful quality of the singing human voice. This is an agency operating upon the sense of hearing as color operates upon the eye. It does not take form in words, and we cannot say where its impression begins or ends; but it certainly is an element. Nevertheless it still remains that there is something celestial in the melody itself and in the simple and natural harmonies of these songs. They are folk-songs, appealing to the heart.

That they easily degenerate into meaningless jabber is apparent enough from the example of churches attempting to manufacture these Moody effects without the Moody spirit. When a congregation jabbers through a number of these songs as an opening exercise, it is not impossible that here and there may be an individual whose consiousness of God and spiritual verities may be somewhere touched and awakened by sentiments in the songs. And while there may not be anything of truly artistic quality in the singing, the human quality in the voice, or the quasi-heavenly attunement of the individual himself in the act of singing, may have in it something of the elements of art. Nevertheless to the great mass of the congregation this introductory jabber is of about as little real use as so many Delsartean exercises. Discipline may indeed be subserved, and a disposition to be acted upon prepared; but of actual moving power these songs thus introduced, without timeliness or application, have

not one whit. And the exercise is rightly held by musicians to represent the extreme antithesis to all uses of music analogous to those in the works of the great masters.

Thus we come to a very striking contradiction. On the one hand we have congregations selected for their spiritual impressionability, seriousness and intelligence; on the other an art of music which has now arrived at a pitch of perfection as an expression of evanescent or ideal states of soul, superior not alone to other arts but even to any possible uses of language. Moreover, an art which in many instances has been employed to awaken and carry to triumphant expression the noblest and highest and most intimate religious raptures. Yet, and here is where the contradiction comes in, we have not found out how to bring these receptive consiousnesses under the ministry of this beautiful art which is so well fitted to be their full expression.

Let us not overlook the fact that it is possible to use music not alone for expressing these high religious fervors when already enkindled in the hearers, but to awaken them from their torpor, and bring them out into full self-consiousness. Nor would this be a barren work. For it is the great token of deadness in the church that so little of true feeling finds expression in it. The only art of awakening earnest feeling and sympathy in religious work, or at least the form of art which is most understandingly administered in the present condition of religious affairs, is that of raising money. The principle that where a man's treasure is there will be his heart also, is understood by the pulpit and realized by the pew. And there we too often stop.

Instead of any rightful use of music in churches we have meaningless singing of revival songs which at the moment have no application, or else very indifferent concerts by amateurs or small artists. In the latter cases, which shade all the way from the weakest form of amateur effort to a quite high art of solo singing, all the conditions which might serve to render the exercise if not productive, according to its full possibilities, at least helpful, are unflinchingly violated. For instance, take the organ. In a large city there

may be two or three organists possessing musical phantasy, so cultivated as to admit of improvisation; and a religious seriousness and high-mindedness sympathetic to the ends proposed by religious services. In these few cases the organ becomes a minister, and since it represents the actual momentary state of consiousness in probably the most sensitive individual in the house, it also appeals powerfully to the average listener, who is acted upon by the same influences of occasion and purpose as those finding expression in the musical improvisation; but which without the helpful music would have been scattered and lost. It used to be said that Dr. William Mason administered the organ in this spirit at the little valley church in Orange, N. J., when that sweet spirit, Rev. Dr. Geo. Bacon was pastor. So thoroughly did he do this that more than once the annual church meeting made formal recognition of his services, not in "playing our organ" as commonly expressed, but for administering it in such a way as to forward the interest and spiritual effect of the service. I regret that I have not at hand a copy of the words of one of these resolutions, for it is stronger and more to the point than what I have said. It was the pastor who felt this aid of the organ in the fullest degree. But it was all the congregation that remained invariably entirely through the "out" voluntary, never starting for the door until the last tone of the organ had ceased. Why not?

The singers are the greatest sinners of all. They very rarely are able to sing the English language; still less rarely able to deliver it with intelligent emphasis. Hence there is never anything to be had from the alleged texts of the songs which they pour over us at so many dollars per Sunday. In tonal capacity they are equally impotent. This is partly right and partly wrong. That average churches will ever be able to provide themselves with even one singer each possessing that magic something in the voice which opens the heart, is something too remote to be expected. Nevertheless it is not impossible. Suppose a period should come when right living in all forms of right spirit should be the rule; and when fullness of spirit and sympathy should be the average

characteristic of personality. In that time there will be myriads of voices which can truly "praise the Lord"—the sure evidence of which being the fact that they naturally and without conscious strain touch the heart. This that Patti does in a few simple songs where she has the aid of heredity in the hearers, and of her matchless art which simulates spiritual qualities so well as to make us think it for the moment almost as good, the smaller singers will do. Free, noble songs, in tones more touching than those of the evangelist singer in his best moments, and before the stage has given him the stagyness and artificiality which always comes upon him to ruin his work, very soon after his reputation is made,—free noble songs will go up from throats of singers unknown to fame. The average religious heart will have found its voice and its song.

Perhaps by that time right living will have made such progress that Sunday meeting will be little more than praise services. But this is to anticipate. In the nature of the case, by however much the average voice and the average spiritual consciousness may be improved and ennobled, by just so much will the opportunity of music be increased and its usefulness augmented. There will be yet higher peaks to conquer, and perhaps the average music of church service will reach the nobility of the Bach B minor mass, or Handel's "Messiah", or of those more ideal and general elevations found in the C major and the "Unfinished Symphonies" of Schubert, or the great ones of Beethoven. And in this expression it is quite likely that players upon instruments will co-operate in the very same spirit as that actuating the minister and the artistic singers. All this, however, carries us quite far from existing conditions, and it is to these that we must first address ourselves.

One of the places where we miss the very essential opportunity of reaching the heart in our church music, is in the hymns. Dr. Root and many others have over and over again explained the relation existing between the music and words; the words represent thought, the music feeling. Or, if the modern woman will permit, the words are the masculine

element, the music the feminine. Now our modern American church tunes are women with entirely too many lovers. Monogamy was broached at the religious congresses as open to question; but in any association of words and music it is essential. Those tunes only have "respectable" character which are wholly given over to a single set or words. "Coronation," the "Old Hundredth," "Webb," "Olivet" and a few others nearly live up to this state, their association with a certain hymn being so predominant that merely hearing the melody suggests the sentiment of the hymn. All the others are in the condition of a "Home, Sweet Home," which shifts around with about twenty other opposite sentiments, "Pop goes the Weasel," "After the Ball," and "Robin Adair." When the strain of a promiscuous "Home Sweet Home" of this character should fall upon our ears we would first have to inquire in what degree the lodge had been opened; in other words whether we are to think "Sweet Home," "Weasel," or the "Ball" or the "Lover." The music loses all its pith and power in promiscuous interchangeability, and degenerates into a mere convenient vehicle for simultaneous utterance.

Great effects are occasionally produced by adaptations of operatic melodies, newly fitted with sacred words. A few years ago the quartette choirs were greatly given to this sort of thing. Tenors used to do the melody from "Martha" to a beseeching hymn, to the great edification of the faithful, who at that time were so strict as never to go to the theater or opera. This has now changed. Everybody knows the melody, and almost everybody has heard it better done than the church tenor will do it. It is an imitation and everybody knows it. A better taste has ruled it out. Nevertheless, there are operatic songs which may very well come into ecclesiastical surroundings. Dudley Buck has made a noble piece of Elizabeth's prayer in "Tannhäuser." But then this is one of the most serious of melodies, and it was originally conceived as prayer. "M'Appari" was originally conceived as a very soft and sappy love-song. To sing it to "Come Thou fount of every blessing" is unworthy. It is

like our plated communion services which may gratify the eye of the elect, but surely will not impose upon higher intelligences. When we cannot get "solid" we plate things—our music as well as everything else appertaining to our church administration.

The greater portion of our church music written for choirs lacks heart. It is the work of small composers without deep musical intuitions or originality, and as a rule without real religious feeling. Occasionally one of these pieces, at a peculiarly fortunate moment, produces an effect and awakens in the listener a spirit "not far from the kingdom of heaven." But this is more fortuitous than determined. The most that can be said in its favor is that the singers who produce effects by means of it probably lack the qualities enabling them to interpret higher music effectively. It corresponds better with their musical state.

The general key-word to the total lack in our existing uses of music in church is "intelligence." This is the missing link. It is not a question of "simple" music versus "classical." It is a question of intelligent interpretation and timeliness. Classical music, *some* of the music of the great composers, stirs the spirits to depths utterly beyond the powers of this smaller kind, and the turning point of the greater depth is intelligence. Intellect has found ways of touching the heart. In other words, powerful emotionality combined with an equally powerful intellectuality, co-operate in these fortunate flights of melody, in such manner that the intellect intensifies the emotion and gives it form and penetrating influence. Hence to interpret the greatest music requires rare powers of soul; but to feel its power is not so rare. The weakest invalid may experience the uplifting sentiment of mountain scenery without being able to undergo the fatigues of even a moderate climb. If it were possible to introduce the highest existing music into our church services—*i. e.*, to really introduce it by adequately interpreting it, every one who heard it would be uplifted according to his degree—providing only that its introduction be timely in the true sense, and and in fulfillment of the spirit and object

of the service as developed in its individual character. For every church service which amounts to anything does so in standing for something in particular. Some one idea is developed. If a hole is bored, it is bored at some particular spot. And the music pipe must fit this particular hole. The imagery is homely, but it suggests the idea. Our failures are mostly from overlooking this necessity of getting all our devotional fractions into some one common denominator. Actually we add together our one knife, one spoon, one fork, one cup, and we have four—what? We do not get the true answer, namely one service. But fragments of many services.

Everything has its time. There are moments when a Bach fugue played upon the full organ is capable of intensifying a good spiritual effect. There are times when a Moody and Sankey song is the best thing possible. And there are times when Handel's "Hallelujah" might take a congregation nearer heaven than any number of "Hold the Fort" or "Jordan's Banks." It all depends upon the moment, the spirit, and the complete interpretation of the selection according to its full meaning. In the late religious congresses there was one service when Mr. Tomlins led the Apollo Club in the "Hallelujah" and the impressiveness was felt most intensely. Hundreds of clergymen got in that one moment a sense of the capacity of music for devotional expression such as they never before conceived. The great music can be as much more devotional than the little, as greatness is larger and deeper than littleness.

There are many uses of music in our church services which are quasi-profane, or are intended merely for entertainment. I will not undertake to draw the line concerning this class of musical performances, since they are not intended to aid the service. The organist introduces them in order to gratify his own whim or to please some person in the congregation. At this point there is no principle that can be formulated more serviceably than the famous formula of John Wesley concerning amusements, that none should be permitted but such as can be taken in the name of the Lord.

If the foregoing observations have covered the ground intended, they should lead the reader to see that in order to arrive at the best possible uses of music in church, we will need the fullest possible realization of the design or best uses of the church service itself, and an equally deep and far-reaching understanding of the capacity of the art of music. When these two branches of knowledge are conjoined with vital devotional spirit ("all thy mind, all thy heart," etc.) a footing will have been gained for something worth realizing.

W. S. B. Mathews.

MUSIC AND WESTERN PAPERS.

IN the September number of Music Editor Armstrong, of *The Indicator*, spoke feelingly of times gone by when even in Chicago musical events were so little thought of that "the horse reporter," "the police reporter" or "the base ball reporter, were detailed as chance happened to write up concerts; and the infusion into their alleged criticisms of the vernacular peculiar to the special departments in which these impromptu critics labored, was amusingly detailed.

Thanks to a merciful Providence this state of things no longer obtains in Chicago, but the experience has been and is being repeated in the far western states and teritories so identically that it is not presumptious to hope that ere long the profession of experience there will have traveled into the broad and satisfactory channels which of late years have prevailed so noticeably here.

In far western communities—say between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast states, the great strife in life has been to make a living, to make money. Breaking up and breaking in a new country is the most prosaic of prose work—an experience as devoid of melody as a telephone pole is of foliage. And when a people is thus occupied, their energies are directed in lines of life altogether too stern for elegancies, for the æsthetic in their surroundings. And what is more, such a people is often inclined to regard real music either, (1) as a bore with nothing in it to call for the further exertion of energies wearied with the day's necessary toil, or (2) as senseless frivolity, after the manner of Puritan estimation. The first position it is difficult to criticise, as we all know necessary leisure and "restful repose" are to the development of art, and before the wild American rush for the almighty dollar anything like æstheticism has long been "trampled ruthlessly in the dust." The second remark recalls the fact that there are matters of interest in connec-

tion with this phrase of the question calling for momentary attention. The Puritan fathers had a terribly hard fight on their hands for over one hundred years in "subduing the rock-ribbed wilderness of New England;" and this, coupled with their cordial dislike for what even good christian people now regard as legitimate amenities of life, made them so hostile to the divine art that it was with difficulty even those horrid things, the "fuguing psalm tunes" made any progress against Puritan intoleration. So the Puritans had no folk-song. Had they been sheepherders in the mountains of Colorado, perhaps like the Troubadours or Tyrolese, they might have had a race of song singers and music lovers generally—furnishing raw material for composers in after generations from which to build up great musical works. But, on the contrary, our ancestors were stranded on a granite rock over-looking Cape Cod Bay, in a pneumonia breading climate—a situation calculated to drive all appreciation of music out of one.

As American civilization moved west, "straightened circumstances" were ever present with the pioneers whose experiences illustrate the truth that the existence of a leisure class is necessary for the development of art. People, and particularly those of smaller communities who do nothing but "rustle for grub" from dewy morn until after milking time at night, want nowadays something to amuse them after working hours; and the depravity of poor human nature is such that "Ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," "Under the Willow She is Weeping," "After the Ball," My Grandfather's Clock," "Sister's Breath Killed Our Canary," and any other taking jingle requiring no response whatever in the way of mental exertion, is the kind that takes. The music of the frontier was the heel-shaking, nerve-quaking, rollicking dance music, music so-called, a concord of sounds meaningless from an intellectual standpoint. Tony Pastor and Harrigan & Hart, instead of Robert Franz and Franz Abt have been the mentors in vocal effort, obscure variety show writers instead of the classic composers were "moulders of public opinion" in instrumental music, and the same very

elementary state of affairs prevailed in the drama. The "densely populated" galleries dictated the policy of the stage rather than the "sparsely settled" dress circle, and the box-office noted which way the financial cat jumped, "pandered for sordid purposes to a vitiated public taste," rather than attempt with reduced receipts to instruct the public in the divine art, and lead in higher, more enlightened paths. But then, the "wild and woolly west" is not alone in this sort of things. Many a piece of amusement in the large eastern centers of to-day follow this Hessian policy, though it must be said that the decent newspapers give commendably little aid or support to it.

The frontier has disappeared, but many of its characteristics remain, and only in the larger commercial centers like Denver, Pueblo, Santa Fé, Salt Lake, Helena, and tributary communities have the missionaries of the divine art begun at this date to make much headway. In fact, it is only within eighteen months that anything like recognition for music has been secured from the press, and then only at times. One reason was perhaps the scarcity of musical effort worthy of serious attention, and then in setting the music up in the market place to be recognized and appreciated, her apostles only met the same difficulties that the pioneers in other lines of honorable endeavor have experienced. But of late years the higher class of music has been successfully introduced in the larger western centers, as witness the work of the Lehman string quartet and Dr. T. H. Gower's organ recitals in Denver, and the fine choral work in Salt Lake City, though the lukewarmness, if not positive neglect of the local daily press has "cut down" many an enthusiast.

The editorial end of the newspaper which would be naturally looked to as favoring the liberal arts, formerly directed the paper's policy; but now the business office is the tail that wags the journalistic dog; the "eminently practical," now æsthetic view of things is the one that prevails, and city editors in detailing reporters to musical assignments, are careful to instruct them, "Don't make too much of it." The financial Solons downstairs hold that where an admis-

sion fee is charged, somebody must be making money, and the paper might as well be "in it" as any one else; whereas the fact is that often the admission fee is barely enough to pay the expenses. Moreover it is rare that a western editor has an idea of music, noticeably its value in raising the general tone of a community. Music to him means a pleasant rythm for the heels to keep time with, or something to tingle agreeably in the ears—of no particular account anyhow. Consequently when a concert notice is sent to the office, the detail is given to some man who may have three or four other things to look after; and as to this one, he is frequently told, "Oh, get the program and write it up from that." A Denver *News* reporter was given two theatrical performances, two concerts and a lecture to report, all in one evening. He deliberately sat down with the programs and wrote up fictitious reports, hung them on the hook at 9 p. m. and then made the rounds for a personal delectation, rather than on business intent. The city hall reporter of another paper was sent to "write up" Aus der Ohe. He reached the door of the concert room when his courage gave way; he nervously picked up a program, asked the doorkeeper a few wild questions about the artist, lamented his ignorance of one note from another, and then went back to the office to write up a musical criticism.

The Hungarian orchestra was performing the "William Tell" overture in the Tabor Opera House in Denver last winter, when the police who were stopping all Sunday amusements, closed the performance. The intelligent reporter of a morning paper stated calmly next day that the orchestra was in the midst of one of the sweetest pot-pourris from "La Traviata" when the police interfered.

The attitude of the newspapers in Colorado, Utah and other western commonwealths, has been anything but encouraging to the missionary in music, and within a year the managing editors of the two morning Salt Lake papers declared that too much attention had been given to music. One of these men stated as an undeniable fact that music was a weakness, although perhaps it might be the most pardona-

ble of weaknesses. When in Montana and largely in Idaho, the music of the day is the rattling bang of the variety show and the band hall, and the same may be said of New Mexico and Arizona.

But right here, let me say, it is noticed that as the Evangelical Christian Church grows in these four last commonwealths, the cause of decent music grows also; and largely through the efforts of the cultured teachers of the northwest Commission of the Congregational Church and the home missionaries of other evangelical denominations.

In Utah, the Mormons have always been more or less musical, but within the last five years they have taken rapid strides in the direction of progress. This was made evident in the recent visit of the Tabernacle choir to Chicago where the excellence of their work was a surprise to critics generally, and it must be said that the newspaper organ of the Mormon church. The *Desert Evening News* of Salt Lake City is giving all the aid possible to the development of music in the territory, with H. G. Whitney, one of the best dramatic and musical critics in the west, in charge of those departments. A single Colorado daily paper, the Denver *Evening Times*, has, under its able new city editor, W. E. Brownlee, also shown commendable zeal in furthering the cause by detailing competent men to report musical events and giving the space necessary to proper presentation of the same. Musical journalism has been attempted as a separate line of work in *Music and Drama* which died last December of a dose of bad management; and in *Events*, which was creditably conducted until July last when the cramps of hard times cut short its usefulness. The time has evidently not yet come when the far western musical field can be profitably covered from a financial standpoint by special journalistic endeavor. The musical centers of the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast states are Denver and Salt Lake City. From these musical influences are spread out to the smaller communities among whom a praiseworthy interest is being

aroused. The newspapers could easily fan this into something of a flame, if not an enduring fire. But they act as not thinking the game worth the candle. Metropolitan talent goes out to the "Provinces" for a musical event of considerable local interest, and how much of a notice is given by the "big city papers?" Perhaps a "stick," made up from the program secured beforehand, and with no knowledge whatever of actual occurrence. The reporters or writers, not knowing the difference between a flat and sharp, or the staff and the signature within it, are sensible of their ignorance, and serve up a lot of hot taffy, stating that this, that or the other performer sang beautifully, played artistically, showed a clear, round voice, and everything was just lovely. This is called criticism. With even this "scant courtesy" the chances are that the city editor receives a curt note that afternoon from the business office asking: "Do these parties (the singers) advertise with us? If not, why this free notice?" G-r-e-a-t is the business department of our modern dailies, and it may be said here that so rarely are musical events reported with anything like accuracy in western papers that when such a report is written it immediately attracts attention.

The country papers are the worst offenders in the way of ladling out well meaning, infantile gush; and when the genus man, species, editor, variety, country, after a day's "hard wrestle" with a consumptive looking balance-sheet in which receipt of pumpkins and garden sass far exceeds receipts in cash, sits down to "paint the town red" with a grand musical criticism. Why, all one can think of is the the title of the popular song, "Stand from under Casey!" If ye editor has a musical dictionary handy he may ring in a few musical terms, and amid a whole flower garden of adjectives tell how Miss Upansnuffle soared in the arpeggios of song from the foot of the divide up along the trail of melody, and clear into the mazes of harmonic mists. Also, how Signor Thumpanpound galloped up and down the keys of the pianner, lassoing chord after chord until he had the whole herd in the corral; interlacing his grace notes and ap-

poggiatures with such sublime legatos and syncopations as to bring tears to the eyes of all present. Then this country editor wonders the next day why he does not receive a letter of thanks from the singers for his "massive eye eagle brain" criticism. Sam Davis of the Carson, Nevada, *Appeal* got off a good thing once in describing a violin solo as made up of glittering sprays of diamond dust, while his sage observations on the tenor's "high water pants" created much merriment. I have not said anything about Nevada in this article because about all there is to the sage brush state are deserted mining claims, whisky that ought to be deserted, and an alkaline sage brush desert. There are about 30,000 people in the entire state; and how they manage to live is something they are trying to find out themselves.

When the far western papers will do justice to music is hard to tell. The larger dailies must set the example and the smaller fry will then follow like sheep after the bell weather. But the pulses of the "big dailies" can be touched only through their constituents. If now these can be made to realize the first claims of music upon mankind, and to demand from the managers of newspapers that music be given a more discriminating attention, there will be some grounds for expectation. But at present the papers are given over entirely to politics, sensations and pushing the personal fortunes of their owners.

ROBERT J. JESSUP.

THE VOICE OF THE FUTURE.

A MUSICAL writer says: "We speak of the music of the future but who would ever speak of the voice of the future?"

This sentiment I believe to be erroneous. The willingness to submit to the edicts of the past instead of seeking truth in this, as in any other science, accounts in part for a seeming dearth of good voices and of repeated failures.

I believe there are as many good voices as ever and as good teachers, but until it is recognized that the voice is a science to be studied, just so long will the teaching of it be of a desultory and disappointing character, alike unsatisfactory to both teacher and pupil, more especially to those of an intuitive character, who are disappointed in the treatment of the voice, and while faithfully struggling along, hoping for more light, vaguely feel something is wrong, yet know not what. "A poor workman blames his tools" is an old saying worthy of careful consideration, by both teacher and pupil of singing. Teachers are prone to blame the pupil when the real fault lies in the teacher's own ignorance of facts regarding the voice.

The pupil, not knowing the possibilities of the voice, more naturally throw the blame upon the voice: again, I have been amazed at the blind worship given a teacher of singing. Their verdict being listened for with bated breath, and if unfavorable there seems no appeal from their decision.

This blindness in itself is a drawback to real progress, for it encourages charlatanism and keeps low the standard of knowledge. Methods without number are presented to the public, faction is arrayed against faction, but methods not facts are discussed. Changes are rung upon low chest, middle chest and head-tones, until your voice is paralyzed and your brain crazed attempting to gain practical knowledge; or the other extreme is taken, names are ignored, and

you are told to sing, again you are puzzled, for that is exactly what you desire to learn, but facts, plain facts seem unknown.

Various causes are assigned for different faults and failures; climate, diet, habits of life, eating before or after singing, effects of different stimulants, etc. One man's meat seems another man's poison, peas, beans and different vegetables, I have heard mentioned as a drawback in singing, as their being injurious to the voice. Fish I do not recall as being tabooed, so if fish is still considered as brain food, from experience in teaching, I would advocate, for a year at least, a strict fish diet, hoping to develop the special brain that belongs to the throat, (this particular brain is a result of recent research) for after carefully analyzing the subject, I have invariably found the cause of failure and bad voices to be pure unadulterated ignorance.

The remedy for ignorance is study, not looking backward, but forward with a firm resolve to accept nothing but facts. Prove all things, hold fast, that which is good.

It is quite evident that in the past the teaching of singing has been of an empirical character. At first, during the years when Italy led in the work, breadth, beauty and grace of tone was considered of prime importance, later as the taste for singing extended into other countries, the desire for strength began to replace that of beauty and finish.

In this seeking for strength of tone, quite evidently began the decline of the high soprano voice and gave to us that voice commonly known as the "mezzo soprano," and for the growth of which many interesting reasons are given, similar to those previously mentioned, as climate, diet, etc.

But the subject of how the voice in singing became limited and of an inferior quality, is of secondary importance. The question now should be, how are we to study the voice intelligently? Are we to follow the traditions of our forefathers, or are we by honest investigation to open up new ways and advance in the science of voice as well as in other sciences? Electricity, light, heat, sound are facts of the universe, presented as phenomena, why not then the voice?

It is one of the many facts, and its different relation to man does not isolate it from the remaining facts of the universe. It is a higher attenuation of the great whole, an expresion of man, who is evidently an epitome of the universe.

Accepting this premise, why should it be said there is no future voice? Has the subject of voice been exhausted and the lesser things of the universe only beginning to be understood? A willingness to submit to the legends of past ages and contentment with the gains accruing from a little knowledge, can never unlock the doors and reveal the hidden treasures, and that there are great possibilities for the voice, to be revealed is hinted to us in every expression of sound from the chirp of an insect to a crash of thunder, for they are but varied expressions of the same power under whatever name. It is scarcely possible to take any single branch of study and not find numerous ramifications, leading where one would scarcely think possible.

There is no royal road to learning, but good intelligent study may accomplish wonders. Drummond says: "Realize it thoroughly, it is a methodical, not an accidental world. If a housekeeper turns out a good cake, it is the result of a sound receipt, carefully applied. She cannot mix the assigned ingredients and fire them for the appropriate time without producing the result.

It is not she who has made the cake, it is nature. She brings related things together; sets causes at work; these causes bring about the result. She is not a creator, but an intermediary. She does not expect random causes to produce specific effects, random ingredients would only produce random cakes. Certain lines are followed; certain effects are the result. These effects cannot but be the result. But the result can never take place without the previous cause."

Causes must be set to work, this is the essence of scientific voice study. If the voice is a science, we may logically start with the premise that it is limitless; if this be so, the mezzo soprano may take on added and hitherto unknown tones, and the quality of voices may be changed and improved, according to the time given to study and the me

tal capacity of the student.

In this article, I will only lightly touch upon one of these changes that we may look for in the voice of the future. Accepting the premises as to the mechanism of the throat, and the various changes during singing, as taught by Emma Seiler, I will, in as few words as possible, give some points regarding the so-called "head tones" and the relation they bear to the remainder of the voice. They cannot be studied apart from the whole voice, for their purity and quality depends upon the correct use of the entire voice.

As my reader may not be familiar with Emma Seiler's investigations, I will quote in full, from her "Voice Singing:"

"We have found five different actions of the vocal organs: (1) The first series of tones of the chest register, in which the whole glottis is moved by large, loose vibrations, and the arytenoid cartilages with the vocal ligaments are in action; (2) The first series of the chest register, when the vocal ligaments alone act and are likewise moved by large, loose vibrations; (3) The first series of the falsetto register, where, again, the whole glottis, consisting of the arytenoid cartilages and the vocal ligaments are in action, only the very fine interior edges of this vocal ligament vibrating; (4) The second series of the falsetto register, the tones of which are generated by the vibrations of the edges alone of the vocal ligaments; (5) The head register in the same manner and by the same vibrations, and with a partial closing of the vocal ligaments. The head register possesses a very great capacity of expansion, which, without the slightest straining, may be gradually extended, with some practice, a whole octave, and often still further upward.

The investigation and discovery of the facts here stated, have been made with the utmost conscientiousness, repeated by men of science in Germany, and acknowledged as correct."

This explanation of the mechanism and action of the vocal ligaments should certainly receive attention, for in this action, taking for granted it is correct, we have a reasonable explanation of the decline of the high soprano voice, for reasoning that as the first "head tone" is sung, the lips of t h

vocal bands are partly closed, probably about one-half, and held in that position by fine hair-like cartilages, placed there without the aid of man, we naturally infer that they are there for a purpose, and that purpose is evidently to keep closed one-half of the glottis. Continuing our reasoning, we find it naturally only requires just half the amount of breath to make a tone here, that it did a second earlier when the glottis is stretched to its fullest extent and its edges are vibrating along the entire length; finding this claim to be correct, we next infer that the assertion that less and less breath is required as the scale ascends is undoubtedly correct: notwithstanding it is the exactly opposite method taught at the present date

For about fifteen years I have given the most thoughtful consideration to this particular subject, and as a result, I am able to impart these tones to all as readily as the first principles of mathematics.

That these "head tones" are natural to the female voice, I am thoroughly convinced, and judging from results that may be produced in a few weeks, I feel emboldened to assert that what we now designate as the mezzo soprano voice is a *result* of not understanding *causes*.

If a woman of thirty can gain an octave in three months, we naturally infer a girl, not having had previous training, consequently nothing to unlearn, would accomplish equally as much or more. The mind can scarcely grasp what years of such study would accomplish in perfecting these much desired tones.

I must ask my reader not to misunderstand my meaning. I do not claim that any woman of thirty years has added eight beautiful singing tones to the voice, but that by using a suitable exercise, she is able to cause the vocal bands to vibrate at that pitch.

Emma Seiler struck the key-note of correct voice production, when she insisted upon the necessity for what she designates a correct "touch," and calls attention to the peculiar action of the vocal bands while producing the so-called "head tones." This touch is equivalent to a "touch"

on the piano, and while it can scarcely be designated as a tone, it is the nucleus of one, and with understanding and experience, aided by the growth of the lower voice, it must necessarily become proportionate and harmonious with the rest of the voice. Science teaches us that the oscillations of a common pendulum have a *tendency only* to produce condensation and rarefaction of the air, the motion being so slow and the air being so elastic, waves are not generated, whereas, quick touch, setting the air particles in motion, produces a rapid condensation and rarefaction and the result is a pulse or wave of sounds.

Tyndall says: Scientific education ought to teach us to see the invisible as well as the visible in nature, to picture with the vision of the mind those operations which entirely elude bodily vision, to look at the very atoms of matter in motion, and at rest and to follow them forth, without even losing sight of them integrating themselves into natural phenomena.

We ought mentally to see this "point of voice," a slight "touch," desired, fix it in the mind as a single atom, which gives its next neighbor a push and then returns to its place. The velocity of sound will be in proportion to the elastic force shown; what is true of a common ball is also true of the air particles, striking the tympanum of the ear.

In this, as in other studies, the mentality of the pupil must be taken into consideration.

Body culture is also of the greatest importance for by releasing and rebuilding the physical the mental is sooner reached and self-consciousness more surely eliminated. To produce the required "touch" a quick thought must be given, in order to gain the required vibration.

It is easy to tell a pupil to have a quick thought and they will thus produce a quick "touch," but the teacher must possess the ability and patience to guide the thought of the pupil, that they may understand, and have, by experience, the necessary physical feeling as the first vibration of the vocal bands is taken up by the resonations above, is enlarged and again and again reinforced, calling into actions other agents that aid in producing a single tone.

These vibrations must not only strike against the front upper teeth, but must be focussed there, and the ability to focus a tone, no matter in what part of the voice, is the whole secret of a vibrating, perfectly shaped tone, giving a wave, shaped somewhat like a cres. mark. Starting at the vocal bands, then, like a decres. mark, focussing the tone or wave at the teeth. From this single wave, thus focussed, follow wave after wave, each wave having its pulsative and remiss action, varying in length and breadth according to the color of tone required.

This law of pulsative and remiss action of tones is a study in itself, and upon it depends largely the sweetness and carrying quality of the voice.

While these facts may be established with mathematical certainty, variation, to be further investigated, continually arise, showing that only the *a*, *b*, *c* of the subject has been reached. While the low tones may be sung, and to the uninitiated, may seem correct, the very high tones can only be gained by correct application of the principles stated. These tones are also largely influenced by the mental and physical attitude of the pupil. The delicacy and sweetness of the high tones require an easy position of the body, and a pleasant, natural facial expression, lips drawn back as though laughing. While studying the laws of strings, wind instruments, and the use of sound boards, it occurred to me the body was the resonator of the voice, and that the atoms and molecules that make up the body, were passing through a similar action as shown in the wood or body of a violin.

Science tells us our bodies are made up of the elements that surround us, and that everything is in a state of vibration; that all things have a certain rate of vibration, and upon this rate and the law of cohesion, depends its being solid or liquid. In the body it may be inferred that there are different rates of vibration or stages of consciousness. In light, we find vibrations we cannot see, and in sound vibrations we cannot hear, likewise, in the brain there are, undoubtedly, fine vibrations that, ordinarily, we do not rec-

ognize in thoughts or consciousness, until sensibility is excited by physical or objective teaching, and higher conception of all studies takes place. We have a wheel within a wheel—a body or resonator made up of atoms and molecules differently combined, and, of course, differing in rate of vibration. The two cannot be separated.

Ignorance I would call the lowest rate of vibration or stage of consciousness. As the mind unfolds, and ignorance gradually gives place to knowledge, the rate of vibration increases, rising higher and higher as we perceive, receive and conceive.

In studying the voice, this increased rate of vibration of both body and voice is very perceptible to the ear, and as the rate increases, the tone becomes stronger, rounder and sweeter; getting full of life as it were, developing at the same time the quality of various colors of the voice. If the preceding be true, our bodies must vibrate in harmony with the universe, and when, through ignorance, the atoms and molecules expand their motion in friction, as in the inelastic wood of a violin, discord begins. Each atom must be performing its natural function in order that the results may be harmonious, a single atom doing the duty of its neighbor is sufficient to create discord. In the singing voice, we have lost the aid of the resonator and the tones take on different conditions, discordant overtures appear, and the sweetness of tone is replaced by harshness.

The subject is inexhaustible, but the future must show forth the laws of vibration embodied in the voice and body, and until these laws are discovered and utilized, we can not understand its possibilities. What the voice of the future will be depends upon the scientific study given to it, in all its phases, and taking into consideration the strong and true relation existing between it and what we are taught to call matter.

The sentiment with which my article begins is unworthy of a thinker. Prejudice should no longer be allowed to speak such a sentiment as the preceding is a hindrance to those who are desirous for light. Progress, irrespective of

personalities in methods, and while recognizing the work done in the past, the progressive thinker should only be satisfied with facts, scientific facts, that may be presented to each pupil and made of practical use.

The voice is a science, it must become a subject of thorough investigation, and methods of past days must be judged by the light of truth, the bad eliminated and the good retained. Then may we yet speak of the voice of the future.

ANNIE FILLMORE SHEARDOWN.

HEARING AND THE WORLD OF SOUND.

THE New World is waking up to the claims of art. There are signs of life everywhere, in the interest which this great, clumsy, sleepy, self-seeking world is showing in another world that moves along by its side, a sparkling world of beauty, of harmony, of emotion, of possibilities of delight which the old sordid America has not dreamed of till lately.

Yet what wonder is it that our Western world slept till this late morning of time, slept while the pink dawn spread over the East, while the sun rose, lighting every mountain and deep valley with a glorious light, and men looked forth with a new vision on a new world?

What wonder if our eyelids are heavy and our limbs weary with the struggle of mere existence in which the first years of the new Republic were spent; or with the no less fierce struggle for means and power and implements to subdue, to our use and comfort, the untamed and unlimited resources of an almost boundless territory which has occupied our people in the years of peace? But *now*, the plea of necessity will no longer excuse our indifference, and the plea of ignorance will not explain our contempt of either art or nature; nor do we need such excuse.

This turbulent, straining, excited nation has settled at last into a semblance of quiet, and as Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth" points out, there is no country in the world, which exhibits such a uniformity of living and uneventfulness in the course of its affairs as the United States.

But as I said, we see on every hand the signs of the awakening, and I do not flatter myself I am sounding the *réveille*. I only wind my horn and join the merry hunt, for art has preserved enough for the gallant sportsmen who seek such noble game, and nature and truth are wide enough

and deep enough to reward everyone who treads their paths, by the old beaten tracks, or new and fresh trails in an unbroken forest.

What is this new world, then, on which at last we have opened our eyes?

What are these lovely, half-misty forms, these events and sounds, this dewy air and these sun-filled valleys?

Like little children we can but ask the questions. Like them we think we can reach the mountain tops, may grasp the morning mist, may stop the brook with pebbles, may clutch the slanting bar of sunshine with our fingers. Like them we try to cage the lark for a toy, to transplant the wild flowers, and take the maiden-hair from its dripping rock, to live in our sun baked garden-plot. Alas! how much we have to learn! Yet, not *alas*, for the courage of youth fears nothing, the hope of youth sees all things possible, and the strength of youth performed all things!

To understand nature, and to understand art! No less than this do we seek, in the first flush of self-consciousness, that comes to all men. What is art? How does it affect the happiness and well-being of man? What is emotion, and what is the fascinating power of association, which art uses with a reckless hand? How can we secure good, true art? How abolish the false?

These and hundreds of questions cry out for answers; and in respect to painting and poetry, many and noble attempts have been made to answer them. In music, the field is not so well tilled, though recently a number of visitors have devoted themselves to it, viewing it as art, as science, from a psychological point and a physical; dealing with acoustics, with anatomy and physics and all the related sciences. And although musical art has been less thoroughly discussed, perhaps their pictorial, humble writers, like myself, have cause to be thankful that the subject is not like a blackberry patch or a gold-digging, it can neither be *exhausted* nor *pre-empted*. My theme, however, is only one branch of music, it is "Hearing, and the World of Sound," and I hope to call attention to the fact that a large portion

of the human race is *practically deaf*. If most men were as deficient in the use of their eyes as they are in the use of their ears, they would be considered wanting in intellect, for it is the *mind* that sees, and it is the *mind* that hears.

The senses, I take it, are only the embassadors from the world without to the mind within, and the universal language is the "Language of the Sense," the mother-tongue of all creation.

The senses, too, are the handmaids of art, which is man's interpretation and idealization of nature, so that we cannot conceive art as existing without the senses, inasmuch as they furnish the mind with the materials to construct *art*, and they also furnish it with the means of understanding and enjoying it when it is completed. So much for the importance of the senses, and especially if the sense of hearing, of which we have less control than of sight.

"To unstop the deaf ears," was a part of the mission of the Son of Man, and may be ours. First, of course, that words may enter which shall be life to the soul, yet we are not belittling the command, I think, when we apply it to any means of life which may enter our souls through the hearing, to music or natural sounds, which may be heaven's humble messengers. The moral issues of life are on a higher plane than the intellectual or physical; the spiritual is above the earthly; let us concede at once the primary and radical importance of the spiritual life, and all that concerns it. Let us give righteousness precedence always before happiness, set goodness before knowledge, purity before insight, truth before speculation.

Then let us strive for the spiritual by any means in our power; if it be through the senses, well and good; if it be, by ignoring those natural endowments, which seem of such obvious use, still well and good. Look within or look without, listen to the winds and waters, or to the "still, small voice," or to the inspired words, try one way, or try another, if only we may "*apprehend*," and reach towards the prize. We can consider the language of words later; let us think for a moment of natural sounds, and the power of associa-

tion which they possess. Take one little scene. A mother bird is tucking her brood under her wings, in the nest just outside of the nursery window; she peeps and clucks a lullaby, a soft, contented sound in the forked crab-apple tree.

The scent of the rose-colored blossoms falls, in the weight of its sweetness, along with the last red bars of sunset, on the head of a little kneeling child, who says:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Do you think the child, or the mother on whose knees the little head rests could even hear again the robin's "good night," without smelling the odors of the early summer, or recalling the evening hour? Life is very short and very earnest. Men and women cannot afford even to taste all of its pleasures, its wonders, its delights. But the road side flower we may gather, and not turn aside from the path of stern purpose; the truth in the early morning will not hinder our progress, though we feel its voice to our heart's core; the water from the coal spring in its mossy bed may tempt us to stop, but refreshed by its coolness, we double our speed. *Beauty* and *study* are not set in antagonism in this puzzling world.

The sternest anchorite would not forbid to love the unsullied works of nature; and the fact is, that we are deaf, not because our thoughts are full of self and of earth, that even the world of sense, of sight and hearing are too spiritual for our cognizance. We are not *above* natural things, we are below them, and, until we reach a higher plane than our present one, let us not disdain *the stepping stones*. Let us, then, as Americans, strive not to follow this school or that, not for any fixed, premeditated character in our work. Rather let us strive for that continual development of high moral religious character and that deep internal appreciation of what is universally good and true, and so lay the foundation for an adequate expression of it. Providence, Who doeth all things well, will select His own instruments, in His own good time, and in His own good way.

GILCHRIST.

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

PART V.

CHAPTER XII.

"Howe'er they may wrangle, your pundits and sages,
And love of contention infects all the breed,
All the philosophers, search through all ages,
Join with one voice in the following creed:
Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!
Mules will be mules by the law of their mulishness."

GOETHE.

When I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it."

MOORE.

CARL was too surprised to answer, and Millie left the room unnoticed. He could scarcely comprehend what had befallen him. That he, Carl Hausen, a universally respected member of society, who had supposed himself as good as the general run of husbands—and if the truth were told, a rather abused personage in that he had married a woman whose tastes were absolutely at variance with his own; that he should be informed by this misguided person of her intentian of at once applying for a divorce. What would the world say? What construction would the dread Mrs. Grundy put upon such a proceeding on the part of his wife? How could he face such humiliation?

There was but one course to pursue, he would go away! Then the matter assumed a brighter complexion. Though he knew he ought, according to all laws of precedent, to feel broken-hearted, a strong sense of relief crept over him as he thought of living once more his own life, untrammeled by the petty restrictions that were so galling to his Bohemian nature.

But, was he not absolutely wicked in looking forward to comfort instead of desolation, should a separation be consummated? Millie was at times a most agreeable woman, and might not the day come when he would long for the presence from which he was only too glad to be freed?

Try as he would, he could not arouse any sentimental feeling of despondency, and with the conviction that he was a martyr to a very weak cause, he resolved to talk the matter over with Millie in the morning, and use every effort to change her determination.

Accordingly he asked her to favor him with her attention for a short time after breakfast. When they were seated opposite each other in the dining room, both of them instinctively avoiding the parlor which had been the scene of so many disagreeable disputes, he opened the conversation, saying:

"I wanted to ask you to reconsider the matter of which we spoke last night; for I can only believe you have, in a fit of anger, said words which, upon reflection, you will gladly unsay."

"No, I haven't! I think this morning as I thought last night; and I'm sure we shall be much better friends apart than we could ever be together."

"That is something," said Carl lightly, "you surely do not hate me then."

"Not a bit, when I think of myself as about to be freed from you; but should I look upon our marriage as a knot which could not be untied, I *should* hate you, I'm sure. No, I believe the course I advise is the only sensible one."

"But who ever heard of a husband and wife parting without any real grave fault on either side? A little more than a year after marriage, too."

"Who ever heard of steam or electricity years and years ago and aren't both an acknowledged benefit to mankind? I fancy that a hundred years from now, people won't live together and fight like cats and dogs, simply because their fathers and grandfathers before them did."

"But it seems as though we might get along and find life

endurable when so many others do who are similarly placed."

"That's all fudge! It makes no difference to *me* what some one else does. *I'm myself*; and have myself to look out for. You and I must do as *we* think best, though there may not be another couple in the world that could follow our example with either wisdom or good sense. Mrs. Cleugh, for instance, couldn't, for she's got the children to think of; no more could Cleo and Dr. Coleman."

"No, no more could Cleo and Dr. Coleman," said Carl absently. "They are both so proud, they'd be ashamed to be honest with each other; but we're not that way."

"No we're not that way," he repeated, thinking how completely she was judging his feelings by her own.

"They'd think so much about what people would say and so we were comfortable, *we* wouldn't care."

"We wouldn't care," echoed Carl. "For pity's sake You're not a parrot, and I am sure when you think the matter over, you'll thank me for the wise decision I've come to. I have arranged everything, and shall go home when you start for Columbus. Of course, you won't contribute anything toward my support, and I shall get a divorce on the plea of desertion. I knew a couple once who managed that way. You can go abroad, or somewhere, you know. Papa'll be only too glad to have me home again, for I talked the matter over with mamma when she was here."

"Is it possible you had this plan in your mind when we had been man and wife only a few months?"

"Of course I had! You know as well as I do it doesn't take long for two persons as unlike in disposition and tastes as we are, to find out that living together all their lives would be anything but a pleasant outlook. If people would only say so at once as soon as they *do* discover their mistake, and not wait until they are tied more closely together by a crowd of helpless children, the world would be the better for it."

"You are more eloquent on this subject than I've ever known you to be in discussing any other."

"Because I've thought more about it. I shall go home, as

I said, and when all this nonsense has become a thing of the past, you and I will be good friends, instead of wanting to cut each other's throats, or run away with some other man or woman for the sake of forgetting the torment we brought on ourselves."

"You may be right, Millie, and I can't possibly feel angry with you when you speak so reasonably."

"Nor as sorry as you'd like to believe yourself either," said Millie, with more of the charming, girlish manner he had once found so winning, than she had exhibited in months."

"Perhaps;" he answered, feeling sure no other man and woman had ever behaved so ridiculously; yet conscious of a sense of satisfaction to which he had for some time been a stranger.

"I'm glad you are so sensible, I'll pack my things and start for home next Monday. If you'll let me know when you go away for good, I'll then arrange about the separation; Papa'll attend to it for me."

Carl winced at the matter of fact tone employed by this very business-like young woman, and said as he moved toward the hall door:

"Are you sure you'll not be sorry, Millie? May you not be a little hasty in the matter? Is there no regret in your heart for the rupture that has so quickly followed our union?"

"Don't take that tone! If it were real I should only despise you, I fear, for no woman can respect a man who insists upon keeping her in hated bondage, simply because the law allows him to do so, when she cares nothing for him. When I know it is only mock sentimentality, however, it is simply funny, and not worth any consideration, one way or the other."

"Very well, if you are quite determined, I will say good morning. Is it to be a final parting when you go on Monday?"

Yes, I think so. If one is to do anything they've thought well over and made up their mind to, the sooner the better, don't you think so?"

"Possibly; but remember Millie, if you should ever regret this step, I shall always acknowledge your claim upon me. *I* should never go into a divorce court, for I cannot look upon this question as you do. You are my wife, and no quarreling can change that fact."

"Think as you please. You can drop me a line whenever you want to; that is, *if* you want to, and if there should be anything to consult you about, I'll do the same. I shall always have the most kindly feelings for you Carl."

"Thank you! I am deeply grateful I assure you. If you had lived up to that text we might have kept the peace a little better."

"We're not going to consider what *might* have been, but what *is*."

"You'll be late if you don't go," and Millie disappeared closing the door quickly, while Carl walked thoughtfully in the direction of the studio. Now that the first feeling of relief at the prospect of freedom had somewhat subsided, it was succeeded by one of keen mortification. No man likes to think he has failed to make of himself a demigod whom the woman belonging to him must *perforce* worship.

He may tire of *her* at will; but that she should find life in the sunshine of his occasional smiles an undesirable thing is humiliating even to the most careless among the sex. The longer he considered the matter the more forcibly was he struck with the bad taste displayed by his willful wife; for Carl had never known what real love was, and consequently was unaware what sort of a sensation real humility might be.

He arrived at the studio in a very undecided frame of mind; one minute, thinking Millie a very sensible woman; for did they not both realize how impossible it was for them to agree? the next, calling her a mass of selfishness and ill-considered independence who could not appreciate a reasonably good husband when she had one.

CHAPTER XIV.

"The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in that we excite."

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed."

BACON.

Mrs. Coleman had, in the meantime, devoted more time to the thoughts of Carl, his talents, trials and triumphs, than would have been considered strictly consistent with the ideas of a majority of her female friends. Fortunately, her meditations were not an open book to the world at large, as they may be to us.

Having visited Millie frequently during the past few months, she could make a reasonably accurate guess as to the cause of Carl's preoccupation and his evident uneasiness on the evening of the charity concert. She was deeply interested in the young musician, and felt that a nature like his was thrown away upon so selfish a woman as his wife was proving herself to be. She pitied Millie, for she realized that the little lady was as unhappy as so shallow-minded a person could be. The admiration and artistic sympathy with which Carl inspired her made sympathy with her in the continuous round of complaint to which she treated her friends, an impossibility. She was lost in conjectures regarding the probable outcome to be expected from such a deplorable condition of affairs, and wondering whether Carl had accepted the invitation to play for the Patriarchs when Mrs. Dawley was announced and she returned reluctantly from the land of dreams to the less enticing realities of everyday existence.

"I hope I've come at a convenient time," said the little woman, her face glowing with good nature and cheerfulness. You said any time this month, you know."

"Yes, it will be quite convenient to have you; and you

are particularly welcome this morning, for I am feeling more than usually indolent I believe." "Maybe you're tired," said the seamstress kindly.

"I don't know; but I'm inclined to the belief that my malady is real laziness. I don't even want to read, and that's a sure symptom; for if I've energy enough for anything I can always enjoy a good book. If you'll come up stairs we'll see what there is to be done."

They passed through the hall, up the wide staircase, then along the corridor, and Mrs. Dawley was soon seated, sewing and talking as busily as possible.

"Speaking of reading," she began," makes me think of a woman who lives on the same floor as I do. Mr. Dawley hasn't a bit of patience with her, but *I* have; for I know that every woman hasn't as good a husband as mine, and how awful it must be to be tied to a man, one can't get along with. But this Mrs. Merlin I started to tell you about reads *all* the time, and I honestly believe she'd be happier if she'd work a little more and read a little less."

"That depends upon the kind of books she reads," said Cleo."

"Well, I don't read much now, that is, I don't know much about the books other people read, for I'd rather spend an hour with Sir Walter's 'Rob Roy' or 'Heart of Midlothian' or cry over 'Little Dorritt,'' pity poor 'Oliver Twist' or get mad at 'Quilp,'' than to have a room full of her kind of reading, and plenty of time to enjoy it into the bargain."

"What does she read?"

"I can't rightly remember the names, I'm afraid. 'Broken Hearted' was one; 'Another's Love' and 'Galling Bonds' were two more. She's always taking on about people with a soul above washing dishes, meaning herself, I suppose; but I tell her a body'd better spend their lives washing dishes well, than to waste their time doing nothing, because they can't have everything their own way."

"That is true; but what makes her so unhappy?"

"I ain't just sure; but I think she's in love with a very

handsome man, who comes to see her pretty often, and only that I know she can't do me any harm and I may be some help to her, I shouldn't have anything to do with her. Sometimes I get clear disgusted, and then I reason within myself, and end by pitying her, for I believe she really is heart-hungry. Love'll make even washing dishes glorified work; and the lack of it probably brings about an opposite state of things. I often pass the happiest kind of a half hour over the dish-washing, for with almost every one comes a pleasant thought. The vegetable dish makes me think how much Mr. Dawley enjoyed the string beans or tomatoes; the pickle dish brings to mind how he declared no one could put up such peach pickles as I can, and his cup and saucer remind me of the way he looked the first night they were set beside his plate. His eyes were full of tears when he whispered: 'How can I be grateful enough for the blessing of such a wife? I am thankful for all the suffering that has fallen to my share for it has proved to me that one heart of gold exists in the world. I believe if you could earn money to do it, you'd feed me off the rarest silver, while you would willingly eat from a tin basin. Wasn't that just lovely?"

"Yes indeed," said Cleo, "you are happy in each other's love. There are thousands of women with everything that money can buy at their command who would give it all for such a treasure as this honest affection."

Mrs. Dawley favored the speaker with a quick scrutinizing glance, then continued:

"That's just what I say to myself about Mrs. Merlin. Her husband's a real nice man, but he thinks she never ought to spend a minute doing anything but washing, mending, and making for the children, and saving the money he earns. He works as steady as a clock, and has burned more than one of her novels when he'd come home to supper and find the table unset, and had the fire to build while she finished the last chapter. But I think she fancies she was born to be a heroine, and of course the man I spoke of dresses real nice, and is so handsome, tall with a blonde mustache

and blue eyes. He always tips his hat when he passes me on the stairs, for the Merlins have the front rooms on our floor, you know, but what's the matter? You look as white as a sheet."

"I'll go to my room, I'm a trifle dizzy," said Cleo, and in another moment the door was bolted between her and the outer world, while warring passions raged and the old battle was fought once more.

She came into the dining room at lunch time a little whiter than usual, but polite and agreeable to her husband, who was already seated at the table.

"I met a particular friend of yours this morning," he remarked, "Mrs. Hausen, I mean. She's a mighty pretty little woman."

"Yes; and he's a very handsome man," a dark frown overshadowed the doctor's face as he replied:

"The musician? He *is* good looking, though I own I never suspected you were such a judge of beauty. You are growing garrulous with age, Cleo, and should be cautious how to express your opinions."

"Yes, I understand that; but why may not a woman admire a handsome man, as well as a man may go into ecstasies over a handsome woman?"

"Cesar's, wife, you know——" he began, but she interrupted him.

"Yes, and I know Cesar, too!" A terrible anger swelled up in her heart against this man who spoke of every pretty woman that he chanced to meet as though she were his especial property; but considered his wife indelicate if she chanced to praise any one, save himself."

"You may sneer as much as you please," he said quietly, "but you know very well a woman must do the proper thing, whether a man does or not."

She looked at him silently, thinking of how little value was the code of morality as generally accepted. Mrs. Dawley's story of the discontented woman in the front flat, and the handsome man who called so frequently, still haunted her, for she felt certain the man was no other than Dr. Cole

man. It seemed necessary to him that his presence should result in discomfort to some one, and a smile of satisfaction passed over his countenance as he witnessed her silent rage and disgust.

She was soon rid of his presence, however, as his practice was extensive. Men like Dr. Coleman often flourish in the medical profesion, and their low standard of morality as applied to themselves and their doings, does not seem to interfere with the working of some marvelous cures.

The afternoon wore slowly away, until four o'clock had come and gone. Then Millie appeared.

"I've come to say goodbye, Cleo," she exclaimed, curling herself up in a big arm chair like a luxurious kitten.

"Why, you speak as if you were *en route* for the north pole," said Cleo laughing.

"No, not so bad as that; but I'm so glad to be going home, I don't know what to do."

"Oh! You are going home; I supposed Mr. Hausen was going to play at Columbus, and you were going with him."

"He's going; but I'm not. I told him to call for me on his way to dinner, and he promised to drop in a minute to bid you adieu. He's going abroad after, you know."

"But isn't this an altogether new plan?"

"Yes, but we think it best."

Cleo said no more, though the unusual constraint in Millie's manner filled her mind with conjectures concerning this sudden change in their plans, for Carl had spoken of his work in the city as likely to be permanent. She learned nothing from him during his brief call, for he only stopped long enough to say good-bye, without exchanging half a dozen words on any topic. Cleo was thoroughly dissatisfied with herself and tried in vain to account for the feeling of desolation which possessed her, making all exertion and all thought even, save of Carl and Millie seem an actual burden. A foreboding of approaching change either in her own life r the lives of her friends, made her fretful and nervous.

She had grown to anticipate a chat with the young musician and would remember each word of the most trivial conversation, dwelling upon question and answer in a way that can only be understood by one who has lived the same starved life which she found well nigh unbearable.

The Columbus trip was a successful one both from an artistic and financial point of view. It is unnecessary to give a description of each number or discourse upon how it was received. Carl possessed the rare gift of programme making, and the selections were such as might please without taxing the patience of a not too discriminating audience. He was quoted for days as a remarkable pianist, and what was more as a player in perfect sympathy with his hearers. The culminating point of his triumph was reached when he gave as a final *encore*, "Marching Through Georgia," not with a world of silly ornament and variation that would have smothered the original theme altogether; but in a grand march whose measured tones, resounding through the hall, reminded more than one veteran of the trials and hardships of that by-gone time, and awakened an answering thrill in hundreds of patriotic hearts.

He returned to the city and began at once to make arrangements for his journey. Since acceding to Millie's wish and consenting to a separation he had given himself no time for thought or reflection; but in spite of his utmost efforts to feel the indifference he feigned, there was a haunting consiousness of loss and defeat ever present which urged him to put the Atlantic between himself and the countless annoyances from which he had suffered since his marriage.

Saying nothing of his domestic disturbances, he acquainted Mr. Crosby with his intention to sail the next steamer. The astute old gentleman was not so much in the dark as Carl supposed however, and he readily undertook the task of teaching a number of the more interested pupils, hoping that his young friend would soon return to his duties.

"You'll not stay long I fancy," he said. "Is Mrs. Hausen going with you?"

"No, she has gone to her father's at Elmwolde. The house and furniture are for sale." Mr. Crosby elevated his eyebrows, but questioned him no further, feeling certain that picking and prying were unnecessary if Carl had anything to tell him.

There were so many calls to make, and many trifles to attend to the days sped quickly. He was to bid America farewell the following morning, and walked slowly toward his hotel after a pleasant evening with the Crosby's, when, late as was the hour he was astonished to see a tiny child crossing the street directly before an outward-bound train. The little one could not have been more than three or four years of age, and was blissfully ignorant of any danger. Without an instant's hesitation Carl sprang forward, grasped the child firmly and cleared the track with it, but a squirm of the little creature threw him backward and the corner of a car struck him with such force that an instant later he fell across the adjacent track in an unconscious heap, his left arm still hugging the frightened child.

Presently he revived sufficiently to note the hurrying of many feet, then as he looked wonderingly around, a sea of anxious faces seemed ebbing and flowing on all sides. A voice which sounded a long way off said:

"He kept a good grip on the young one," then a sickening sensation, the croud swaying more and more, everything going round in a horrible blackness, then a blank.

He opened his eyes an hour later with a feeling of being lost and anxious to find himself, but looked bewildered and anxious as he recognized the familiar furniture of the studio. As generally happens in such cases there was no one to identify him, and no clue to his dwelling-place. As they were about to start in the direction of the hospital a small boy produced a handkerchief which he had picked up near the spot where Carl had fallen.

Further search in the same locality brought to light a card case. Having in this manner gained the business address they decided to carry him thither until he should become sufficiently conscious to direct their further movements.

A physician was at once summoned who announced that a couple of ribs were broken, and other internal injuries sustained which might prove serious. This gentleman Dr. Morgan sat beside him when he began to collect his scattered senses, and as he seemed to recognize his surroundings the doctor ventured the inquiry:

"Can you tell me whom we shall send word to? You will need attendance, for you must remain absolutely quiet."

"Mr Crosby, 16 Lewing Ave," Carl whispered with a sensation of helplessness he could not account for, sickness being almost an unknown experience with him.

They had no need to urge him to be quiet, for he made no attempt to move or speak until Mr. Crosby entered the room. The sun newly risen poured a flood of light across the room to the doorway where the old man stood for an instant, and the halo surrounding the silvered head made him seem like a veritable angel to Carl.

"My dear boy! What a sorry plight, and to think how you left us but a few hours ago. Don't speak; the others will tell me about. I'll telegraph for your wife directly"

"No!" exclaimed Carl," do nothing of the sort."

Mr. Crosby looked anxiously at his young friend, think; ing the accident might have affected his reasoning powers- but the eyes of the patient were too clear and full of specu- lation to admit of any doubt.

"Don't worry," he said. Let me stay here a few days; get a nurse, and I'll go as soon as I am able."

Mr. Crosby willingly did all that Carl requested, remon- strating with him to no purpose regarding the policy of re- maining at the studio. Thepiano was wheeled into the recep- tion room, and the study became, for the present the invalid's home. Carl's splendid health and regular habits stood him in good stead now. He mended steadily, and by the end of the third week could pass a portion of the time reading. He sometimes wondered that so few of his friends had called, but supposing the nurse had orders not to admit them, gave the subject very little thought. Ralph Wilder was a daily visitor, and many tedious hours were whiled away with his

lively chatter. Carl had never liked this man until now, but he told himself Ralph was such a thoroughly good fellow, it could be nothing save a wretched jealousy that kept him from appreciating one so highly esteemed by one who knew him best.

One morning when his imprisonment had lasted some four weeks, he requested the nurse to bring him the paper, saying:

"I'm so nearly well, now, that I must keep up with the times."

"Yes sir, I'll get it directly," said Mrs. Slade.

"By the way, nurse, did the doctor forbid you to admit visitors?"

'No, he must have forgot to; for they don't generally allow 'em, you know. Your friends was exceptional sensible though, for only two or three have come in theirselves, for all several has left their cards."

She left the room in search of the paper, returning after a brief absence with a copy of the *Times*.

"Here you are, sir! I got the first one I come to, for you didn't mention any one in particular."

"Quite right," said Carl, more interested in the sheet than usual, for it was the first "daily" he had seen in weeks.

Five minutes passed, and as the nurse glanced in the direction of her patient, she was struck with the ashy pallor of the drawn face, and decided the paper was not the best medicine, for the excitement was making him ill. Carl insisted upon retaining it, however, and declared he was doing nicely. He laid it aside, presently, and remained so long with closed eyes, she was sure he was enjoying a refreshing sleep. But nothing was further from his thoughts, and his eyes were bright and feverish when Mrs. Coleman was ushered into the room that afternoon.

"Oh, Mr. Hausen! I'm *so* sorry for you!" was her greeting "and to think I've been out of town all this time. Is Millie here?"

"No."

"Cleo looked the astonishment she would not give utter-

ance to, and Carl asked:

"Have you seen this morning's *Times?*"

"No, I only arrived two hours ago, and came here as soon as I heard you were ill."

"Here it is," said the invalid in a hard voice which grated upon the sensitive nerves of the listener. She took the paper, and glanced mechanically at the paragraph he had pointed out. As she read, the dark eyes grew indignant, then contemptuous, then filled with tears of sympathy. Carl watched the changing expressions flit across the mobile countenance, and as contempt gave place to sincerest pity the strong self-control he had until now maintained, vanished altogether, and overwhelmed by a wave of self pity, he lay back white and unconscious. At this moment, Mr. Crosby came noiselessly to Cleo's side, and after a quick glance at Carl rang for the nurse exclaiming:

"I knew that infernal paper'd fall into his hands, though I've watched them ever since he's been here."

The two women worked faithfully, and in a few minutes succeeded in bringing Carl back to a sense of his misery, but they were surprised when he covered his face with both hands, and asked that he might be left alone.

The next morning found him raving wildly, and Dr. Morgan pronounced the malady that had now attacked him, brain fever. Neither Mrs. Coleman or Mr. Crosby thought it wise to acquaint the physician with the state of Carl's personal affairs, though both of them suspected that the paragraphs in the *Times* had a great deal to do with his present illness, as his system was in too weak a condition to bear the excitement caused by them. One read:

"*The promising young artist who met with so deplorable an accident recently, will probably quit our shores in the near future. We have it from undoubtedly good authority, the reason of his sudden desire to travel is a purely domestic one, and has nothing to do with study. The lady in the case, a charming blonde, seems to have failed in her attempts to hold the affections of the brown-eyed musician. She will apply for a divorce as soon as sufficient time shall*

have elapsed, and will, doubtless, have no difficulty in getting it."

The other was more facetious, if anything.

"*What a blessing for mothers when the good-looking music teacher who has married a wife, tired of her, dropped and deserted her, what a relief to the maternal heart it will be, when he shall put an ocean between himself and his too confiding pupils. It is all right for America to be a free country, but when a man may marry a beautiful woman, and because she doesn't happen to worship the musical circle where he is made welcome, he packs her back to the paternal mansion in little more than a year, the freedom of the action looks dubious.*"

And these were the first bitter fruits of this separation which he had stupidly supposed concerned himself and Millie alone, a mistake which was to be continually corrected until the original false step was lost sight of in the thickening clouds of misinterpretation that so frequently follow the simplest actions.

ERATO.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PIANO WORKS OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

IT may be news to the general public that Schumann wrote something besides the Träumerei; furthermore that the edition of this piece, usually printed and containing a second part in the key of A minor, is a hodgepodge affair, perpetrated by a musical conductor, who evidently considered the original incomplete, and an enterprising publisher, who saw a chance to turn an honest penny. Such musical mésalliances are by no means uncommon among our self-appointed musical editors, and I can at this moment recall an edition of Moszkowski's Serenata, wherein the same composer's Menuet Op. 17, changed from 3-4 to 2-4 time, (*horribile dictu*) is made to do duty as middle part. Schumann himself had a good deal of trouble with publishers—perchance the same applied *vice versa*. The veteran music dealer, Hofmeister of Leipsic, once replied to him very pointedly, that while fame might come to a man in a day, reputation was of slower growth, and that he (Schumann) would have to wait his turn and take his chances with the rest. Of course publishers look upon their publications as a lottery, one piece might prove the prize which will recompense them for the many zero's; the composer only draws the latter; he never knows "who dole dem cards."

Schumann's reputation gained ground very slow and no wonder, for the entirely new path, which he trod from the first beginning, led to a veritable "*terra incognita*;" a few master-minds like Liszt, Mendelssohn and Chopin speedily recognized the metal of the new man; Liszt wrote a very laudatory notice of the Sonata Op. 11, and played the Second Novellette in D, sent to him by the composer as a "Welcome to Germany" frequently; he found however, that the public was not ready for that class of music, and regretfully returned to the more paying fantasies on the popular op-

eratic arias of the day. At the same time, Liszt was the first to give piano performances, filling the entire evening without assistance, thus creating that modern horror, the Piano Recital, and the programme of his six grand concerts in Berlin, given during his first visit to that city, were most comprehensive. It is amusing to notice how astonished Schumann seems, when Liszt plays a Haertel piano-forte at Leipsic without first trying it; he makes it the matter of comment in a letter to a friend, and winds up by saying that Clara always had to practice 3 to 4 hours on a concert piano in order to get used to it; they used to do things differently in the good old times.

Unlike other composers, Schumann was not handicapped by engaging personal manners or brilliant qualities as a virtuoso. I mean handicapped in this sense, that his works were *a priori* accepted as good, and launched on the wave of prosperity on account of the liking for the man who wrote them, or the powerful influence his personality inspired. Plain of mien and reserved in speech he, like Moltke, was a great "*Schweiger*" and accessible only to the select few, and it was only through the medium of his wife that the public slowly and gradually became acquainted with his compositions. Contemporaneous writers treated him exactly as we do the composers of our day, and gave him plenty of good advice as to the proper course to pursue. Anyone who will take the trouble to read up the files of the old Leipsic musical papers at the Newberry Library, will find how solicitous the critic of the day was, lest Schumann might get lost in the swamp of innovation, and thus lose the opportunity of becoming a useful member of the musical profession.

It is, of course, not my purpose at this late day to dilate or discourse on the musical value of Schumann's works; that point has been conclusively settled by abler pens. I am more concerned with their value in piano teaching. It is a pity to look with a cold and fishy eye upon the mere utility and pedagogic value of compositions, written with his very life blood, but the survivors have the inestimable advantage of

being able to take a birds-eye view of a man's lifework, and as it were, extract the milk from that particular cocoanut for their own individual use. At the same time, I detest the professional analyzer, who revels in the logarithmic proportions of a piece, and for whom every form is only a convenient hatrack to hang ideas on; who studies Homer, Ovid and Shakespeare for the parsing of the sentences, who never appreciates the flavor or beauty of a composition, and who leaves the work after he gets through with it as dry as a well articulated skeleton or thoroughly picked chicken. He reminds me of the boy who had to break the watch open to see what was inside.

Schumann will outlast most of the composers of his epoch; his work contains more intellect than sentiment, and appeals thus to the brain instead of the mere ephemeral dictates of the heart; he makes you think more, and is a healthy stimulant. There is a great difference in his sentiment from that of Chopin's; we weary often of the sad wail of the latter, but find a more heroic and healthy grief in the notes of the great German. This weariness of certain Chopinesque strains is only temporary, after a while they reassert their old charm, but meanwhile we enjoy the change. It is different with Schumann, whose lasting qualities rival those of Bach and Beethoven; it is the intellectual quality which insures its longevity.

Did he create a new technique? Hardly, excepting as to the marvelous development of rhythmic variety, coupled with intricacies of phrasing, which produce the effect of absolute novelty. There is one quality of Schumann's music, which no one else possesses, and which unfortunately is idiomatically untranslatable; it is that depth of feeling which the German calls "*Innigkeit*;" like the German "*Gemüthlichkeit*" the foreigner may dimly experience it, but he can never fully appreciate it; if the reader desires to ascertain exactly what I refer to, let him look up the episode in E major in the song, "*Widmung*." I would like here to digress a little and point out the ridiculous translation, which gives to the song, "He, the Noblest" the absurd official title "Humility."

This rhythmical peculiarity is most noticeable in the last movement of the Symphonic Etudes; the finale of Beethoven's E flat Concerto contains the germ of one of Schumann's most distinguishing rhythms, and Tschaikowsky very cleverly paraphrases it in one of the Variations of the Theme and Variations Op. 19, and also in a little piece "Un Poco Schumann" contained in his very latest set of publications. Godard's "Schumann" from one of his "Magic Lanterns" is a frenchified and emasculated Schumann.

There is never any desire to favor the mere piano player in Schumann's works; we never find passages dragged in for mere brilliancy, show or effect; hence he required no specialty of technique, yet calls for every variety. A man who merely possesses a fine technique and nothing else is like the owner of a fine horse who does not know how to ride it; unless that technique is reinforced by intellect and sentiment it is practically useless. And then we encounter that mysterious, undefinable question of touch. You can tell a person virtually only four things—that he must play faster, slower, louder or softer; the thousand and one shades that merge into one another, the unlimited number of nuances which even the artist constantly changes imperceptibly cannot be explained or taught even at five dollars per hour. Where the heart does not speak of its own accord, outside influences are of no avail. Take a piece like "*Des Abends*" for instance, it is a "chiaro scuro" in music; like the first movement of the Sonata Op. 27, No. 2 (there is no need to mention the composer) it should be shrouded in a mystic half darkness in which the outlines are but dimly visible; it calls for the very perfection of touch, management of the pedal and tone quality. But if it does not meet with a ready response from a highly sensitive and nervous musical organization, whose fingers are but obedient servants and involuntarily follow every swaying of feelings, no effect will be produced. Hence the difficulty of playing such pieces in public. The "*Warum*" is another case in point.

In his way Schumann was quite versatile; a sound and practical thinker, close observer and keen and correct judge

of others; while apt to overrate some, he hardly ever underrated anyone; his opinions of his great fellow-musicians Henselt, Chopin and Liszt he lived to see verified by musical Europe; he was among the first to acknowledge the extraordinary technical skill of Vieuxtemps, Thalberg and Ole Bull; for Schubert's works he had an admiration akin to idolatry, and Mendelssohn enjoyed his unqualified regard; to Henselt he was united by the bonds of tenderest friendship; he is severe in his self-criticism, and referring once to his great townsman, Mendelssohn, frankly says, that he might have done better himself had he studied more. While not conceited or overbearing he has a proper sense of his attainments and sharply reproves an occasional correspondent, who ventures to intrude upon his privacy with well-meant advice and suggestions.

His prefatory remarks to his "Studies after Paganini" show fine analytical pedagogic talent. It is to be sincerely regretted that "musical America" had not yet been discovered during his lifetime: the day of the modern impresario had not yet come at that period: Ullmann had not yet appeared, Barnum had not yet come out: there was no Mapleson, not even a Hermann Wolff, who, when introduced to Liszt by Rubinstein, and greeted by that great causeur with the remark: "Aha, this is the circus proprietor who owns so many musical lions," cleverly replied: "Yes, but with the difference that my lions feed me." The day had not yet arrived when America had imported foreign celebrities at the rate of $15,000 per year: judging Schumann's ability and commercial value from his preface to the Paganini Studies I have no doubt that he might have secured a place as assistant teacher even right here in Chicago at one of our music schools at a fair salary. I have an idea that the Herr Doktor Robert Schumann never made much of his classes at the Leipsic Conservatory, but permitted them to lapse rather into a state of inocuous desuetude.

Gifted with that true originality of genius which at once led him away from his predecessors, and made him neither the great receptacle of all preceding epochs like Bach, nor

the final development of others like Beethoven, but the creator of a new school of musical thought, he could not help creating new musical forms to suit his own individuality. Having plenty of cloth, he chose to cut his coat to suit himself. It is a great thing to write the first of any species in short, to create something—the epigones have then an easy time of it. Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," Field's "Nocturne," Henselt's "Gondole" and "If I were a Bird," Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Ogenki's Polonaise, Chopin's Ballad's and Scherzi mark musical milestones. The men who first modulated from the tonic to the dominant and got back again safely, did a great thing. Chopin, while developing old forms to a higher potency of effectiveness and expression, was equally happy in creating new shapes. With Liszt it was different; when work had passed through the medium of that omniscient brain, it was evolved therefrom in its very highest possible corruscating brilliancy; and yet how unfailing and correct his taste and judgment, how catholic and comprehensive his selection and how remarkable the iridescent kaleidoscopic variety of the means at his disposal. The arrangements of Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasie and the Weber "Polacca" leave these compositions intact, only the legitimate effect is heightened and emphasized; in the "Soirées de Vienne" the little "Landler" are lovingly collected into beautiful nosegays, while other works reproduce, with fidelity, the orchestral effect perchance dimly dreamt of by the original author. In this connection it is interesting to know that Rubinstein abhors all modern arrangements of classical works and plays them exactly as written.

There is too much of this editing business nowadays anyway. The old French Tellefsen edition of Chopin's works is perhaps the most authentic; another pupil of Chopin's, Mikuli, has also edited the works. Reinecke and Scholtz are quite conservative; Koehler is perfectly safe; Klindworth, whose own performance was a mere carricature is the extremist. I have never understood the necessity for

Bote and Bock's revision of Klindworth's edition. Liszt took the matter very seriously; in his editions of the Scarlatti A major Sonata and Händel's E minor Fugue absolutely every note is fingered, and the marks of phrasing are complete, so that the student can get along passably well even without the modern improvements of Riemann, Germer and Zwintscher. It is singular that those who do not play nowadays are the very ones to furnish the interpretation of musical works. Liszt's editions of the 3d, 4th, and 5th Beethoven Concertos, and the Weber and Schubert works (Cotta) are models of their kind. Henselt also did valuable service in that direction; with Bulow's magnificent work everyone is familiar. Mr. Wm. Mason, of New York, has edited a number of important works in a manner which vastly increases their usefulness, and Mr. Böckelmann shows considerable learning in his arrangement of Bach's Fugues and a number of Schumann's works: in the latter however he often goes too far in his explanations in his desire to make the matter perfectly plain to the student; such presentations of rhythmical difficulties as are found in his edition of the Romanza in D minor from Op. 32 are only confusing. The Alexis Hollander edition of Schumann's works is undoubtedly so far the best extant, although not free from misleading misprints (but then what edition is!); it contains many valuable suggestions and will stimulate independent musical thought. Mr. Hollander often looks for more than a composition contains, and naturally finds it thus; a harmless resemblance is often tortured into a canon. The Mme. Schumann edition is simply no edition at all, and the one credited to Nicholas Rubinstein is as carelessly done as the old Moscheles edition of the Beethoven Sonatas. I can, however, recommend the Schumann Novellettes as edited by Balakirew. The different prints unfortunately vary in some of the most important particulars, thus the Peters Edition of the Humoreske Op. 20 ties a number of grace notes that should be struck again. The real Schumann edition is yet to come.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EMIL LIEBLING.

THE BEARING OF BLINDNESS UPON MUSICIANSHIP.

(CONCLUDED).

WHEN alluding to the two horns of the dilemma under discussion to which all musicians are left when the question of a blind man's education is set before them, I said that neither supposition was correct, yet this is only partially true for they are both in a measure correct. There is such a thing as learning music through the finger-tips, through the tactile sense; there is also such a thing as learning music by ear from hearing it performed. I will try as concisely as possible to define the nature and limits of these two operations. As to music through the finger-tips, the first mistake which a sighted musician naturally makes, is to suppose that the customary musical characters, like letters, can be embossed and read by the fingers. This, after thorough tests, I am prepared to set down emphatically as an impossibility. The reason is not far to seek. The eye, as was eloquently pointed out by Addison in his "Spectator," converses with its appropriate objects at the greatest distances with the greatest ease and with the greatest possible variety; it is, in that respect, the king of all the senses. The tactile sense, on the other hand, is at the extreme bottom of the scale, being the most vague, the most purely animal, and forms the first ascending step of the animal above the vegetable. It naturally follows therefore, that a series of musical signs which appear as a clear diagram, most significant to the eye, becomes utterly unintelligible to the fingers. The eye can grasp at least ten times as much detail in the same time as the finger-tips, consequently it is a necessary thing in preparing all alphabets to be dealt with by the tactile sense, that they should contain as few marks as possible,

that these marks should be as distinct as possible and that the amount of mental significance attached to every sign, should be as great as possible. The attempt has been made repeatedly to print embossed music for blind persons exactly in the form of the visible notes.

I remember when a boy at the Institution at Columbus, once handling with great curiosity a font of type by which notes could be set up. The only difficulty was, not that the notes could not be set up but that after they had been set up and printed, they could not be read again without such an enormous outlay of time as would break down the patience of Job and exhaust the lifetime of Methuselah. I well remember also a curious bit of apparatus invented by my revered and noble-hearted teacher, H. J. Nothnagel, who died eight years ago. This piece of apparatus was never of any value, though ingenious and prompted by sincere benevolence. It consisted of a little wheel containing five ridges with which he endeavored to print a staff by rolling it upon paper beneath which was a cushion of cloth. Then the notes were to be stamped by three little projections from the handle, one making an "o," or open head, another a solid head and the other a point, by which it was designed also to draw lines. The only difficulty with this machine, was that it was utterly impossible to get the impression uniform upon the paper; you never knew how your marks would come out, but there was always one thing of which you were positively certain, and that was that they would not be what you expected. I experimented with this machine while I was a boy at the Institution, with great patience, but it was utterly impracticable. He intended it as a mode of writing and reading the notes such as seeing people have. Both printing and writing notes in the usual form therefore being ruled out of court what follows? Of course an arbitrary system; and there is such a system, or rather I may say, there are two.

At this point the ingenuity of those noble and practical philanthropists who have striven to let the blind out of their prison of darkness by the golden key of education, has

failed. A most excellent and ingenious system has been invented which is in all respects thoroughly practical. It was in the first place a French invention, the idea having been struck out and perfected by a certain Louis Braille.

Just here it is worth while to digress a moment and ask our dearly beloved American, English and German races, who are so very fond of glorifying everything Teutonic, how many times have we had to trace back and find that things that ameliorate life and add comfort and elegance to the world, were French in their origin, invented by that magnificent race of brilliant, poetic, ardent men whom our English ancestors were fond, in their stolid insular pride, of calling "light," as if mere frivolity and mercurial spirits were their only characteristics. In the direction of the graces of mind, in the field of medicine—amelioration of pain—and in many departments of education, to say nothing of the marvellous realm of political ideas, how many of our greatest treasures and comforts were directly presented to the world by French brains. Witness, for example, almost the entire outfit of house decoration and elegance in manners, in the articles of the table, in the *petite morale* and the amentities of life. In medicine, the great discovery of Pasteur and a hundred others, in politics that sublime idea of the equality and real fraternity of all men which burst upon the world in such brilliant colors one hundred years ago, and which was, though fearfully and hidiously disguised, the teaching of Jesus re-emerging. No epoch in the history of the world has been so wonderful or significant as that which we call the age of the French Revolution, except the time when Christ was born under the reign of Augustus and crucified under the reign of the unspeakably infamous Tiberius.

A hundred years ago, in the time of the French Revolution, the idea of educating the blind came into the mind of a French abbé, Abbé Hauy. This idea, as taken up and elaborated by the practical genius of the American nation, already has dispelled the dark and gloomy mists of wretchedness from thousands of unfortunate human beings. This system of tangible writing for the blind consists of producing little

punctures in a piece of heavy paper, by a stylus, which is impressed upon the opposite side; the result is a little dot or embossed hillock, which can be arranged in a variety of groups. The number of dots employed is from one to six, and the average number per letter is three. The groupings are exceedingly various and every possible change in the position of a dot or the spacing of dots or groups of dots, in clusters both large and small, can be made of intellectual significance without any confusion to the mind. The system is equally applicable to music and all literary work. Every known language can be clearly and fully printed, or written by hand, the alphabet being identical for printing and writing. Also every known sign in music, from the simplest notion for a beginner in piano-playing to the most complicated score, can be expressed with absolute fullness and unambiguous clearness. I am accustomed to use, myself, the New York system, that, which is an improvement upon and modification of the French Braille system and made by William B. Wait, superintendent of the New York City Institution for the blind. We have already, a goodly number of books in this print by which a wide world is opened to blind students, but this is nothing compared to the vast advantage which point-print is to any one studying under this restriction, in that he is thus able to put a backbone into his memory, so add a new mordant to the color so that he is practically certain of never forgetting. The blind are praised a great deal for their quickness and retentiveness of memory, in fact praised a great deal too much, because people are apt, after a fifteen minute's visit to an institution for the blind, to go off into perfect spasms of admiration and to go away from the school with an impression that they are marvelously acute and wonderfully sympathetic, high-strung beings, not reflecting that this injudicious praise oftentimes makes blind people, like other human beings, quite satisfied to live in lazy luxuriousness and contented self-admiration.

This system of indicating music for the finger-tips must be understood, however, as only a means to an end—the

end being mental musicianship—clear, abstract, faultless, prompt perception of tones. I admitted, also, that the ear was of some value in acquiring music but it is of so little value that I can dismiss the subject with one paragraph. It may be, in the future, when phonograms are made cheap as well as more clear and pleasant to the ear than they are now, that blind men may be able to learn with greater ease the elaborate compositions which they now master by tedious processes of accretion. The advantage of the phonogram would be that one could listen to it many times. The great drawback about learning by ear is, that the mental process which is absolutely necessary in order to fix tonal ideas upon the memory, is, even with its lightning-like speed, much slower than the performance of tones. Just think of it for a moment—there are usually four distinct parts in all music and there are, not infrequently, five and six. There is a passage in Wagner's summing up of the "Götterdammerung," or rather of the whole tetralogy—the death of Siegfried—where there are eleven individual parts. Now, the ear can perceive all these perplexities and the heart can be agitated by a thousand conflicting thrills, but the mind cannot begin to keep pace with either ear or heart; but it is with the mind that we follow music, that we remember music, and that we fix it even when we are composing. Consequently, it is a great question whether it would not consume more time to play a passage of music often enough to memorize it accurately through the ear than it would to read the same passage in tangible notes, or to hear it pronounced in audible words. There is a use which a trained blind musician can make of his ear. It is this—suppose I have to play in church an anthem of no very great importance, not strikingly original in its details and consisting of such harmonic progressions, such melodic forms as are quite familiar to my thinking, it is then practical for me to grasp it by hearing it and this can be done in about one third the time it would take to read out the notes. By this means of course I do not play the accompaniment precisely note for note as it is printed but I give all its special ideas and I am full-fain

to think that occasionally I improve upon the wishy-washy lucubrations which pious stupidity and the love of lucre have united to beget and foist upon a patient public.

The foregoing will, I hope, make sufficiently clear to your readers how blind people can become acquainted with music and yet. I have often been asked by strangers with a bewildered and puzzled manner: "How-uh-uh- professor, -uh-uh-do you-uh-uh- manage to get acquainted with uh uh- new music as it comes out?" This question always provokes a profound secret amusement—the "inextinguishable laughter of the gods"—and I feel inclined to say outwardly as I think inwardly: "Thank God I do not become acquainted with most of the new music that comes out." It does not seem to occur to them that the matter of newness has nothing whatsoever to do with one's learning music. The composition might be as old as the days of Bach or Palestrina or Moses and the Egyptians, and it could be learned by exactly the same process, or it might be as new as the daily paper that comes to your breakfast table with the smell of ink upon it and the dampness of the rainy morning, yet the process would be identical. Of course, what they mean to ask is: "By what bridge do you pass over from total ignorance of a composition to mastery of it?" I have answered this question, I think, quite fully, both as to the general methods and as to the detailed steps, in the foregoing pages. It only needs a step farther, that is, to do what I have outlined a hundred times—a thousand times, ten thousand times, will, by a simple mathematical process carry a blind man any distance through the musical universe and enlarge his mental storehouse to a simply indefinite degree.

Once, while sitting at dinner with Mr. Theodore Thomas, I, in the course of conversation, alluded to having read a certain score. Mr. Thomas, with his characteristic sharp, abrupt manner, full of incisiveness, and in his high, startling voice said: "How can you read a score?" It was a natural question, but it nearly took my breath away. It revealed to me, by a flash of lightning, that this great man,

though he was for a time, himself, directly connected with a school for the blind, had not the faintest notion of how a musical mind operates in a body without sight. I or any other blind musician who cares to, can learn a score as well as anything else. I do not always memorize everything upon which I comment as a critic, for this is not necessary. The ear, which is not sufficiently accurate to enable one to memorize, is fully adequate to enable one to follow the outline of a composition in such a way, indeed, as to retain all its essential thoughts. I may find an analogy which will illustrate this matter. The eye takes in the letters more quickly than the mind grasps the meaning of the words in a language with which the reader is familiar, but who, after galloping for an hour through the newspaper, would be able to reproduce verbatim, literatum, punctuatim, seriatim what he has read? The blind man has to know his music as we know, or ought to know, the prayers which we learned at our mother's knee. It follows that from this positive and absolute memorization he can call out the performance or bring to the fields on the learner's mind the refreshing news of instruction.

In this paper I have endeavored to explain in as clear and brief a manner as possible, how persons without sight attack the great art of music.

There are three important topics as yet left to handle. These are. First, blind men as performers; second, blind men as teachers; third, blind men as composers of music. Each of these would present so many curious and pertinent details, that a full discussion of them must be postponed till the future opens a gateway. The methods of educating the blind are receiving so much analytical and patient attention, so much wide experiment, so much loving Christian care, especially in the numerous state institutions of our own sublime, though faulty republic, that all these knotty enigmas are not far from a solution.

As performers, the chief obstacles of the blind are to be found upon the pianoforte, which is an instrument of leaps. Upon the organ or the violin a blind man is at no disad-

vantage whatsoever, excepting always the laborious memorizing previous to performance. As composers the greatest difficulty is the complexity in the process of dictating notes and passing them verbally through the ears, mind and fingers of another person till they are fixed upon paper and materialized to the world. As teachers the chief and only difficulty which they encounter is the distrust of pupils and employers. At this point my anger is very difficult to suppress. The preposterous and fatuous ignorance upon this subject that exists in the minds of intelligent and kind-hearted people is enough to wear threadbare the patience of the most patient and as I individually do not claim to belong to the pachydermatous crowd who can stand any amount of irritating, prodding and scratching from the claws of aggressive ignorance. I am very free to admit that the effort to be forbearing often exhausts powers to the utmost and indeed threatens me with crystallization of the spinal marrow. I have often been vexed beyond endurance by finding people disposed to attribute errors of students to the fact that the teacher was blind when these identical errors exist in annoying and plentiful illustrations in the teaching of all teachers and the performances of all pupils. Blunders in pupils are as detrimental to the beauty of music as the gnawing of insects to the beauty of spring leaves which may be turned from an exquisite picture of the divine idea of beauty, wrought in greens and set upon a lovely framework, into a mere tattered rag of hidious ugliness and formless disproportion. So are blunders in music: what the botanists call the parenchyma of the soft tender tissue of green which overlays the frame-work of veins, that may be destroyed by blunders of all sorts in music and it is unspeakably preposterous and infamously unkind as well as detestably unreasonable for employers to charge up such errors to the blindness of the teacher instead of the stupidity of the pupil which they would not do in ordinary cases. I speak, perhaps with great vehemence of phrase and perhaps with a tinge of poison on the end of my arrows but this must not be thought to arise from personal experiences of this sor

for usually I was treated myself as an exception in many respects in which I am not at all an exception. My vehemence and heat are provoked by a vivid realization of the difficulties thus imposed upon my fellows who labor under the same restriction and obstruction. A blind man at all well grounded in theory can detect errors such as "D natural" in the harmony quite as well by the ear as the ordinary teacher can by the printed page. Is it not apparent without argument that a blind man can tell whether the scale of "D" major is played correctly without seeing all the notes?

Again, musical phraseology, like that of language, has certain laws of structure and sequence; so it is often possible for a man who has not actually fixed the notes in memory, whether or not he has the visible signs of them before his eyes to tell with absolute certainty what the author intended. It is thus obvious that blind people, when intelligent and industrious, can do nearly all, if not quite all the work of a teacher, but this subject expands into most tempting details to handle which my present space forbids. As performers the blind are capable of becoming admirably proficient upon any instrument whatsoever and upon the whole I doubt whether it requires a larger number of hours for a man without sight to learn to play than it does for a man who possesses that advantage. After all it is the measurement of distance, the accurate muscular sense, the perception of weights all highly differentiated, in a word, a mental picture vividly realized and minutely illustrated and which makes a performance upon so treacherous an instrument as the pianoforte an artistic possibility. At this point my opinion differs from that of my friend E. B. Perry, and I ought to speak with becoming modesty, since his practial experience as public performer is much wider than my own but I remember once hearing the admirable artist Julie Rivé-King say that she believed a person without sight, by sufficient concentration of thought, could learn to make all the most difficult leaps with precision. I know on the other hand instances of artists of considerable renown who have played such works as the E flat Waltz Caprice of Rubinstein and

missed about three out of every four of the high B flats which are put in as a tricky display effect and yet they looked at the keyboard all the time—they played from memory without even notes to distract them. As composers, there are a number of eminent blind persons and in this realm, purely abstract and spiritual, I believe that the concentration of mind produced by the obscuring of the outward world is actually favorable. Finally, to sum up all that I have said hitherto, I wish to remark that in no respect do I think the mere accident of blindness has any very marked influence in either elevating or depressing the quantity of one's musical powers or achievements; it modifies, but it does not materially increase or diminish one's powers. If then I be asked, "Why have we no composers of immortal rank among the blind, why no artists who can compete with Rubinstein or Liszt or Paderewski?" I repeat a reply which I made early in the article, namely that such human beings are extracts not from hundreds of thousands, not from millions, but from tens of millions of people; yes from hundreds of millions. We have sixty-five million inhabitants in the United States and how many Paderewski's have we developed? How many Beethoven's, how many J. S. Bach's, how many Richard Wagner's? When you consider the number of blind as a class, it will be not merely comprehensible that they are as insignificant musically as they are, but it is wonderful that so many of them have attained to respectable rank in the art. The lack of sight favors a metaphysical and analytical turn of the mind, though it does not produce it; nature alone by the configuration of the brain can produce this power. It, therefore, naturally follows that the blind find their greatest difficulty in outward and practical directions, such as routine teaching or the performance of commonplace, cheap music, whereas, on the other side, the more spiritual and extensive side of the art, where æsthetics come in play, philosophy, deep feeling, poetic analysis, here they are peculiarly strong. Such defects and imperfection as we find among our blind musicians as teachers or performers or composers, I attribute largely to the false position

in which they constantly find themselves in relation to the community at large. When the world has learned to think more honestly, more justly and that means more kindly and more considerately of the blind, the result will be many a beautiful flower of genius from these workers, many a product which will be helpful to the uplifting of the race, and the enlargement and sweetening of our spiritual atmosphere. Do not therefore ever talk to a blind man as if he were a helpless invalid, a pitiable idiot, a worthless burden or an incomprehensible saint, but deal with him as a normal human being existing under conditions which, thank God, are not matters of every-day frequency and repetition.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

THE OTHER SIDE.

FOR some years past our musical periodicals have been the arena in which the numerous champions of diverse modern methods and modern improvements in the study of the pianoforte have striven gallantly for pre eminence. The Brotherhood Technicon, the Virgil Practice Clavier, the Sickner Hand Guide, and many others, have claimed attention of teachers and students for the respective merits of their rival appliances for facilitating, by purely mechanical means, the acquisition of a piano technique. The muscular and anatomical construction of hand and arm have been minutely studied. Even the subtle relations and interdependence of nervous and muscular forces and the delicate distinctions between direct or conscious and indirect or unconscious volition, between primary and secondary or ganglionic cerebration, have been carefully investigated. Surgery, calisthenics and psychology have all been drafted into the service of pianism, as well as mechanical ingenuity, Yankee shrewdness in surmounting or evading difficulties, and the habit of systematizing and concentrating effort, engendered by our practical age.

As a result various brand new short cuts to the Olympian summit of pianistic fame and success have been confidently announced, all warranted easy grade; and each apostle of a new path has had a host of enthusiastic followers. Such is the potency in our day of the magic words "discovery" and "invention" as names to conjure with, and such is the convincing force of a half-truth when clearly presented upon most minds. As when gazing on the moon whose earthward hemisphere is bright with the sun's reflected radiance, we easily forget that the further side, invisible, because turned from us, is darkness and desolation.

A vast majority of the theories and beliefs, social, political and religious, which have divided the world's attention in

the past, which have been vigorously and ably promulgated and widely received, had their origin and foundation solely in the emphatic and lucid statement of half truths, too obvious to be denied, but presenting only one luminous side, while the other, veiled in darkness, is singularly ignored and forgotten. May I be pardoned for hinting that quite possibly much of the present rage for mechanical contrivances in the study of the piano is similarly based?

Let me state here clearly and strongly that I have no intention in this paper or elsewhere, of entering the lists as an opponent of the Technicon or the Practice Clavier. I would not be understood as attempting to depreciate their really great and widely acknowledged merits, or to decry their use, within certain reasonable limits. I believe in both, though I must own with a little of the feeling "Help thou mine unbelief." I fully and freely concede that both, properly employed, may be made of real value to piano students; but only in the attainment of certain specific results and only within certain narrow limitations. And it seems to me high time that some one should call a halt to the wholesale indiscriminate rush of the rank and file of pianoforte teachers and pupils from the time-honored beaten path of direct unmitigated practice of the piano itself, which after all has made good players in the past, into these new and as yet untested by-paths, which may or may not lead eventually to the same goal, till time and the explorations of the more adventurous have proved whether or not they are short cuts or even safely passable highways.

Of course it would be imbecile to assert that because Chopin, Liszt, Tausig, Rubinstein, D'Albert and Paderewski never used or needed such mechanical appliances, therefore they are and can be of no value. Columbus crossed the ocean in what was little more than an open sailing boat, and Liszt made his earlier concert trips in a stage coach; yet we admit the steamship and the palace car to be great improvements in the means of travel. It would only be necessary to show a few better pianists than the above named, who had gained their skill by means of mechanical

aids, or gained it in less time, to conclusively demonstrate the value of such aids. But no such pianists have as yet appeared. Will they ever appear?

Another way to thoroughly test the question would be to divide the pupils entering some large conservatory into two equal classes. Give one the full benefit of all modern appliances and theories and keep the other at work strictly along the old lines, and see at the end of two years which showed the best average of progress.

"But," I hear some reader exclaim, "Is it essential to prove everything before accepting it? Are not some conclusions, logically deduced from given premises, too self-evident to need actual demonstration?" Yes, friend, perhaps so. But it is precisely about the premises that we are likely to dispute. You claim that a good piano technique depends upon the possession of the following elements: Firstly, strength, flexibility and independence of the muscles of hand and arm; secondly, mental control of the motor nerves which work these muscles, enabling the player to relax or energize each at will and to make the comparatively few and simple movements required in playing with the greatest possible swiftness and precision, and with the least possible waste, force and motion. And you urge that these can be quickly and easily acquired by concentrating the attention and energy directly upon the nerves and muscles themselves and the special form of activity demanded of them, wholly disassociated from audible effects.

You are right, quite right, as regards your conclusion, but equally wrong in your premises, or rather, you are misled by one of those luminous deceptive half truths above referred to.

A good piano technique depends fully as much upon another equally important and indispensable factor, which you have apparently quite forgotten, namely the habit, long established, slow and difficult to acquire, of applying nervous and muscular means to musical ends, instinctively, automatically, unconsciously, as you adjust and employ the vocal chords and organs of articulation, to express the changing

emotions of love or hatred, gaiety or grief, without the intervention of deliberate mental effort. Music is only another language which, to be used with fluency, must in a way become our mother tongue, that is a familiar and intuitive means of expressing what we feel through audible effects or symbols, produced at will, as easily and unconsciously as our gestures or the tones of our voice.

This element of automatism, or more strictly speaking, ganglionic action, so absolutely essential to the pianist, can only be gained by long and close familiarity with the piano keyboard. It is a higher development of the same thing which in common handicrafts or sports we call a *knack* or a *trick*. Why can John, who has had his bicycle a month, ride so much better than Jo, who got his yesterday? They seem equally intelligent and determined and equal in bodily strength and agility. Simply because John has learned the knack by practice. And what is the knack? Nothing but the direct application, possible only through practice, of instantaneous ganglionic action to the special needs of this form of activity.

Let me explain. It is well known that in all large complex establishments, especially in the various departments of government, much of the detail work is done independently by subordinate secretaries, without referring it to their superiors; thus saving the latter much time and labor and ensuing greater dispatch. Just so, in the obscure basement of our many storied brain, are a set of modest, hard-working little honored officials called ganglia, whose constant, faithful attention to duty keeps the complex machinery of life safely running and renders existence possible, yet who are scarcely known even by name to one person in a hundred. It is they who control the complex telegraphic system of nerves connecting the brain with every part of the body and who send and receive all messages along these nerves to and from the brain. Many of the simpler, more habitual acts of life are performed by them without the intervention of the mind, as in walking, rocking, chewing, fanning oneself and the like; while, when occasion demands, they can act inde

pendently, to meet an emergency, with far greater rapidity than is possible to pure intellection, in spite of the proverbial swiftness of thought. For instance, when you touch a hot stove and the message of pain and danger is flashed along the sensory nerves to the brain, it is not referred to the intellect at all. There is no time for that. But the subordinate ganglia instantly flashes back over the motor nerves, the impulse to the proper muscles to contract and the hand is snatched away, in a tenth of the time it would take you to think over the situation and reason out what to do.

So in bicycling, if the rider is obliged to think, as the beginner must, "Now I am swaying to the right. I must obviate this declension from the perpendicular by turning my wheel in the same direction," he is flat in the mud before he has half completed his syllogism. Only when he has accustomed himself to make the necessary motion automatically, that is when the sensation of learning is instantly translated by ganglionic action into the movement to avoid it, can he keep his equilibrum and ride with safety. This acquired habit is the only knack there is. Mechanical proficiency in any line, from penmanship to tight-rope walking, depends mainly on this ganglionic action; and it must be recognized and utilized in pianoforte study if the highest results are to be obtained. No amount of strength and sup pleness, of precison and rapidity will avail, unless we have learned to apply them directly to musical ends, not merely with intelligence, but with instinctive automatism.

Suppose, for instance, that a long, gradual crescendo is to be rendered, leading from a delicate pianissimo up to the most stupendous climax. A man may possess the passion and power of a Rubinstein, the fire and impetuosity of a Liszt, the memory and intelligence of a Bülow. He may have every mental and technical resource at command. He may have played a score of fine programmes to as many hundred audiences. But he will not be able to make that particular crescendo as it should be made, with its scarcely perceptible gradations of power, its steady sustained growth

like the stealthy but irresistible rising of an ocean tide, unless he has established by long practice a perfect understanding between his ear and hand and brain and trained them to work in concert; unless he has attained a complete *ensemble* of his faculties, as necessary to them as to any trio of artists, no matter how good, when rehearsing a new piece of chamber music.

The same is true in a greater or lesser degree of every musical effort. There is no time for the slow roundabout action of intelligence, especially in climatic and cadenza passages; still less for the deliberate systematic application of a prescribed set of movements. The ear must be trained to demand a certain general result as a whole, and the hand to produce it simultaneously, by the automatic performance of the accustomed details, with a lightning-like speed which often leaves thought far out of sight. This can only be done by faithful practice on each special passage on the piano itself. I think no sane musician will dispute that assertion. Such being the case, how much time and effort is it wise to subtract from regular necessary piano practice and devote to supplementary muscular development by means of other appliances? Please mark that I do not say *none*. I merely ask the question. Others may answer it. But I will say that any very large amount of this indirect preparatory work seems to me like spending four years on Latin, as many do, for the sake of the aid it will be in learning French, when any average student might conquer French in half that time without the Latin. I have always felt that life was too short to spend much of it disinterring the corpse of a dead language to use as a stepping stone in reaching a living one.

It is not to be denied that a piano technique can be acquired much more easily and rapidly, by one who has had a long preliminary training by means of one or several of the dead mechanisms now in use, than by one who has not. But whether the extra amount of time and effort put upon the piano would not have been quite as much to the purpose, is still an open question. And even if decided in the negative, does the gain compensate for the loss of mu-

sical and emotional development during the hours so spent, or for the divided attention and dissipated unity or action among the various faculties and functions of the pianist?

In brief, the question resolves itself to this: How far can musical and technical growth be carried on to advantage simultaneously and independently; and how far is it wise to divide, disassociate and specialize them? I submit this question to the intelligent consideration of American musicians, merely remarking that novelty is not necessarily merit. A new idea is not therefore better or worse than the old. Each man must test it for himself and base his opinion on the result.

Personally I am free to admit that while it is the abuse rather than the use of mechanical means for musical ends that I deplore, and while I readily grant many, if not all the claims of their advocates for their utility, I feel that far too much importance is being attached to them and far too much time spent on them by many of our teachers and in many of our schools. The American mind naturally inclines to mechanics, rather than to art, and awakens to interest in a machine much more quickly and vividly than to a poem. Hence the technical side of music engrosses so many to the exclusion of every other. The more thoughful excuse it by saying they are getting ready to play artistically by and by; but life passes and they are still getting ready and getting their pupils ready. The time for playing never comes.

How many do we know with fine technical command of the piano, to which they are constantly and eagerly adding, with an endless string of scales and studies behind them, but who cannot produce a single thrill of æsthetic pleasure in any listener by playing the simplest composition musically. They have even forgotten that music was after all the end which they originally had in view. Like misers they gloat over their growing pile of technical means, which they never put to any use for themselves or others. They pride themselves on never giving a pupil a piece for a year, and as few as possible after that; when the sole object of studying the piano is to play enjoyably. In brief, they do more to streng-

then the public in the not unfounded opinion that the piano is an unmitigated bore than half a dozen artists can undo.

In the hands of such persons, a machine for the training of the muscles is an implement of incalculable mischief to the cause of music, and it is a sacred duty to warn the student against it and them.

In conclusion let me state the following general principle as, in my humble opinion, a safe one to follow in all cases. Whatever course of supplementary muscular training you see fit to follow, on or off the piano keyboard, with or without accessory machines, let it be always only supplementary and subordinate. If you wish to play the piano, study the piano, at least the great part of your time, and not anybody's method or mechanism. If you wish to play musically, study music, at least for the most part, and not mechanically devised exercises; remembering that the crying defect of our age in music is too much technique and too little of anything else.

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

LETTERS TO TEACHERS.--NEW SERIES.

EXPERIENCE having shown the letter form to be convenient for the informal handling of small practical questions which come in from teachers, the undersigned will hereafter conduct such a department in MUSIC, to which teachers generally are at liberty to send all sorts of questions. Very likely one may be weighed in the balances many times over in the course of a year and found wanting, (for the simplest teacher can ask conundrums which the wisest is as helpless to answer as is the asker) but at least the undersigned has friends and neighbors of untold knowledge, and it will go hard if they are not brought into requisition from time to time.

1. The first question is from a teacher who wishes to know what to use to cure a rigid arm touch, the pupils having been taught with no attention to touch. She had heard of Mason's "Touch and Technic," as, indeed, many who write to me have, but it seems to her as if some gradual manner of overcoming the difficulty would, perhaps, be better than to introduce anything so radically different to all the previous exercises.

To this, I answer, there is nothing better than the wrist and arm exercises, and particularly the exercises for devitalized touch in Mason's work. It is precisely what is needed, and if the pupil cannot afford to buy the book, the teacher should give the exercises by note. Loosen up the wrist. Very likely there are many other methods of accomplishing this result, but none is so rapid and radical that I know of as Mason's.

2. Another applicant wants to know how she shall go to work to give pupils some idea of the standard operas.

To this I answer, there is no way. Mr. Geo. P. Upton has written a little book, called "The Standard Operas" with their stories, and with critical remarks upon their music.

The writing is eminently sound, following the best opinions, the writer himself being a very experienced musical critic. If you were to take this work as text book, or as source for lectures, and then getting the best pieces of the work, have them well performed in the hearing of the pupils, they would, undoubtedly, know more about the operas at the end of your exercises than at the beginning, but this would still fail to give the stage effect and the orchestration, which are two extremely important matters. There is nothing better that I know of. To give pianoforte arrangements of the melodies is useful, within limits, but it affords very little real idea of the opera, for in opera it is a question not so much of *music* as of stage effect, *melody* and *voice* with action. The impassioned human voice cuts by far the largest figure in the list of elements which make opera effective. It is very unfortunate that opera is so rare in this country—*i. e.* that standard operas are so rare. Light opera is sometimes very well done in quite small towns.

3. An inquirer asks a very important question about Mason's Scales. He desires to know whether Mason intends the scales to be gone through in all keys before proceeding to take up the different models for playing; or whether all the models are to be applied to some one scale before taking up any other.

This question must be answered in the book, I fancy, if one reads carefully. But it may not be clear. Mason supposes that the scales will be given the young pupil in all keys within the first or the first two quarters. The form will be most likely one octave, both hands playing alike, but separately for most of the time, in order to permit the fingering to be well mastered. Within this limit of one octave, one can apply velocity practice, and graded rhythms of three grades, *i. e.* up to sixteenths. As soon as one scale gets easy, another is given, and so on until all have been brought up to this grade. Most likely it will be found that towards the last the pupil could just as well play two octaves or four as one, and the enlargement might as well be made. So also with the velocity, it can be extended to an octave and a

half or more, according to the ability of the pupil.

Very soon the scales in canon are to be given, because there is nothing which establishes the order of the fingering and makes it sure as does the canon practice. It is to be applied to all the scales one after another, and in certain distances an octave and a few notes more. I am accustomed to use in the scales of the first class, C to E, canons of nine, eleven and thirteen notes, as well as two octaves. The distances I have named include the turning points where a certain finger has to be put over.

Later, about the third grade, the scales will be gone through again in more elaborate forms, including some of those in contrary motion, and canons larger than before, and velocity over wider stretches. Different touches are applied. And still more difficult forms come later. In fact, there is no point in the progress where a form of scale practice may not be found useful for making the playing fluent and pleasing. Now one works two strings at once: The keys are changed continually in order to make the fingering certain, and the forms are made more and more difficult as the pupil is able to take them.

Another question in this connection is as to the proper time for introducing the velocity exercise (page 13), and how long one would hold the half note. The velocity exercises are to be introduced for short distances the very first time the teacher discovers that the pupil cannot play rapidly (after he has learned what it is that he is asked to play rapidly). This will be very soon, but the velocity exercise will not be extended; only short distances will be taken. As for the length of time to hold the half note, the metronome marks will show the moment when the student should arrive at the concluding tone. The half note has to be held until past "two," but very little longer, especially when the distances get long. Always hold until after "two," then let drive for the last tone, which must always be strong and sharp. The velocity exercise is great practice.

4. Here is one who desires to know whether the Music Extension movement is given up. It is not. The inquirer

says: "Living in a small place with few advantages, my teacher, the best in the place, says execution is everything. But I feel the knowledge of musical history, theory and harmony, in addition to execution." She adds that the Music Extension movement, if carried out upon the economic scale of the Chautauqua movement, would do untold good.

The inquirer is quite right as to the advisability of the advantages she names. Perhaps one of the most practicable movements for the present, would be a local circle taking up the ten weeks in the Modern Romantic, outlined in the September number. The course was not very difficult, and the selections are convenient. The question of providing suitable manuals for this sort of circles is now receiving a great deal of attention in several quarters. MUSIC will probably have a few albums of the kind needed within the present year. Meantime one will have to buy more books in order to get the material, but in a later number an estimate of the least expensive way of getting the music, will be submitted.

Let no reader hesitate to propound questions to this department, on the ground that they are too trivial. Anything which interests you, will be sure to interest some one else. This is a long and a wide table which MUSIC spreads month by month, and the cook hopes to have something here for all appetites.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

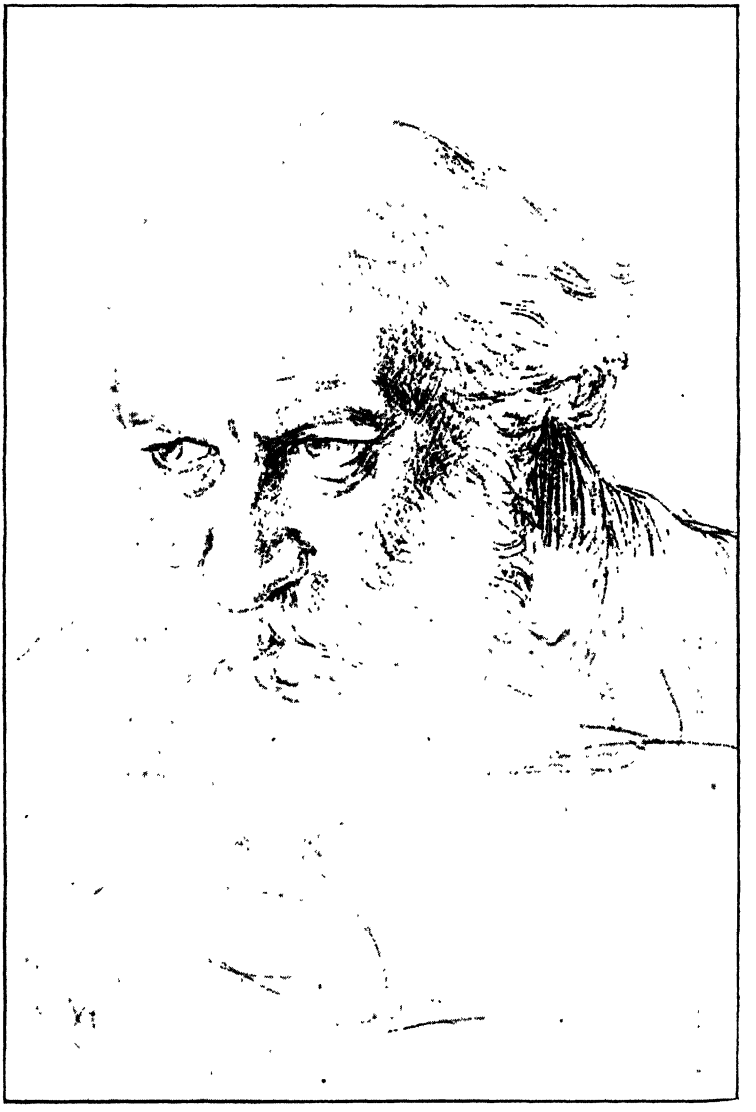
JULIUS FUCHS, LEARNED ARTIST.

DR. JULIUS FUCHS has returned to Chicago. After an absence of nearly five years from the scene of twenty years of active work in the field of music, as a teacher of the piano, organ and voice culture, and as pianist, orchestra-leader and conductor of singing-societies, he was induced by his former pupils to remain, while here from New York on a brief visit to the World's Fair.

The name of Julius Fuchs has ever stood for progress in music. Born in 1836, at Potsdam, Germany, of musical parents, and reared in an atmosphere of music, he was fitted, while still a young man, to take a leading position as a musician in Berlin, where, through intercourse with Liszt and Wagner, he became an enthusiastic advocate of their school and was the first to introduce many of the works of those masters to the public.

The life-work of the subject of this sketch is entitled "Musical Compositions." He has already devoted thirty-five years to it, until now it is approaching completion. The work is in three parts. Part 1 consists of a critical compilation of all vocal and instrumental music that has been composed from the fifteenth century to the present time. In part 1 the better of these compositions are classified, as an aid to selection for purposes of instruction and information, according to the merit of the composer and that of the composition and its degree of difficulty in execution and interpretation. Part 3 portrays the relation of music to the other arts.

The enormous amount of study and research necessary for an undertaking so stupendous as that of his work, has driven Mr. Fuchs to dig through the libraries in all parts of the civilized world. In New York he had access to the Drexel, the Astor and the Lenox libraries. Exhausting these, he devoured his way through the musical libraries of Germany, England, Scotland, France, and Italy.



DR JULIUS FUCHS.

In Munich, the plan of the third part of the work aroused so much interest in the students and professors of the University, that Mr. Fuchs was induced to lecture before them on "The Relation of Music to the Other Arts." This led to interesting discussions at the house of Professor Brunn, the eminent archæologist, and the one to seek a resemblance in the "Gigantomachy of Pergamon" to Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries." Professor Carrière, the Nestor of the science of æsthetics, encouraged Mr. Fuchs to continue to lecture on this interesting subject through Germany; but his engagements in New York would not permit him to prolong his stay abroad. During the winter of 1892–3 these lectures were repeated in New York and in Brooklyn, and were delivered with illustrations on the piano and photographic reproductions of the appropriate paintings.

The grand exhibition of paintings at the World's Fair afforded the attraction to which the return of Mr. Fuchs to Chicago is mainly attributable. There he was enabled to indulge, to his heart's content, in tracing for his pupils the resemblances between modern musical compositions and the modern masters of the painter's art, in much the same way that he had been enabled, in the museums of Europe, to trace the resemblance between Durer and Bach-Michael Angelo and Beethoven-Mozart and Rafael-Händel and Rubens; and in impressing upon them, as a maxim, that to become proficient in music one must cultivate art in all its branches.

W. P. D.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE musical season is opening very late in Chicago. The usual round of chamber concerts began some time ago, and the various schools, which are now both numerous and strongly manned, have begun their annual series of concerts, of one sort and another. These concerts generally appeal to the *clientele* of the school, and commonly are attended only by dead-heads. In fact one has almost to furnish some kind of a chromo to attract attendants to any kind of concert by local talent. Of course this is wrong, for the majority of our local artists have their standing, and are well worth hearing, and paying to hear. Nevertheless, aside from Fannie Bloomfield-Zeissler, I doubt whether there is any kind of a virtuoso player in Chicago who could draw one hundred dollars to a concert in the city. Two causes have co-operated to bring about this state of things. One is the fact that the local players too often consent to appear when as a matter of fact they have nothing to say. They sing any kind of a song that they happen to catch up, or they play any new combination of the familiar pieces in which they have too often been heard before.

Even when the combination is a larger one for chamber music, it too often fails to represent the requisite amount of preparation. It is regarded by some artists as a matter of religion to play a certain number of chamber music concerts every year, and they accordingly do this, but they entirely fail to so prepare the music as to make it appeal to the hearers.

What is wanted in performing symphonies or quartettes for the cultivation of hearers is not so much that they may be able to say that they have *heard* such-and-such a composition, as that they have both heard it and *liked* it. Now a sympathetic performance of any chamber composition of any composer of real imagination and depth of feeling, wil

invariably awaken feeling in the listener. Those who are bored by chamber music have heard it performed in a boring manner. And this is too often what happens.

Of course there are pieces of music which are conundrums to the best musicians, as "Hamlet" is to the admirers of Shakespeare. In these cases, nevertheless, there are many passages where the heart might be moved, for no composer is deep and incomprehensible for forty minutes together. The capable interpreter will manage to bring out all the clear and beautiful passages in such manner that the listener will find them beautiful. The unclear ones, (where the best of us are not quite sure whether it answers to Bill Nye's dictum that classical music "is a great deal better than it sounds") the artist will do the best he can with, and leave the result with the higher powers which certainly "make for" altruistic effort in art.

* * *

Another cause for the popular apathy, as regards local artists, is commonly found in the unfriendly and unsympathethic attitude of the daily newspaper press towards them. I admit that there is something curious in this. Still it is not so entirely different to what every professional man finds. What the players object to is the fact that while the local papers will give them three lines of advance announcement, it will not give them ten lines of criticism, and in point of fact as a rule will not even send a critic there who will sit through the programme. As a rule, the critic has to "take it in" on his way to something else. Whatever his preferences may be, it generally happens that the particular thing upon the programme which he would have been glad to hear has taken place before his arrival, or else comes so late that he cannot remain to hear it. He is left therefore under the necessity of saying little or nothing, which he generally does rather well.

This attitude of the local critics strikes new-comers unpleasantly. Take the case of our leading artists. When Mr. A. used to come here, he had half columns for each of his recitals, and they well deserved it. So also Mr. B.

when he first came back from abroad. But now Mr. A. plays recitals which ought to interest musicians and in fact *do* interest musicians, but without a word of criticism in the daily press. Mr. B. has, some time ago, foregone the expectation of attention. If his own friends come out and his pupils and the friends they bring, he flatters himself at least that there is no critic present to go away and say: "Mr. B. last night exhibited all his well known inadequacy to deal with the profound music of Schumann," or whoever the composer was, "but in spite of this the quite large audience present applauded his several numbers with no uncertain hand"—and more of the same sort. Even this he thinks not quite so bad as the work of the critic, who being fresh from a few short studies says: "Mr. B. last night essayed a very difficult and important programme, such as any artist in the world might have been proud of playing. It is a pity that the Gavotte from Boccherini" (the only piece in the whole programme which the reporter happened to know well enough to venture local coloring without reference to an encyclopedia) "was not better treated, for it is one of those gems which a Raphael of tones might have signed. The first theme was fairly well given, but where the modulation begins, (N. E. corner of page 4, two inches E. by South) the D in the principal part was taken entirely too hard, and with a faulty touch. The C following was not adequately *nuanced*, and the chord following later was fairly failed upon instead of being the only point of brightness in the whole piece, as the composer intended. It is as if the cloudy sky with the drifting cirra and the heavy rain clouds had broken away for a moment, permitting Venus, the day star of Heaven, to shine out. All this our popular pianist missed. Later his programme had the Beethoven Sonata "Appassionata," the Schumann "Fantasia," and the Brahms Quintet, which he read in his accustomed manner. The list was severe, no less upon the audience than upon the player; but many of the hearers remained to the end. Some of these, to be sure, were relatives, and one other was his manager. The next recital of this very interesting series

will be given two weeks from next Saturday, at sixteen minutes after 4. Admission cards should be applied for not later than 3 A. M. of the previous Friday."

Between the critic who knows a few of the little pieces and spends his time upon those, and the managing editor, who orders him to "say something," and the fact that any ordinary concert is a bore to a man who is unfortunately compelled to write about it, and has to go to two or three every night, and write something about each of them, the local artist comes to grief, and it is perhaps not strange that he loses interest and plays about as perfunctorily as he is written about.

* *

I am sure I cannot propose a remedy. After more or less responsibility in a criticizing way for twenty-five years or such matter, I confess that I have never discovered a way out. The truth is, a man loses capacity for enthusiasm, or it takes a good deal to awaken his enthusiasm, and he will hear all ordinary playing and singing as unconcernedly as ducks enjoy a mild rain. What does a duck care whether the rain is one of the finest of the season, or whether it has a quarter inch of water, a half inch, or three inches? All she cares is that it rains. So with a critic. All he cares is that "it concerts," and his only interest turns on the question as to how many concerts there are, and how soon he may possible get far enough through them to be able to risk all the subsequent proceedings.

* * *

Of course this comes back again to my first point, that the great majority of local musical performances do not have in them that something which alone would make them enjoyable. They fail to stir a feather. One takes them like a hail storm. All one waits for is to hear each one of the principal performers, in order to get her range anew for this one night. The second appearance will surely be of the same kind. She may be recalled once or twice more, but that does not signify. Now is this attitude of the critic nec-

essarily unjust to the artist? Suppose for instance Paderewski had been treated in this manner, he might not have come off unjustly. If one had heard him play, for instance, only his own Minuet, one would have been sure of his lovely touch, his repose, and the obvious fact that anything played by him would be interesting. For interest in piano performance does not at all turn upon *what* is played, but upon *how*, and perhaps not even upon this, so much as upon the mere tone quality itself. There is a tone quality which commands attention upon the moment. You may have heard the player hundreds of times; you may never have heard him or heard of him. If he *has* this something, you listen from the first note. Suppose for instance, that that splendid virtuoso and popular fiddler, Musin, appeared before you for the first time, and that you had never heard him or of him. What would be the difference? His repose and his tone arrest your attention from the moment. You never wander from him while he plays. You may disapprove of many things he does, but the tone is there all the same. This is what holds you. Yet how few singers are there who with that greatest and most thrilling of all musical instruments, the human voice, are able to appeal to you by the mere soulful quality of their tone?

What is it, tone or soul? Both I fancy. Patti, for instance, had the tone, and she was able for many years to conceal the fact that she did not have the soul. She still has something of the tone, while her sometime rival, Christine Nielsson, two years younger than she, has lost her voice and all her power to charm. I have always maintained that this which charmed us in Paderewski's playing was not so much his technique (which was very great) as his musical soul. And D'Albert again is an artist for whom I have never been able to get up a sympathy, though everybody tells me that he is a great musician. I do not care to hear him play, and I cannot believe that he has a great soul. But perhaps he has. Then there is Joseffy; tone is his charm. And a wonderful charm it is. Can it be possible that there is a man able to do one of those refined pieces of his repertory as he

does it, and yet have a soul incapable of refinement, unadvanced and low? I do no believe it.

At all events the fundamental fault with the great majority of local concerts is that they give us amateur or small Hamlets; or industrious little Shylocks, or ambitious little Julius Cesars.

* * *

This brings up again the place in nature of the infinitely little. Certainly it must have a place, or nature would never have made so much of it, nor have put it in such prominent place. But what ought to be our attitude toward it, is one of those things which I have never been able to find out. Ought we to reverence it, on account of the painstaking finish with which it has been made? Can we dare to think disrespectfully of it when we ourselves may (and most likely do) belong to the same class, order, and species? What should be our attitude? This is a conundrum which the reader may answer if he please.

* * *

Take concerts, again. Ought the critic to determine the quality of his notice and the amount of "space" according to the length of time the artist spent in preparing it? Or according to the distance the average hearer travelled in getting there? Or according to the number who attended? Or according to the managing editor and his philistine temper? These are the conundrums which newspaper men fail on as completely as readers or players.

* * *

There is only one satisfactory way to notice concerts and sermons. It is to permit the preachers and performers to send in the kind of notice they would like, and then religiously forbear to edit them. This, however, is liable to make trouble with the "intelligent reader"—meaning the reader who will give an opposition concert or preach in the church across the street.

* * *

"The least said, the soonest mended."

* * *

This is the great principle upon which our newspaper powers conduct our education in art. Especially musical art.

* * *

Consistency is not a virtue. Look at woman. By general confession she is the crown of creation. Man is lord of creation. Woman is lord of man. So there she is.

Now who ever accused her of consistency? What would be the charm of a consistent woman? You would know any day exactly what she would do in any imaginable set of circumstances. She could be calculated, like an eclipse. You could have her phases in an almanac. And then you could stay at home and consult the almanac and there would be an end to marrying and giving in marriage, for all the mystery and romance would be out of life. The unexpected has its duty. It's duty is to happen. Woman looks after this. Therefore we look after woman, and so we will go on doing as long as the world stands.

* * *

Hence in owning up to surprise at something I have seen in a Chicago newspaper during the past week I am not undervaluing it. As already shown, consistency is a purely commercial virtue, having little or no altruistic currency. Nevertheless the *Evening Post* has given me a sensation. It lately had a long and appreciative article concerning Theodore Thomas. He is a great conductor, it seems, a good musician and so on and so on. His vacation at Fairhaven seems to have done him good, for when he left the World's Fair, in August, he did not possess a single one of these virtues. I am glad that Thomas has improved. He must have needed to. And I am not sorry that the *Evening Post* has been the the first to find it out. As Robert Tombs of Georgia used to say when he had discovered himself to be on a new side of politics, "The gentleman may talk about consistency as much as he likes. I do not ask myself the stupid question "Am I consistent?" I say "*Am I right now, Bob Tombs?*". This is the true journalistic spirit.

* * *

That indomitable worker, fertile schemer, and most versatile of newspaper men, Mr. Melville E. Stone, used to say that the office of journalism is to "reflect public opinion, and not to lead it." Of coure there is a fallacy in this; for the selection of a phase of public opinion to reflect is exactly the crucial point of the whole business, and in all trying exigencies is tantamount to leading the public opinion. All the same I am glad that Mr. Thomas has not to go through the season with the *Evening Post* under the impression that he is no musician, and not fit to conduct concerts in a beer-garden. His light has begun to shine.

* * *

And speaking of Thomas, the ladies of society are "booming" the present season of orchestral concerts in a very workmanlike manner. They will save their husband's money. They might have undertaken this years ago with good advantage. I only hope that their husbands, who are on the guarantee bond, have been labored with to the end of making a fair ditty with their wives, provided they manage the boom so successfully that there is no deficiency. This would be no more than right. Milward Adams tells me that the advance subscription is larger this year than ever before. I hope he was not taking a mean advantage of my innocence and adding the subscriptions of the ladies to the $50,000 guarantee fund. Surely he would *not* do this?

* * *

Seriously, however, if Mr. Thomas would wake up, he has now no opposition in this country. Nikisch is no longer here, and Nikisch was the only conductor whom musicians could honestly say they would rather hear play than Thomas. And this not so much because Nikisch was an out and out better conductor than Thomas, but because he was a more interesting one. He had the great fundamental vir tue, to which I have above referred. You never knew exactly where you would be "at." One time a very interesting and inspiring performance, another a tame and spiritless one. Nothing sure. With Thomas you can depend upon

a standard which rarely falls below; but also you can depend upon his not rising much above it. Only now and then does he rise to his fullest powers and stir the listening soul. One of these occasions was the last orchestral concert of the Fair, when he played the magnificent Fifth Symphony of Tschaikowski. That was a great afternoon. The orchestra played divinely, and the grand and swelling climaxes of the great Russian were given with a spirit and sonority calculated to stir the very soul. It was one of those rare moments which leave their memory forever.

* * *

And what a loss was this of Tschaikowski. The three greatest composers in the whole world, in point of genius and brainy force, were Brahms, Tschaikowski, and Dvorak. Of these, had he lived a few years longer, the second would have stood unquestionably at the head. Brahms is, no doubt, a great master—but he rarely moves us. Mystical, at times forceful, always masterly in his art of handling themes, his imagination has in it a few touches of the lighter sentiment. Dvorak is a fine master, full of interest and beautiful ideas. But Tschaikowski had larger ideas, and a more collossal way of marshalling them. His art had the tremendous energy of his race, with its half barbaric knack of pomp, and its undertone of misery, sorrow and pessimism. Occasionally, however, he rose above this, and his spirit took mighty flights into the realms of the highest empyreum. Such was the case with this fifth symphony. It is a master work of very high character.

Tschaikowski was a man of education, and of good parts. He represented a higher stratum of culture than Dvorak, fine as the latter is. It was the music of the man of intellect, who in consequence of his intellect has also more of emotion, and is able to concentrate it better. Passion rides high with Tschaikowski occasionally. The Bohemian master has passion also, but not so fierce and sympathy-compelling us this of Tschaikowski.

There is a very pretty set of pianoforte pieces lately published by the great Russian. Among them several are

of great merit. Like all things which are written for the pianoforte in a new way, the critics speak of them as unfitted to the pianoforte. This is not so. It used to be said of Schumann. Anything which can be well done upon the piano is fitted to it; and these pieces *can* be well done. No matter if the passages are rather difficult at times; the effects are legitimate and good. And why should we go on playing always the same old formulas?

The work is called Op. 72, and the full list is the following:

P. Tschaikowski, Op. 72.

1. Impromptu. 2. Berceuse. 3. Tendres Reproches. 4. Danse Charactéristique. 5. Meditation. 6. Mazurka pour Danser. 7. Polacca. 8. Dialogue. 9. Un Poco Di Schumann. 10. Scherzo Fantasia. 11. Valse-Bluette. 12. L'Espiègle. 13. Echo Rustique. 14. Chant Elégiac. 15. Un Poco Di Chopin. 16. Valse à Cinq Temps. 17. Passe Lontaine. 18. Scène Dansante. (Invitation au Trepak).

Of these the best are perhaps Nos. 7, 10, 11, and 14, but several of them will be handy for students.

* * *

In one respect the fair entire turned out very different from what had been expected. In an earlier number of MUSIC the likelihood of profuse illustration was mentioned. But when the fair actually began, several difficulties presented themselves. In the first place musical display afforded scarcely anything to illustrate. That is to say, everything was old, and there was nowhere anything sufficiently new or strange to deserve illustration. Then the gentleman who had a photographic concession, a son of President Higinbotham, put upon an innocent kodak a price of two dollars a day, for its use in the fair. The various freaks in the Plaisance set a photographic privilege at a dollar. And so it went. Moreover, the light in the musical section was so poor that a good picture was scarcely obtainable, had there been anything to represent. From a picturesque point of view it was a question of hollowness and of sawdust stuffing.

The programme of the Apollo Club is out of season. They offer four concerts, subjects and dates as follows:

I. Dec. 28, "The Messiah," Miss Juch, etc. II. Feb. 1, "Samson and Delilah," by Saint-Saens. III. March 8, Part Songs for Male Voices. IV. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and Chadwick's "The Dying Phœnix."

Here again we find much that is familiar, and only one small American work. I would like to inquire what country this society considers itself to be singing in, anyway? Time was when almost every season saw something of American production. Some of the best successes they have ever had, they got in music by Dudley Buck. His "Nun of Nidaros," "King Olaf's Christmas" and "Lead, kindly Light" are three of the best part pieces that the world's repertory can show, and none have served the Apollo Club better, for they have sung them hundreds of times, and always with great effect. Yet all the larger works of this master are ignored as if they did not exist. Here, to be sure, we do have one American work. This piece, written for the Exposition, is highly praised by Mr. Tomlins, and I do hope t will appear on the programme. But I notice that the American composer is very apt to get left. If there is a frost anywhere, his work is the one which gets nipped. On the other hand, there seems to be plenty of time to give fourth rate English music, like this stuff of Pianofore Sullivan, who is not a great man, even if dignified with a "Sir." His music is well and industriously made, with a certain appreciation of effect, but there is little in it. And at the very best it is below much of American production which these directors or music committee people do not seem to know about. Perhaps a station of the American Home Missionary Society might be established in Chicago to good advantage.

* * *

The Apollo Club has taken another step backwards. They have given up the wage-workers' concerts. This is a pity. I am told that there was fear of hard times and a deficit; and that in some cases the privileges of the wage-

workers had been abused; tickets awarded had been sold to people who ought to have bought first-night tickets. I suppose that the real working classes (using the term as applying to the lower classes of workers) found perhaps not so very much to interest them in these concerts. This I can well understand, for occasionally there was a programme which was tough upon musicians of established powers of endurance. Even so beautiful a work as Dvorak's "Requiem," conducted by Mr. Thomas, (who is not a choral conductor), was rather uninteresting. Its only chance was lost when Mr. Tomlins laid down the bâton. It could have been carried to a triumphant performance, had its vocal opportunities been fully brought out. If Dvorak himself had led it as he led his Fourth Symphony on Bohemian day, it would have seemed beautiful—as it is. But in any case a requiem is rather monotonous. "Who cares to hear a burial service as a form of amusement?" was the form in which the innate objection was voiced by one of the hearers.

* * *

I learn with pleasure that Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham has given his pledge to carry on Mr. Tomlins' work with poor children. Mr. Tomlins' work with children has been regarded by observers from a variety of standpoints. For a long time it was a fashion to say in professional circles that his treatment of young voices was not judicious and that it might do harm. I believe this form of objection has now practically been given up, and the position taken that he does not teach the children to read music. This also is not true. But if it were, it would cut no figure besides the entirely peculiar and great merits of the work. As Mr. Tomlins administers it, his childrens' work is of a civilizing character. He holds that in the same way as we have found manual training to aid education by affording the mind the stimulus of something to do, producing a visible effect in material, so music properly applied, affords still more and deeper stimulus, by acting upon the very inmost soul of the boy, calling into action his powers of feeling and imagination and disposing him to an attitude of friendliness and

brotherhood toward the boy next him at first, and towards the neighbor in general, later. Whatever may be the value of the philosophy by which this work is supposed to be explained, there is no question as to its great value to the children themselves, especially to those from the poorer homes. By all this class, Mr. Tomlins and his assistants are regarded as angels in visible form. And the delight of the singing hours is the most precious of the entire week's experience. Moreover, after a year or two of this training, it is the testimony of all who know the children at home, that they are generally improved, in all respects, and most of all in those which the common school fails to reach.

* * *

Mr. Tomlins has long felt the desire of doing this work also with the working classes themselves. He believes that even under the existing conditions of commercial life and the labor market, that there are resourses enough, if fairly divided to afford all workers at least the necessities of life; and that, if it were possible to change the attitude of fault-finding to one of brotherhood and kindly regard, with action corresponding thereto, there might be something far more beautiful in society than we have now. That singing clubs among the working men would put meat into the pot, he does not really think; but given the smallest bit of meat in the pot, he believes that singing, properly enjoyed among them, would have an effect in harmonizing and inspiring, of the greatest possible value as a social ministry. The ideas of Pythagoras upon the soul-tuning power of music were mere beginnings as compared with Mr. Tomlins' ideas.

It is a great pity that conditions cannot be made for trying this sort of work. The prime difficulty is that of securing other teachers able to administer it in the same spirit as Mr. Tomlins himself. Few teachers of singing understand the subject so well, as Music, Voice, and Science. And fewer still have the knack of meeting plain minds in friendly contact.

* *

I think we are presently likely to see a new departure in applying music as social force, towards regenerating society. There are many men working in this same direction. Mr. C. B. Cady, who in many respects is the opposite of Mr. Tomlins, is equally drawn towards this use of music for aiding the hearts and lives of working people. Unfortunately, however, no one of these would-be missonaries is able to burn his bridges and throw himself into the work not expecting to derive from it pecuniary reward. Bread and butter is a question with the missionary no less than with all the other working men and women. I do believe that a couple of thousands of dollars, might be well spent in trying this work.

W. S. B. M.

ADVANCE STUDY OF A PIANOFORTE PRIMER.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Copyright, 1893, by W. S. B. Mathews.

[PREFATORY NOTE.]—In the following pages of a proposed piano primer an attempt is made at clearer statement, and a more orderly presentation of subjects than usual. W. S. B. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE KEY-BOARD AND NAMES OF KEYS.

(KEYBOARD CONCEPTS.

1. Before us is the Keyboard. Touch the keys and tell me in which direction, towards the right or towards the left, the tones produced become higher.

A. The tones are higher as you go towards the right; as you go towards the left they become lower.

NOTE.—If the terms "higher" and "lower" do not immediately commend themselves to the pupil, cause tones to be sung which fall within the convenient compass of the voice. The impression "higher" in this way usually forms itself, as related to tension.

2. What general name is applied to the right end of the key-board?

A. Treble.

3. Why treble?

A. Because the tones of this part of the keyboard correspond to those of the treble or female voice.

4. What general name is given to the left hand end of the keyboard?

A. Bass, because the tones of this part correspond to those of the bass or male voice.

5. Observe the order of the white and black keys. Is there always a black key next a white one?

A. In most cases, yes. But, occasionally, there are two white keys together with no black key between them.

6. Find such a case.

A. The pupils point out E and F, and B and C. But do not yet give their names.

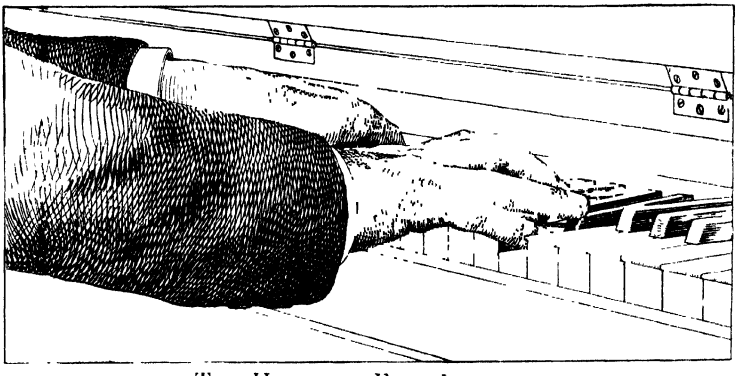
7. What do you notice concerning the grouping of the black keys.

A. They fall into groups of twos and threes.

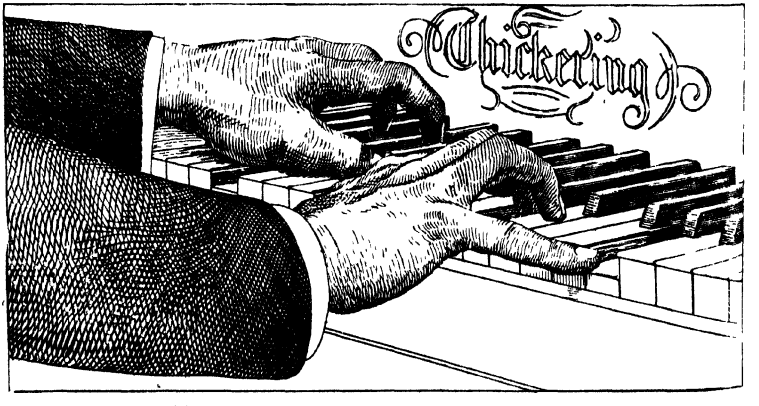
8. Count from some one white key, as, for instance, the white key at the left of the two black keys, to the eighth white key above, (counting that with which you begin and the one with

A STUDY OF HANDS.





THE HANDS OF EMIL LIEBLING.



THE HANDS OF AUGUST HYLLESTED.

which you end) and tell me how many black keys are included?

A. Five.

9. Count again from the white key at the left of the group of three black keys, to the eight white key towards the right. How many black keys are included?

A. Five.

10. Count again from any other white key you please to the eighth white key upon the right, and tell me how many black keys are included?

A. Five.

11. Again, beginning with the white key at the top of the group last found, count to the eighth white key above, and how many black keys are embraced?

A. Again five.

12. In thus counting distances upon the keyboard you are measuring what is called Interval. What is Interval?

A. Interval is difference in pitch.

13. What is Pitch?

A. Pitch is the quality of highness or lowness in tones. Pitch means "point," and the pitch is the point of highness or lowness of a tone.

14. How are intervals measured?

A. By the number of scale degrees comprised.

15. How are intervals measured upon the keyboard?

A. By the number of white keys comprised.

16. What names are given intervals?

A. Numeral names, Prime, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Octave (or Eighth), Ninth.

17. When you count from one white key to the eighth upon the right, what interval do you measure?

A. An Octave.

18. Observe the effect of the two tones of the octave when sounded together and separately, one after another. Do you perceive any resemblance between them?

A. The tones agree very well.

19. Repeat the principle of the Octave.

A. Tones which are octaves to each other are equivalent in music, and can be substituted for each other in chords without changing the harmonic effect.

20. How are tones named?

A. By the first seven letters of the alphabet. A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

21. Is the order just given ascending or descending?

A. Ascending. The descending order reverses the above. A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, G, etc.

22. How many keys are upon the keyboard?

A. In seven octaves fifty.

23. How can the entire fifty be named by the use of only seven letters?

A. The seven letters name the white keys in any one octave The eighth is the same as the first. The naming of the black keys will come later.

24. Where do you find A upon the keyboard?

It is the upper white key within the group of three black keys.

25. Touch and name the white keys of one octave beginning with A?

A. The pupil does so.

26. Which are the easiest keys to find, when the eye is not accustomed to the keyboard?

A. The keys at the left of the black key groups.

27. Which are they?

A. At the left of the three black keys is F: at the left of the two black keys is C.

28. Are the letters names of keys or tones?

A. Of tones, which the keys produce.

29. What is meant by Consonance?

A. Sounding agreeably together.

30. Try the interval of a second, beginning with C, and tel me whether the two tones sound well together.

A. Not well.

31. Try the seventh: does it sound well?

A. It does not.

32. Try the third from C. Do C and E sound well together?

A. They do.

33. Try all the intervals within the octave and find out which sound well and which sound badly together.

(The pupil must be made to do this alone, or else under the direction of the teacher, until he finds that the second and seventh are less harmonious than the other intervals within this compass. The object of this exercise is partly to put the pupil on a train of thinking, and partly to give certain fundamental concepts. It must not be taught, but the pupil must be made to find it out. At the end of the process he should discover that the second and seventh are not harmonious).

34. Which of these intervals between C and the other white-key tones are consonant?

A. Thirds, Fourths, Fifths, Sixths and Octaves.

35. What is meant by dissonant?

A. Not sounding well together.

36. Which are the dissonances so far?

A. The second and seventh.

37. Reckon slowly a fifth from C: how is it computed?

A. Beginning with C, one, D two, E, three, F four, and G five. (The object of is to lead to observance of the contents of intervals, with reference upon the staff later.)

38. In like manner compute a Third upon D, a Fifth upon E, etc.

39. Thus far we named the white keys only. How are the black keys named?

A. The black key is used in place of the adjacent white ones, and are named from them by the addition of the terms "flat" and "sharp."

40. How is the name sharp applied?

A. When the black key between C and D, for instance, is used in place of D, it is called D flat. And in like manner in all other cases.

42. Illustrate in the other cases.

A. The pupil touches the black key and tells what its name would be if named from the white key upon its right. This must be continued until it becomes easy.

43. Beginning with C, touch all the black and white keys in the octave up to the C next above. Name every key as you touch it.

A. The pupil does so. (Use "sharp" for the black keys.)

44. Beginning with the upper C touch every key and name it to the octave below. In this case the black keys will be called flat, each one being supposed to be used in place of the white key just played.

A. The pupil does so.

45. Thus you have produced a series of tones called the Chromatic scale. What is the chromatic scale?

A. All the tones of an octave taken in regular order.

46. How is the chromatic scale fingered?

A. The third finger plays all the black keys; the thumb all the white ones, except that the right hand second finger plays F and C; and the left hand second finger plays E and B.

(Cause the pupil to observe that these changes grow out of the opposite position of the fingers of the two hands with reference to each other.

47. Place your right hand for the two characteristic positions of the chromatic scale.

A. Pupil places hands as below:

R. H.	1	2	3		1	2	3	
	E	F	F sharp.		B	C	C sharp.	
	First position.				Second position.			

48. Place the left hand in the two characteristic positions for the chromatic scale.

A. Pupil places the left hand as below.

L. H.	3	2	1		3	2	1	
	B flat	B	C		G flat	E	F	
	First position.				Second position.			

(NOTE.- While these rules of fingering are not strictly necessary at this point of the instruction, they come in very well here, and will be of great use in preventing bad fingering of the chromatic scale before it comes up in the regular course of business.)

49. In all the intervals thus far given, only the white keys

have been reckoned. What is the interval from any key to the very next one, whether white or black?

A. Always a half-step, or semi-tone.

50. What is the interval from any key to the next one?

A. Always a step.

51. Cause the pupil to touch steps from every key in turn, and half-tone steps from every key. Name every key as it is touched.

MUSIC

JANUARY, 1894.

THE BOSTONIANS.

THE Bostonians is an operatic organization, which, like Topsey, was not born; it just grew. Nobody had the idea of forming an operatic combination to travel over the country for twelve years and do a successful business, season after season, while other companies were stranding here right and left. Better than that, to present a good range of light opera of the best schools, and later to recognize the American composer with an amplitude which has no parallel among the doing of American opera companies.

It must now be about fourteen years since Miss Ober, an energetic Boston woman, had the idea of giving the popular craze, "Pinafore" with the best singers attainable in Boston, beginning with the inimitable Barnabee, the prince of comic singers, Myron W. Whitney, the king of bassos, and Tom Karl, the best lyric tenor that America had produced. Presently Mr. MacDonald was added and the lady who afterwards became Mrs. MacDonald, the queenly church singer, Miss Marie Stone. The great contralto, the late Adelaide Phillipps, was also in the cast.

Some of these singers had acquired stage experience. Miss Phillipps had sung with great success in Italy and other foreign countries, and was an artist as strong upon the dramatic side as upon the lyric. Barnabee had never sung in opera, but his own comic singing had afforded him practice in pleasing an audience, and had made for him hosts of friends all over New England, and in fact, the whole country. Whitney had never been upon the operatic stage, and at first it did not look as if he would prove adapted for it. But his magnificent voice and personal reputation made him a very strong card, especially in Boston.

So, at length, after the necessary advertising and rehearsals the "Pinafore" was put on, to crowded houses. It ran the full limit for which the hall had been taken, and no sooner had the newspaper notices begun to get abroad than applications began to come in for time along "the road." To grant this appeared impossible. While the company could be managed in Boston, where all the singers had lucrative church positions, this was not so easy upon the road. For, in addition to the increased expense of traveling, all the singers would be obliged to forego their engagements, thus adding materially to the magnitude of the salary account. Nevertheless, the pressure began to be very great, and the venture was made and the Boston Ideals came upon the road.

The name was good in Boston, for it expressed exactly the principle upon which the company had been formed, Miss Ober's idea being to make up an ideal cast of "Pinafore" in so far as Boston stirred the hearts of all New Englanders; but it also stirred a good deal of bile in those who had never been educated up to Boston notions. And the addition of the term "ideal" was the last feather in many cases. Hence while the company invariably played to the fullest capacity of the house, occasionally they caught it from irate critics who insisted upon holding them responsible for the Boston Ideals and a standard of operatic *ensemble* which only the greatest Italian companies reached in the metropolis. This, of course, was unjust and absurd.

The Boston Ideal opera at first was rather sedate. It is told of a Boston girl that after hearing "Pinafore" some one asked her how Mr. Whitney sang in it. "Splendidly," she answered: "Just like oratorio." Nobody ever accused Barnabee of this kind of lapse.

He was a success from the first. So was that delightful tenor, Tom Karl, whom the peerless Parepa-Rosa had engaged for her American season, which was cut short by her untimely death. MacDonald, the superb baritone, was not always the lively personage upon the stage that he is now. When he made his début after returning from Italy, his big brother, older than he, was in the audience. After

the performance he asked his brother how he did. "Pretty well," deliberately answered the honest gentleman, "but I could not help thinking that they would have moved you around more easily if you had been upon castors." Think of it! MacDonald, the great war chief of the Ogallalas, to have needed castors!

The great merit of this company was the singing. Light opera had never been sung before in America with voices so well trained. Every one of these principals had been a successful concert singer, and several of them had been artists upon the operatic stage. What the people liked was the high tone of it. The entire kingdom of stage-flirting and the half demi-mondaine flavor, from which light opera in this and other countries is rarely free, was wholly wanting in this company. Everything was done in a gentlemanly and lady-like manner. Even the brandy-peach business of Brother MacDonald was not overdone.



MACDONALD

Another thing which saved the company as a national institution, for this is what it has become, was the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Whatever Mr. Stead may say about morality in high life in England, it remains true that no other light operas are so funny and, and at the same time, so free from every kind of objectionable suggestion as these of Gilbert and Sullivan. And for a time the "go" of the comedy was able to gloss over the rather slow and uninspired quality of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music. But this could not last forever. So, after a few seasons the repertory began

rge. They had many experiments. One of the

most ambitious was that of giving Mozart's "Figaro," but this was not entirely successful. It was neither one thing nor another. The comedy contained all possible objectionable points, nor could they be expunged, since the very soul of the play turned upon them. And bringing them out into English, of course, made the immorality of the play more perceptible and unavoidable than it had been in Italian and before an audience cultivated in opera to fully appreciate it.

Many light operas succeeded admirably. The "Chimes of Normandy" held the stage season after season, and in it even Whitney almost made a reputation as actor. They tried other operas of the grand school, but here they almost always found themselves lacking in contact with their audiences. The grand operas appealed to a smaller element of the audiences. In such works as "Trovatore" the libretto and the plot are so contrary to American ideas that there remained only the music which they could appreciate. Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" has drawn to the treasury of the company, perhaps more money than any other work. It is always sure of a full house. It consists of about five excellent ballads, and about four moderately good ones. There is one good quartette, and the rest of it is as undramatic a lot of music as was ever offered to a confiding public. Nevertheless, it fills the house whenever there is a singer in each of the four principal rôles.



TOM KARL.

It would take too long to trace the varying fortunes of this organization. It was under these auspices that the charming Zélie de Lussan made her début, and with them she made her main successes. They have brought out a

number of very pleasing singers, among whom Miss Juliette Corden may be named as one of the best. Several of these have been lost to the future of the company through the operation of the star system. When this company first started there were no stars. Everybody's name was printed in just the same kind of letters as everybody's else. Half way down the programme you might find the name of Barnabee, Karl, MacDonald or Whitney; and later that of Jessie Bartlett Davis, Cowles, or some other who, in Italian style would have been catalogued as "peerless contralto assoluta" from etc., etc., or as "celebrated baritone from the royal opera of Frozetodeath, Sonnenschein," and so on. But nothing of this kind is ever allowed among the Bostonians. It is the artistic level of the Comédie Française, where the mere fact that one is in the cast is supposed to be indorsement enough—(which, I regret to say, it sometimes is not).



MRS. JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

The impossibility of adapting foreign operas and removing from the plots everything unfavorable to the best American ideas, has led the Bostonians to become great patrons of the American composer. One of their first ventures in this direction was the "Robin Hood" of Harry B. Smith and Reginald De Koven. This work has been one of the most successful operas on the stage. The Bostonians have played it more than one thousand times, and have paid the composers a very large sum in royalties. The second venture of the same authors, "The Knickerbockers" was not so successful. The subject did not appeal to the public, whereas "Robin Hood" appealed immediately to all hearers

of English heredity. Perhaps the music of the "Knickerbockers" may have been too original. Who knows? The assimilative principle which has done so well for Mr. De Koven's other operas, may have been temporarily nodding. Be this as it may, the opera was no "go," and it has now been shelved.

Just now, they have staged "The Ogallalas," by Messrs. Young E. Allison and Henry Waller. Waller is a young musician from Louisville.

The work has been given but a few times, and its full possibilities are not fully realized. The music is well constructed, and contains several clever numbers. Upon the first night in Chicago, the principal numbers were all re-demanded, and a success more than ordinary was made. The subject afforded opportunities for realistic local color in the Indian and Mexican scenes. But the music here is little, if in any way, distinct from that written for the conventional characters. The *Evening Post* has well called attention to the mass of available material which might have been had for imparting to the bald and unconvincing parts of the new work a veri-similitude which as yet it lacks But then very likely this opera was written three or four years ago, before Miss Fletcher's Indian music had been made public. The cast of the Ogallalas affords strong rôles for MacDonald. Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis, and several others of the company.



EDWARD HOFF

They have also yet another work by an American composer, which is put on too late for special mention in this issue. It will be noticed later.

But to return to the ladies of the company. No account of the Bostonians would be complete without mention of that charming Chicago woman, Mrs. Jessie Bartlett Davis. It is curious to relate of so famous a singer, that when a healthy and hearty country girl, she came to Chicago to have her voice tried, not so many years ago, more than one of the city teachers of singing told her that it would be of no use. They said that the voice, while unquestionably having volume enough, was hopelessly intractable. Only one told her differently. This was Mr. Fred. Root, who said that it was a beautiful voice, capable of great things. And so she went to work. Nobody knows how hard that girl studied. But she accomplished what she attempted. In an interview lately published concerning her, she advises young singers to learn some one song well, and when in doubt what to sing to sing that. Acting upon this principle she made herself the exponent of that sweet bit of popularity, which exactly suited her very low tones and the quality of them—"Sweet Géneviève." When she had to try for a church position, it was "Sweet Géneviève which got it. When she sang for Theodore Thomas à propos of the lamented American opera, again it was "Sweet Géneviève." Thomas said that any woman capable of singing a lovesong like that would do for American opera—a level-headedness for which this strenuous leader rarely gets credit. Mrs. Bartlett Davis is a happy wife, mother of a most interesting boy, and she might stay and occupy a box at one of her husband's theatres every night in the week if she liked; or pend her days behind his fast horses. But art is her mis-



H. C. BARNABEE.

sion, and she is a shining light in the happy family of the Bostonians.

The sopranos of the present season are Miss Reid and Miss Walzinger, who has an excellent organ and good style.

If space and information served, something ought to be said of the tenor, Edwin Hoff, who made his earlier appearances here in German, his "Black Hussar" being particularly effective. Another fine artist, also Chicagoan, is Mr. Cowles, the basso, who formerly was teller in the First National Bank. Nobody knows how good a bank officer was spoiled when Cowles took to the stage. He has a very lovely voice and an agreeable personality.

So, taking them all in all, the Bostonians is an American company which the country can afford to regard somewhat favorably. Not undertaking to duplicate the Abbey seasons of grand opera, it is content to do light opera in a thoroughly enjoyable manner, in all parts of the country, to which end they are well served by the conductor, Mr. Studley, who has been with the company now for more than ten years.

Among the operas slated for early performance, there is yet another in which Chicago has an interest. It is by Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck and the music is very pleasing indeed. But this will be another story.

CAMILLE SAINT SAENS ON THE WAGNER CULT.

CONCLUDED FROM SEPTEMBER "MUSIC."

HE might repeat formulas to satiety, as in "Tannhäuser" or "Lohengrin," or he might break over them, as in all his later works.

"What matter if he chose to do so?"

He can remain sixty measures of a moderate movement upon the very same chord; or he can modulate with every note.

"What matters, if he choses?"

He can deliver himself to an exaggerated polyphony; or he can write choruses and duets in unison.

"What matter if he choses."

He can attempt realistic scenes, as in the arrival of the swan in "Lohengrin," and the chorus of the spinners in the "Flying Dutchman;" or he can break over all verisimilitude and make his personages remain immovable as figures of bronze throughout whole scenes and acts.

"What matters if *he* choses." And I will repeat voluntarily with the Wagnerians, "What matters if *he* has wished," being before all for freedom in art.

But *I* command, I also, to preserve my liberty, to admire that which pleases me, and not to admire the remainder; to find long this which *is* long, and this discordant which is discordant, absurd which is absurd. Behold, this is exactly what the Wagnerians will never permit. People incapable of playing the most simple things upon the piano, and who know not one single word of German, pass entire evenings deciphering scores which are the most difficult there are in all the world, in order to sing this music, of which each note has its sense only when joined to the word to which it is written—and they revel in admiration. Wagner has invented everything. There was no music before him, and there will be none after. Do not speak to them of the gross insult

which Wagner made to conquered France; they boil over in fury—towards you. Observe, nevertheless, this was not a pamphlet, or a chance speech which might have escaped in a moment of fury; it is an intended work, finding its place in the edition of his complete works edited by the author himself.

In their contempt of all contention, in the insatiable need of always understanding the same things, —note well this point —whether it be of execution, in the reunions, in the Wagner societies which little by little cover the earth, there is something else than love of art. It is the spirit of a sect. Assuredly the man who had power to inspire such fanaticism was an extraordinary man, but I dread sectaries, and I prudently conceal myself from them.

"You deny Wagner," they say to me, "after having studied him and profited by him." Not quite; I do not deny him, but I make a glory of having studied him with profit, as was my right and my duty. I have done as much with Sebastian Bach, with Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, and all masters of all schools. But I do not find myself compelled to say of any one of them that He alone is God and that I am His prophet.

At the bottom it is neither Bach, nor Beethoven, nor Wagner that I love; it is Art. I am an eclectic. It may be a grave fault, but it is impossible for me to correct it. One cannot remake his nature. More; I passionately love my liberty, and I will not suffer any one to impose upon me his admirations. The enthusiasms which are commanded freeze the blood in my veins, and render me incapable of enjoying the most beautiful works.

To sum up all, if I permit myself to criticize the works of Richard Wagner, it is purely from a relative point of view. In order to judge sanely it is necessary to put the works into their proper surroundings, to compare them with the dramas of Goethe and Schiller. It is the German theatre, which does not commend itself to the French temperament; at the point of view where it becomes German it escapes from my knowledge. I remain at the French point of view, not to

say a Parisian point of view, and a Boulevardian. No equivocation, I pray.

From this point of view the theatre of Richard Wagner appears full of faults; or if you chose, full of qualities which cannot be assimilated to the French nature. By virtue of articles of great talent, conferences, hearings ably rendered, by force of perseverance above all, one might persuade our public that it comprehended German art, as it has formerly been persuaded that it comprehended Italian tragedy. In reality one will arrive, one is already too much arrived to be indifferent to French art, this which is able to slay French art, to kill its source, because it is not the art of the public. Art is language; that which is preached in the desert has nearly ceased to speak.

What is there then, in this propaganda of a foreign art, made with so much energy by people as imprudent as well intentioned? The error is the belief in the continual progress of art.

Victor Hugo, in his marvelous work "William Shakespeare," has treated this question of progress in art in a definite manner, and I will not undertake to treat it after him. I refer those who desire to edify themselves upon this subject to the chapter entitled "Art and Science."

The great poet has demonstrated in an irrefutable fashion that continual progress, which is the law of science, cannot be the law of art; and how the extreme perfection of means employed may not render the works more beautiful. One surely would not accuse him of pleading his own cause, he who has made so many works for improving literature.

There after a glowing gallery of portraits of those who have honored humanity, the master adds:

"These geniuses, one might equal them. But how?"

"In being different."

Yes, in being different, and this word is the condemnation of the Wagnerian theories. If the works of Richard Wagner were perfect it would not be necessary to imitate them.

Wagner has launched into the world a fruitful idea; it is

that the lyric drama is the drama of the future, and that in order to march resolutely towards his goal, it is necessary for him to disembarrass himself of the *impedimenta* of the ancient opera, the exigencies of singers and the miseries of routine. This idea he has worked out in his own way, and this way, excellent for him, is by just so much detestable for others.

Has he not himself changed in manner quite as much as in idea? Is it true that the system of the "Flying Dutchman" is also the system in "Tristan?" Has not the author sometimes forgotten his own system, writing in "Lohengrin" a grand Italian *ensemble*, in "Parsifal" choruses in unison which gravitate lovingly around the tonic and dominant, and are accompanied by chords repeated in triplets, in the manner of M. Gounod? Has he not shown that, great artist as he is, he permits himself all license to follow the indications of that instinct which, unable to explain, we designate under the name of inspiration?

Genius does not show *us* a route. It breaks a new route, which it alone can follow. To try to follow it is to condemn the weakling to feebleness and ridicule.

Observe the error.

The illusion is to believe that the critic can direct art. The critic analyzes, the critic dissects. The past and the present appertain to him. The future, never!

The critic is powerless to create new forms; this is an affair of artists, and for this they have need of liberty. To advise them, to direct them, is the surest means of stopping them and of rendering them sterile.

Now the Wagnerian critic is singularly intolerant; he does not allow this, he forbids that. Forbidden to employ the resources of song he fills the ear with an *ensemble* of voices wisely combined. To the system of forced melody has succeeded the system of forced declamation.

If you will not range yourself there you prostitute art, you sacrifice to false gods. What do I say?

I wish to know whither tends such an asceticism.

One ought not to work too hard, it is evident, to give the public a taste of elevated enjoyments and delicate pleasures.

But to offer what have been called "cruel beauties," to serve a banquet of elevated displeasures and delicate suffering, is not this going perhaps a little too far? It tends towards mortification. Now when one desires to mortify the flesh he does not go to the theatre; but to the cloister.

This is less easy in our beautiful country of France. If you wish to be something, remain French. Be yourself of your own time and of your own country. This that they will show you as the future is already passed. The future is with all. Unfortunately, as I observed above, there is no art without the public, and the public escapes. So much has been said during the past half century of Italian art and German art that it no longer believes in French art. When a new opera is announced by a foreigner, they run as to a fire. They neglect to turn an exacting ear upon the work, as after the first representation of a certain Italian opera; but when such works as "Faust" come, and "Carmen" they are appreciated only after the whole world has praised them. Paris, which formerly conferred glory, now contents itself with consecrating it. It receives light in place of giving it; this sun resigns itself to the modest rôle of moon.

Well, even this was not enough. When the entire world claimed us masters of the theatre, some one came to contest this superiority and wished us to go to school to the German theatre. Who? The French.

These French protest valiantly their patriotism, which no one has cared to put in doubt. Assuredly, they are excellent Frenchmen, as there were excellent Trojans among the subjects of King Priam, nevertheless, uniting their efforts, they introduced into the city the terrible wooden horse, and labored gaily for the ruin of their country.

One last word.

I admire profoundly the works of Richard Wagner, despite their strangeness. They are superior and powerful. This suffices me.

But I am not, never have been, and never shall be of the Wagnerian religion. CAMILLE SAINT SAENS.



John Philip Sousa

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

ON another page is a portrait of that incomparable band leader, Mr. John Philip Sousa. This famous conductor is a genuine American in spite of his foreign name. He was born in the city of Washington, D. C., of a Spanish father and a German mother. He is thus entitled to a liberal heredity of Spanish terseness of rhythm, German mysticism and delicate sentiment, and American appreciation of the rights of the people. He was first a violinist, but at quite an early age became conductor. Twelve years ago, he was conductor of the famous Marine Band, of Washington. But Congress proved rather a niggardly stepmother in musical provision, so when the enterprising impresario, Mr. David Blakely, offered him a band of his own, the offer was accepted. Sousa had *carte blanche* to engage the very best, in order to make a band better than the celebrated Garde Républicaine band of the French. He was to get the men and to train them. He secured about twelve of the best solo artists of the Gilmore band, and one or two of his old men; to these he added enough to make up forty-seven, selected out of the best orchestras. Hence he has as picked a body of men as ever a band master held a stick over. His instructions were to *get* the best and to *do* the best. Work is not to be spared. Hence while it is now only about a year and a half since this body of musicians was brought together, the Sousa band already plays in a manner to challenge comparison with the most celebrated in the world. When I was hearing this band at the Trocadero lately, I tried to remember whether it was better or as good as the famous French band which played at the Peace Jubilee, in 1872. This was twenty years ago, and I have heard a great deal of music since that time. But to me, as to many others, it seemed as if Sousa had attained a standard of finished and sympathetic intelligence such as I had never before recognized in a military band. Be that as it

may, there is no musician but will enjoy the playing of this fine body of artists, no matter what they play.

And this is one of the curious things of Sousa. He will play the overture to "Tannhäuser" with splendid effect, the selections from "Lohengrin," and fifty other selections which you generally hear from orchestras, yet at the very next minute the men are playing 'After the ball" or whatever the popular craze may be, as if they had just as much fun in it. Here is where Sousa's popularity comes in. Last summer when Mr. Tomlins was trying to get a little instrumental help for accompanying the Apollo club in some hymns and popular songs,in front of the Administration Building, it was Sousa who came to his rescue. When he wanted to sing "Auld Lang Syne,' the band with never a note was ready and did it. When it was "Nearer my God to Thee," Sousa was there again. And so it was with all the patriotic songs, and everything which the weird mood of popularity happened to require. And when one of these ephemera comes out and all the young men about town begin to whistle it like "After the Ball" or "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay," Sousa, who is a very quick arranger, is on hand with it while it is yet fresh. And the first thing you know, when he has played one of his serious illustrations of what a band might do, there is hearty applause, and behold, the new comer appears all serene, without introduction, announcement or any kind of fuss. The band keeps step with the public—this is all.

And a charming conductor is Sousa. Here also it is personality. He is modest, simple, and quite. But you notice how easily he conducts. The body is in repose—exactly like Thomas. The beat is graceful, but not large, and there are none of those assertive angularities, from which no German bandmaster is free. All the same, however, the band plays as Sousa directs. Of course they do. They have to. And quite willing they are to do it. This is the curious thing about band and orchestral musicians. They are like so many mules in their dislike to go any particular gait unless they have to. Suppose you think yourself a pretty conductor, with plenty of magnetism in your beat and magnificent

readings in your head. Some fine day the propitious fates permit you to hold a stick over the Thomas orchestra. This is the time you have waited for. Now you will show how it might be done. But what is the matter? Things do not seems to go as you expected. This great team seems to know very little whether you are or are not driving. The band is playing at its own sweet will. You can stop them and start them; but when they *go*, it is they who do the driving. You try hard. Mr. Thomas is out of the room. The band gets worse and worse. Expression is careless and you think "What a beastly lot of players!" Your number is through and Mr. Thomas takes the stick, and behold! the orchestra is as finished as possible. The same fellows who simply lay back and scraped catgut to the pleasing of your frantic efforts to modify their work, now play like artists. Of such is not the kingdom of heaven; but of such are bands and orchestras. I remember that once the late J. A. Butterfield engaged the orchestra for the "Messiah" and it took him five solid hours of rehearsal to get a *pianissimo* in the Pastoral symphony, and at the last he brought several dozens of "mutes" in his dress coat pocket to the concert, for he knew perfectly well that every last man of them would "forget" to bring it himself.

When Sousa brought this band together the men tried this racket on him. Two measures twice over settled it who was to run the band. As soon as the point was made, the men braced up and played as if they enjoyed it. In fact, this is the way to get their good will. Just as a good horse despises to be driven by any one who is afraid of him or a woman dislikes to be made love to by a man who is afraid of her , so the tuneful soul of these players will flow only when there is confidence. This is the quality there is in Sousa's beat. And if many suppose, as they do, concerning Thomas, that the musicians are so good that the music plays itself, all you have to do to unsettle the notion is to notice how they play for some other conductor.

The Sousa band made a great record at the World's Fair. Mr. Thomas had offered them the entire season, but other

profitable engagements offered, which had other years in them as well as this, so Mr. Blakely felt obliged to accept them. When he went to New York he came to a piece of strategy upon the newspapers. He invited all the good musicians down to Coney Island to hear the band upon a certain day. When he had them there he asked for opinions. He got them. Composers, conductors, singers and pianists, all testified that they had never heard a better band. This was not entirely strategy on Mr. Blakely's part. He wanted to know the worst. If there was a flaw about the band he wished to know it. And if the newspaper critics had been evil disposed, which of course they were not, there was all that expert testimony for them to account with.

The Sousa band stands alone. It is at the head as much as the Boston orchestra under Gericke was alone, or the Chicago Exposition orchestra under Thomas was alone. Nothing has been heard better. Hence the transcontinental tour upon which the band is about to enter, will be of great musical importance to the entire country—and great pleasure and fun as well. That is the beauty of Sousa. You can take culture from him without fatigue. Play and work intermingle. The light, the grave, the playful, the severe, the original and the new, all follow one after another without delay, or waiting. And after all I cannot help regretting that Sousa is not leading an orchestra. It does seem to me that he might as well. But he thinks it better to be first in his own field than to be second or may be third in another. So there is the place of the Sousa Band.

W. S. B. M.

HARRISON WILD'S ORGAN CONCERTS AT THE FAIR.

MENTION was made last time of the excellent recitals which Mr. Harrison M. Wild played at the Fair, and here are the progammes:

Programme I.

Concert Piece, Op. 24	*Guilmant*
"Marche Rustique,"	*Gigout*
Grand Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor	*Bach*
"At Evening"	*Buck*
Toccata, from Symphony No. 5, for Organ	*Widor*
"Vesper Bells"	*Spinney*
Pastorale	*Wachs*
March, in E flat	*Wély*

Programme II.

Pontifical March and Fugue	*Lemmens*
Communion, Op. 4, No. 1	*Batiste*
March of the Priests of "Huitzil" (MSS.)	*F. G. Gleason*
Prelude to the "Deluge," Op. 45	*Saint Saens*
Transcribed by Guilmant	
Sonata, Op. 19	*A. G. Ritter*
"Mignon" Gavotte,	*Thomas*
"Russian Romances"	*Hofman-Shelley*
Overture to "William Tell"	*Rossini*
Transcribed by Buck.	

Programme III.

COMPOSITIONS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS.

"Triumphal March"	*Buck*
Allegretto, Op. 29, No. 2	*Foote*
a. Romanza, Op. 17, No. 3 b. Scherzo, Op. 32, No. 3	*H. W. Parker*
"Processional March"	*Whitney*
Vorspiel to "Otho Visconti"	*Gleason-Eddy*
Concert Variations on an American air	*Flagler*
Pastorale	*Whiting*
Serenade	*Shelley*
"An Autumn Sketch"	*John Hyatt Brewer*
Fugue on "Hail Columbia" Op. 22	*Buck*

The playing was solid, brilliant and interesting. But the best thing which has been written concerning it (and various other things) is contained in the following which Mr. Liebling contributed to the *Musical Courier*. He calls it "Some Reflections" which it undoubtedly is—or was:—

I know very little about the organ, and am therefore fully qualified to write up (or down, as the case may be) an organ recital; and yet, strange to say, I once played that noble instrument, and can claim the honor of being one of Mr. Eddy's predecessors at the First Presbyterian Church of our city, in the early days when Dr. Mitchell was the pastor and James Gill the choir master. I never was familiar with organ lore, never could master that third staff, and never was known to land on the pedals with both feet at once. During my rather brief career as organist I probably improvised more organ points on the manuals of that organ, while my left foot rested in safe seclusion on one pedal, than have ever been played there since. I might plead in extenuation that I played from necessity and not from choice and yet it is a comforting thought that when the history of the organists of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago comes to be written the biographer will *nolens volens* have to include me.

My criticism therefore is not technical; the organist is perfectly safe in coupling the *viola di gamba* to the 15th. and the trumpet to *lieblich gedacht* while at the same time using the pneumatic stop to ring up the fire department when I am around. I simply state my likes and dislikes, and am moreover hampered by this limitation, that I must like the organist in order to admire his performance; in this case I am happy to state these two requirements fully meet.

Among those who preceded Mr. Wild are Mr. Eddy and Mr. Guilmant; I was unfortunately prevented from hearing either of these eminent artists at the Fair. The distinguished Frenchman gave, I understand, a private performance before invited guests at the Auditorium, which I could not attend as my invitation had been miscarried by the United States mail. I have also heard lots of nice things said about Mr.

Woodman's organ recitals; and Charles Herbert Clarke, your gifted New York tenor, who attended Wild's first recital, seemed to feel that the playing had never been excelled by any one he had ever heard East.

It is interesting to note the cosmopolitan character which the programmes of American organists assume; all countries and all classes of music are equally presented. It is quite different in Europe, where Guilmant's music, for instance, which is a household word to Americans, is just beginning to gain a foothold in Germany.

How differently the same music sounds to different people who are equally competent to judge! Thus I was told by one authority that Guilmant's playing was a constant *non legato*, while another equally reliable artist extolled the merits of his perfect legato. Where doctors disagree, etc.

I rank Guilmant very high. His D minor fugue is as good and serious a fugue as Bach ever wrote, and in all his works he shows exquisite taste, fine musical invention, emotionality of a high order and complete mastery of all musical resources. His coming was a distinct musical event.

As to the organ I liked it; I do not see why an American name on an organ is not just as good as a Silbermann or Walcker. It is the same case with pianos; old idols are constantly being swept away by the ruthless broom of time, and the public has long ago learned to ask: "What's in a name?"

Of course every artist has his favorite instrument, and if so, why not? It concerns no one, and as long as the public hears the best music performed artistically on a good instrument its interests are served. I am informed that the leading gong and tam-tam manufacturers of China retain artists to represent their instruments, and that even the Australian Bushman develops experts, who devote themselves entirely to demonstrating the excellent points of certain makes of the boomerang at country fairs. You have to be a musical "gourmet" to appreciate a really first-class instrument; the average listener never hears the best quality of tone which an instrument is capable of producing; any peasant can appreci-

ate a ham sandwich or a dish of oatmeal, but it takes a highly cultivated personality to do full justice to the tender sentiments which a "*filet mignon a la soubise*" can inspire.

As to the management of Mr. Wild's recital by the Bureau of Music, it left nothing to be desired, although it introduced several features of decided novelty in its treatment of the artist. It is not often that the performer enjoys the privilege of paying for the attendance at his own concert, but Mr. Wild not only paid his admission to the Fair on that day, but also had to patronize the public washrooms as the dressing rooms at Festival Hall had with rare foresight been kept securely locked. The claim that other organists had all the tickets furnished them which they desired I reject as a base insinuation and a reflection on the Bureau, which I know would not be guilty of invidious favoritism. Well, Mr. Wild can console himself with the thought that his recital was worth every cent he paid.

The location of the Festival Hall, where the organ is located, is admirable. The engineers of the intramural trains which pass every minute perform a solo on the whistle whenever they pass the hall, and thus lend an unexpected variety of effect. in which I am pained to say the organ does not always come out on top. The same felicity of selection distinguished the old exposition building, where Thomas used to give his promenade concerts, and where you could hardly hear yourself think for the noise of the locomotives.

There seems to be an uncertainty in the minds of those who have been retained by the bureau for musical services as to the exact conditions under which they are to appear; the artist, for instance, is informed that he is likely to appear on certain dates, but no hour is given; this is somewhat tantalizing, but serves to keep up his interest in the affair. He writes—no answer; cajoles—no answer; threatens—same result; calls—gets no satisfaction; finally he urges that while any hour would be agreeable to him, yet his friends could not very conveniently attend at midnight, and that he would really like to have it arranged so as to make it accessible; finally the recital is arranged at 12 o'clock, when everybody is hungry for everyth ing but music.

There is no lingering doubt left to the public as to when the recital is over, for Columbian guards at once shout: "Out, out—get out, quick!" This has the same exhilarating effect on the motive power of the people as the quickstep which is played when theater is over.

A beneficent genius hovered over the recital and effectually kept in check the imp of Satan which interfered with the mechanical working of the organ on former occasions, and notably with much unfortunate inappropriateness at Mr. Guilmant's recital. It would really seem as if it was advisable to adopt something stronger than water for organ motor purposes. Faith will move mountains, but water cannot always be relied upon to move an organ, at least not in Chicago.

Mr. Wild presents the anomaly of uniting a piano technic on the organ with an organ legato on the piano. He excels on both instruments and his piano technic stood him in good turn in the G minor fugue of Bach and the Toccata by Widor. The fantasie preceding the fugue seemed to me a trifle fast, but the tempo of the fugue and its clear exposition left nothing to be desired. Mr. Wild displayed considerable orchestral sense in the manner by which the different entrances of the theme were introduced. Three shorter pieces, Buck's "At Eve," Spinney's "Vesper Bells," and a pastorale by Wachs, showed his complete mastery of sound effects. The different registers were employed in the most ingenious and delighful combinations, and I feel that Wild can really lay claim to pre-eminence in the matter of registration. Organ builders will readily perceive how valuable such a man is for exhibiting the instrument. Mr. Wild's mode of registering may be studied to great advantage by organists.

The intramural railway interfered somewhat with the softer effects of the smaller numbers. The Widor Toccata, which is in the form of a most stirring and exciting *perpetuum mobile*, was played with unswerving dash and fire, and Lefebvre-Wély's brilliant march brought the recital to a fitting close. Mr. Wild, though an advocate of memorizing, used the scores, but turned his own leaves.

Additional matter of interest could be furnished concerning the doings of a semi-fashionable committee, who pass on amateur performances downtown, and then send the victims to a so-called professional committee at the Fair; sort of a purgatory arrangement. A committee where applicants are permitted to play or sing six bars and are then passed upon; which arranges concerts at the Woman's Building and then informs people who have been requested to appear that they will not be required to assist; a committee which after passing an applicant by a majority of votes tries to reconsider the decision, but is ignominiously beaten at every point by the young lady whose mother was in excellent fighting trim—but time forbids. Perhaps more anon.

——— EMIL LIEBLING.

PIANO TUNING AND THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF PIANO TUNERS.

ANYTHING that tends to advance the standard of music, or to advance the interests of those who study it for pleasure or business, is worthy of commendation and support. With piano owners, both teachers and pupils, much depends on the condition of their pianos. Each one knows that his or her piano must be in tune and its action perform its functions properly, or there exists an element of discord that interferes with the practice and progress of the pupil and the patience of the teacher, and to mention whoever may be forced, by courtesy or circumstances, to listen. With many, the teacher is supposed to be a competent judge of the condition of the piano upon which they play, or give lessons. The truth is, that not one teacher in twenty, no matter what his or her reputation, knows the first rudiments of the science of tuning, or regulating the action, and not one in ten can tell when the piano is in perfect order. Those who do know, and are really competent judges, have made a study of tuning, and the action in all its mechanical bearings, and these will admit that to acquire this knowledge has cost them much time and study. One of the greatest obstacles the thoroughly practical and competent tuner has to contend with, is the ignorance of piano owners. Good, reliable tuners will all tell you that they much prefer to work for people who are practical tuners themselves than for any other class.

To the oft-repeated inquiry: "How long does it take to become a first-class tuner?" it may be well to initiate the uninitiated into some of the mysteries of the manner of acquiring the art. The lad or young man who desires to master it, generally applies to some factory, where, if he is allowed to begin, he is first used as a general utility boy; that is, he sweeps the floor, goes on errands, and is at the beck

and nod of all the workmen in his department, until he becomes sufficiently acquainted to muster up courage to hint that he would like to begin tuning, and he is given a "case" to "chip." A "case" in this case means the reverse. It is the frame upon which the wires are strung before the case proper is put on, and without either action or keyboard. This "case" has just left the stringer's hands, who makes no pretention, whatever, to tuning—he simply puts the pins in place with the wires or strings drawn out enough to keep them in place. The "case" is next placed flat—string-side up—on two "horses" and is ready to be "chipped." The aspirant for tuning honors, is given a tuning hammer, a C tuning fork, and a bit of hard wood stick made wedge-shaped on one end. A paper guide to designate the letters of the staff, an octave or more, of the tuning pins, is placed in position to enable him to put his hammer on the proper pins. He is then told to tune middle C to his fork. This is done by snapping one of the outside strings (there are generally three) with his stick which produces a sound very much like that produced in tuning a guitar. At the same time he turns the pin until the sound is in unison with his fork. The other two wires are then brought into unison with the first. He next begins to "lay his bearings" or "set his temperament," and tunes the fifth below or F to C, then the F or octave above, which is also a fourth to middle C, next G below middle C which is a fourth to it. In this manner, by consecutive fifths and fourths, he tunes every letter between F and F, and his "bearings" are laid. He tunes the rest of the "case" by octaves, and if he manages to conquer fourths and fifths in three months so he really knows one from the other, he is to be congratulated. "Chipping" is done to bring the strings approximately near the proper pitch—usually a little above—more for the purpose of taking the "stretch" out than to really tune it. The "chippers" progress is therefore more largely measured by his celerity than accuracy, and his wages are increased from perhaps three dol-

lars a week to possibly seven at the end of the first year--by which time he is probably promoted to the "rough tuning" department. Here the pianos are fully equipped with real cases, actions and keyboards, and the "rough tuner" is confronted with the fact that he must *now begin* to learn the art of tuning, and he little realizes how many weary days, months, and even years must elapse before he can become a first class rough tuner, whose work can go to the tone regulator without complaint from that autocrat of the factory. The first time the piano is "rough tuned" by an experienced hand, he makes no attempt at absolute perfection, as he knows it will need his services again in a short time. In fact the "rough tuner" goes over the same piano four or five times before the "stretch" is taken out of the strings so that it will stay where he tunes it any considerable time. He remains in this department two, three and sometimes four years before he has mastered the art of "equal temperament" and fitted himself for "fine tuning" in the wareroom. In attempting to explain the meaning of "equal temperament" it may be well to startle the reader somewhat by saying that the piano is never in perfect tune unless it is perfectly imperfect. To illustrate: Given C and F below tuned together as a fifth. Now tune the A between C and F and you have a third to both C and F, but it is not a perfect third, for should the A be tuned a perfect third to C, then it would be so bad a fifth to D, that it would be unbearable in its imperfection. The same rule applies throughout the entire temperament, and in each key which is usually laid within the compass of one octave from F to to F, with the middle C as the starting point. The best proofs of "perfect imperfection" are found in thirds and sixths. To so train the ear to distinguish these imperfections and to place them properly, requires patience, practice and study that would cause nine out of every ten who attempt it to choose some other means of livelihood, did he realize it at the outset. In fact, some never acquire it. We will now admit that our friend is, at last, a first class "fine tuner" to whom thirds, fourths, fifths and sixths are

at his command. If this is all, he knows he is not yet fit to go out into the world as a competent tuner. He has not seen the inside of the regulating room or repair shop, and finds he must remain in the wareroom where the pianos are all properly regulated for him by another workman, or return to the regulating and repair room, where he must remain for two years, at least, to fit himself to do his duty by those who employ him. It will readily be seen, therefore, that one may be a first class tuner, and know nothing of regulating or repairing, or he may be a first class regulator and repairer, and not know the first principles of tuning. Both of these men are valuable and necessary in the factory, but neither of them alone is of the slightest use to the people who desire the services of one man to put their piano in proper order. This is a distinction not properly understood by the public, to whom a piano is "out of tune" if a key sticks, a string is broken, has a rattle, or a squeaky pedal. So, to them, a tuner is not a tuner unless he can regulate and repair as well as tune, and they are right, he is not. Piano tuning is popularly understood to be an easy and profitable business, and this delusive idea has induced thousands of fellows, because they could "tune a fiddle;" to imagine they could "tune a pianny," and the printer gets an order for a thousand cards bearing the words "Prof. V. Green, Practical Piano Tuner and Repairer." Armed with these, a second-hand, and probably worthless tuning hammer and a screwdriver, he goes forth in search of fools (and the world is full of them) who will pay him to ruin their piano. A few years ago it was far easier for these unscrupulous rascals to obtain work, or rather victims, than now. The people, through annoying and expensive experience, have learned that it is not safe to employ the itinerant piano tuner, and he must have "testimonials" himself. To so great an extent have some of these fellows worked this scheme, that the great houses like Lyon & Healy of Chicago, Steinway & Sons, and Decker Bros. of New York, have spent many dollars in advertising the fact that they employ no travelling tuners. As a matter of fact, the really com-

petent and reliable tuner very rarely solicits work. He is not obliged to, for the strictly first class tuner is always in demand by the music houses, at a salary that places him beyond the necessity of begging for or soliciting work from house to house, and the rule holds good nine times out of ten that the man that calls at a house "to see if you want your piano tuned" is utterly incapable of doing it. Strictly speaking, piano tuning is a fine art, and it is this army of irresponsibles that has reduced it in the minds of many to the level of the bricklayer and hod carrier. To endeavor to restore this art to its proper place, and to remove the stigma forced upon them, a number of the best tuners of New York and Chicago met about two years ago and organized what is known as "The National Association of Piano Tuners." The following extracts from their Constitution will show that they are worthy of support and endorsement.

PREAMBLE.

It shall be the aim and purpose of this Association to elevate the profession of piano tuning as a fine art, to insure the musical public competent service, and to cultivate good fellowship in the profession.

ARTICLE II.

MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1. Every applicant for membership must be a person of good moral character and abstain from over-indulgence in intoxicating liquors during working hours or the session of this Association.

SEC. 2. He must either be a citizen of the United States, or have signified his intention of becoming such by having taken out his first papers.

SEC. 3. No application will be received from persons under twenty-one (21) or over sixty (60) years of age, or who has not had at least four years experience at tuning.

SEC. 4. Every applicant for membership must pass the prescribed examination; failing, they shall be eligible for re-examination at a future time.

SEC. 5. The examination shall require a thorough knowledge of tuning and a sufficient knowledge of action and tone, regulating and general repairs.

The Association is not a "labor organization" in any sense of the word. Its objects are the protection of the

public against impostors, conjointly with themselves, and the conditions of membership are character and proven ability. The question of wages or hours of labor are never brought up for discussion, nor is it the intention to advance the schedule of prices for tuning beyond those already established. It simply guarantees good work at a fair remuneration. So its patrons have everything to gain with nothing to lose. Each member holds a certificate signed by the president and secretary, to which the seal and stamp of the association is fixed, which is good for six months only, and must be renewed, for obvious reasons, or it is valueless, after the date of expiration, which appears on its face. Should the Association succeed, as it deserves to, the day of the tramp tuner is over, while the incentive to become a skilled and competent artisan will be largely enhanced.

EDWARD E. TODD.

PETER ILYITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY.

CAST your eyes on the map of Russia, and especially on that part of it which lies close to the western side of the Ural mountains, and is half way between the White and Azov seas; there you will notice the Governments of Perm and Orenbourg, while west of them is the Government of Viatka; south of it lies the Government of Ufa, while southwest of it is that of Kazan.

The Government of Viatka, which by the way, covers some 59,000 English square miles, and whose population is about 2,700,000, derives its name from its principal city situated on the river of the same name; this city with its population of some twenty-five thousand, is 280 miles northeast from Nijny-Novgorod, was founded by the inhabitants of the last named place, and was annexed to the Muscovite dukedom in 1489. Preparations of skins and manufactury of tallow and wax candles are its chief industries.

The river Viatka, navigable all the year, spreads itself with its tributaries almost over the entire government, and running south, joins on the eastern border of Kazan, the river Kama which again empties into the Volga at Spask (in southern portion of Kazan). The bards of that country still sing of its beauties and legends. The Government of Viatka is known mostly for its large agricultural and some mining interests, also for the fine horses that it furnishes to the world, and which like those from Kazan and Finland cannot be surpassed in beauty or strength.

Not far from Viatka are the Ural mountains which contain nearly all the mineral wealth of the country; gold, platinum, copper, iron of excellent quality, emeralds, saphires, amythysts, agates, rhodonites, etc.

It is in this district that is situated the little mining town of Votkinsk where Peter Ilyitsch Tschaikowsky was born, December 25, 1840. His childhood, that is, until the

age of ten, was passéd in this semi-civilized and semi-barbarous part of the world, rubbing shoulders with the Tartars, Kirghis, Kamtschadale, destined by his parents to be a member of the bar, but like many other talented Russians finished by becoming a distinguished light in the musical world.

Here are a few names that I cull at random, and which belong to Russians who have attained great distinction and world-wide fame as musicians though destined for other vocations. Alexis Lvoff, a general and aid de-camp to Emperor Nicholas, was a distinguished violinist, and is spoken of as such by Robert Schumann; Davidoff, a famous mathematician gave up his didactic career to become violoncellist and composer; Dargomyjsky, who died in 1868, was attached for over four years to the imperial household but threw up his post to shine forth as a composer; Seroff, who had studied law and filled a Government post in the Crimea, changed the course of his life when thirty years of age, to become a critic and composer; Cesar Cui, though a general in the army is best known as a representative composer of the new school; also Borodin who was professor of organic chemistry, and Moussorgsky, an army officer, who gave up his commission to become famous as a composer; Rymski-Korsakoff, destined by his parents for the marine in which he served a number of years; Artcibouscheff, educated for the bar, and well known among the legal fraternity of St. Petersburg, is now prominent among the leaders of the new school.

Tschaikowsky's father, a Russianized Pole, was a government engineer at the imperial mines, situated in the district described above; his mother was a French woman, born d'Assier, her family having emigrated into Russia during the reign of Louis XIV., after the revocation of the edict of Nantes; probably this is the reason why the Russian type is not as strongly emphasized in his features as in those of Rubenstein, Assantschefsky, Glazounow. When, in 1850, Tschaikowsky's father was appointed director of the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg, whither the family

moved, the boy was entered into the school of jurisprudence, the doors of which are opened only to sons of high class government officials. Nine years later the young man having completed the regular course, was appointed to a position in the department of justice. It was then that he took music lessons of an excellent pianist, Rudolph Fuendinger, and the progress he made under this artist revealed to him his true vocation; nevertheless the three years that he remained attached to the department of justice retarded greatly those studies.

In 1861, (Tschaikowsky was then 21 years of age) a distinguished Polish musician Zaremba, opened in St. Petersburg a course for the study of theory and composition. Tschaikowsky became one of the most assiduous students, and his progress was so rapid that he decided to give up his burocratic career to devote himself to the art he loved so passionately, dreaming at the same time of the immortal works that he would produce.



PETER ILYITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY.

In 1862 Anton Rubinstein founded the Imperial Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg, and in that institution our young enthusiast continued his musical studies and particularly the art of instrumentation, under Zaremba, and the founder of the school. Tschaikowsky's great admiration for his two teachers was boundless; particularly so for Rubenstein, and yet their future relations were not cordial. This fact is made evident in a letter which Tschaikowsky wrote to Eugene Zabel, Rubenstein's biographer, which reveals some details anent the existence of a difference between pupil and master, as well as giving an insight into the

character of the two men, with a decided advantage in favor of the former.

"In my youth," writes Tschaikowsky, "I was consumed with a desire to advance, to make a name, to become a famous composer, and I hoped that Rubenstein, who already at that time occupied an important place in the musical world, would support me in my efforts to obtain glory. I am sorry and pained to say that I did not meet with that support. It is needless to say that Rubenstein never sought to hurt me—he is too generous and of too noble a disposition to undertake anything against a colleague,—but he could never overcome toward me that reserve and kindly indifference. This made me always very sad. I suppose that Rubenstein does not like my music, and that my personality has no sympathy for him."

In 1865, Tschaikowsky finished his musical studies, took his diploma as a musician, and a prize medal for his first composition, a cantata on Schiller's ode "To Joy," which was proposed at the palace of the Grand Duchess Helena, under whose patronage the Conservatory had been established. The fact that he took for his subject the cantata the same ode which inspired Beethoven with the marvelous Symphony (9th) with chorus, shows that his aspirations were of the loftiest. Shortly after, he was engaged by Nicholas Rubenstein as professor of harmony, composition and history of music at the Moscow Conservatory, where he remained for eleven years, withdrawing finally to the seclusion of his modest residence in Moidanovo, a small country town near Moscow, to devote himself exclusively to composition. His daily long walks, of which he was very fond, were conducive to many new ideas, and he never lost time to fix them in a notebook which he always had with him.

It is from there that he wrote under the date of February 10, 1887: "Have I not written you that my opera, the "Caprice of Oksana," has just had three successive representations under my own direction? They say that I lack no talent as orchestral director; if you knew how that pleases me!" On the 5th of March I will conduct,

in St. Petersb ırg, the orchestra at a sacred concert made up entirely of my own compositions; it is more than probable that I will fly thence towards Paris. That dear Paris! It will be a great pleasure for me to find my friends again, and you at their head." This, like many other letters of his reveals to us the style of the man, his natmodesty, an enthusiastic soul, a loving heart, and a ural perfect freedom from vanity which, however, does not exclude ambition. Tschaikowsky produced, with great fertility, works in almost every form of composition, and as might be expected they were not all equal in strength, but nevertheless, the best ones show an unusual talent and severe study, and these will live among the most interesting compositions of the second half of this musical century. They may be described as inspired by a dreamy and melancholy soul, seldom exuberant, yet full of tender expansion in the intimate circle, and of more will than energy. It is Edward Dannreuther who says, "he is fond of huge and fantastic outlines, of bold modulations and strongly marked rhythms, of subtle melodic turns and exuberant figuration; and he delights in gorgeous effects of orchestration." To this may be added a spontaneity capable of routing any and all critics wedded to the old classic forms! Had he been able to concentrate his strength he certainly would be numbered among the most remarkable composers of to-day.

After his first studies completed Tschaikowsky became an ardent admire and exponent of the early Italian school of music. Soon after he turned his back upon the Italians to absorb himself in more modern elements, and we can trace the influence of Schumann, than that of Liszt, also of Berlioz, and particularly of the modern French school represented by such men as Bizet, Delibes, Saint Saens. Though more Russian than Rubinstein, his music does not reveal much of the national characteristics among which he was born and has lived; to be sure national and popular airs are skillfully woven in and developed by this composer, but they fail, with a few exceptions, to impress us with scenes of Russian life, its manners, customs, or the tendency

of its poetic genius, as can be culled from the literary works of such men as Gabriel Romanovitsch Derzavin, Prince Viasemskoy, Alexander Sergeyevitsch Puskin, or Nicolai Gogol.

Tschaikowsky has written a number of songs, some chamber music, and piano pieces, the latter in many instances "*unclaviermässig*"—not pianistic, particulary so his latter ones; the romantic school of Schumann can be traced in them. In his larger instrumental works there is a lack of conciseness and cohesion; very much like in those of Schubert and Raff, there is too much repetition and delay. An honest artist that he was, he acknowledged these faults, and Maurice Kufferath recalls a remark of his made only last January during a conversation relating to Saint-Saens, whom he valued very highly. "A true master!" said Tschaikowsky, "he always knows when to stop." Such homage which contains a criticism of onesself, from a brother musician, shows the sincerity of this true artist.

A complete list of Tschaikowsky's compositions has been published by Jurgenson of Moscow, and embraces among other things some excellent specimens of Russian church music including two masses, particularly interesting on account of the quaint Greek modes used by the composer.

If more conservative than the true leaders of the new Russian school of music such as Cesasar Cui, Borodin, Rymski-Korsakow, Glazounow, Balakireff, nevertheless, the death of this distinguished artist is a serious loss to art and to the world at large.

J. DE ZIELINSKI.

BITS ABOUT GOUNOD.

"IN any case, whatever is thought of my music, it must and will be acknowledged to be myself," said Gounod. "The blood of my very heart is in it." Now, if any little questioner is, in his anxiety to be precise and definite, putting his pen in ink to inquire, "Where does this composer belong?" let him rest content with the master's avowal, and seek not to draw comparisons between him and other immortals. He was himself. He made the world his debtor evermore, and now that he is gone into that world in which he often said he was sure "he would learn all that he vainly strove to know in this," it is not curiosity, but affection that craves to be told something of his life. His mother was a rare pianist, it is said. He was born in Paris, in 1818, in the Rue des Grands Augustins, an old and gloomy district on the left bank of the Seine, and it is significant of his childish taste that when he was but seven, a visit to the neighboring theatre, the Odéon, was his reward for good marks at school. Weber's "Der Freischutz," in an atrocious translation, was being played under the title of "Robin des Bois." (It was just then the fashion in France to disarrange German lyrical pieces under the pretense of arranging them). But the future composer of Faust was not over-critical. His semi-conscious child-soul was stirred to the depths with a kind of religious ecstacy and speechless adoration, and all his life he retained a memory of that first impression of Weber's crystal clearness and delicate sense of the picturesque in nature. It is told of him that about this period of his great enthusiasm for something of Mozart's she had been playing, his mother said to him: "And do you really enjoy this kind of music, François?" "Don't say 'this kind of music,' mother," replied the little lad. "Ah, this *is* music!" Six years later, in 1831, for a special holiday, he was taken

to hear Rossini's "Othello" at the Théâtre Italien. Rubini and Maria Malibran had the principal rôles, and it is recorded that Gounod fell deeply in love with the prima donna, so deeply, it made his thirteen-year-old heart wretched. The effect of the musical impulse received was, however, to last longer than his love for Malibran. Thenceforward he was in feverish haste to be done with books, and to devote himself to music, and in 1836 he entered the Conservatoire. When he was seventy, after complaining whimsically of how his time was consumed, "writing letters and receiving visitors," he said, "All I ask God to give me in Paradise is a tiny corner of perfect peace where I may devour counterpoint to my heart's content." Perhaps he had in mind the undisturbed hours of his youth when he began his studies in counterpoint under Halévy, and worked at composition under Paer and Leseur. The next year, 1837, his cantata, "Marie Stuart and Rizzio," took the second "prix de Rome," and in 1839 he took the "grand prix" for his cantata "Fernand." His stay in the eternal city, where he remained under the rules for receiving the "grand prix" for some time a stipendiary of the government, had a profound effect upon his ardent and imaginative temperament. He confined his attention almost exclusively to sacred music during this period, devoting himself especially to Palestrina, and his first important work was a mass for three equal voices and full orchestra, which was rendered in 1841 at the church of San Luigi de Francesi. In 1843, en route to Paris, he visited Austria, where he composed another mass, and then went to Germany, where he met Schumann, who, one critic says, "influenced him." But critics see so much they sometimes see what is not. Arrived at Paris, Gounod became organist and maître de chapelle of the Missions Etrangères, and the next five or six years we know little of him, save that he studied theology and believed he had "*a call*" to the priesthood. Whether "the call" was explained away, or just how he escaped it he never told. The critic who believes that Schumann "influenced him" says

that he spent much of this period of silence studying Berlioz and Schumann, a curious combination with his course at the séminaire, and possibly these two did give him the last impulse causing his happy deflection toward the world. It is probable that he wrote his "Messe Solemnelle" in G some time during these years. This mass gave him his first appearance in the world, curiously enough at London, where it received high praise. "Sappho," his first opera, was given in April, 1851, the principal rôle being sung by Madame Viardot Garcia. It had "fine and original talent," said the critics; and then they proceeded to find fault with the length of the recitative, the attempt at novelty in the musical forms, and the ignorance of stage effect. Its delicacy of conception, its profound and tender earnestness, even the great poetical beauty of the last scene in which Sappho dies was unnoted till later, for the critic of necessity gets his wisdom by thriftily accumulating much unpublished as well as published information. In 1852 Gounod gave the public "Ulysse," founded on a tiresome tragedy by Ponsard, and in this he attempted antique effects which his modern listeners found monotonous. "The Bleeding Nun," a five-act opera, founded in the weird legend in Lewis' Monk, appeared in 1854, but the libretto was faulty. In 1858 came "Le Medicin malgré lui," founded on Molière's comedy, intended to be a comic opera, and which, if not comic, is in places charming. Of this work Gounod was fond of telling the following, his black eyes twinkling at the recollection: "The barytone rehearsing the part of Sagnerelle persisted in finishing one phrase with one of those vulgar rallentendos so familiar in traditional Italian opera, till at last I cried out, 'No! No!' hotly, 'that's all wrong.' Then I explained Molière and myself. 'So you don't want the rallentendo?' said the singer at last sulkily. 'Just as you please: I only did it for your sake. We shall have no effect, that is all!' "

"Faust" was given for the first time at Paris, at the Théâtre Lyrique, 1859, the 19th of March, a day never to be forgotten in Gounod's artist life. Darmstadt was the first

German city which ventured to produce the novelty. The Teutonic critics declared it to be a "libelous parody of Goethe's Faust," the performance of which on a German stage merited punishment as musical high treason. But the German people, greatly to their disgust, turned from the critics to listen to the music with delight. An intimate said of him at this period: "One who never saw Gounod at a rehearsal of "Faust" has no idea how much can be learned in half an hour by a performer who thinks he knows everything." Professionals and amateurs flocked to him to profit by his teachings, a fact he lamented, quaintly saying, "It is quite right to give oneself away, but it is a crime to squander oneself."

"Philemon and Baucis," built upon the sand, for the story is without dramatic life and interest, appeared in 1860. "The Queen of Sheba" came in 1862; then "Mercille," in 1864, founded on the poem by the Provençal poet Mistral. This charming pastoral was followed in 1866 by "La Columbe," and in 1867 by "Romeo and Juliette," his most successful work since "Faust." Naturally enough he was again accused of a poetial "crimen læse majestatis," and a profanation of Shakespeare's work as before of Goethe's. But the dramas of great poets have at all times been admitted to be fit material for composers, and it is after all only trivial music that can profane. Librettists are for the most part very like the majority of their fellow-men, "poor creatures" in poetic fancy and creative power, and if Schumann's sly question, "If Shakespeare had not existed, would Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream have ever seen the light?" is to be answered in the negative, and Gounod's masterpieces be criticised because their creator found musical suggestiveness in the story which Goethe gathered, but did not create, and in the great duet sung in matchless words by the bard of Avon, then must Handel, Wagner and Berlioz, nay all the immortals be brought also to judgment. During the Franco-Prussian war Gounod went to England, and while there composed a series of oratorios which were produced with great success. On his return to France, he

wrote "Deux Reines de France, "Jeanne d'Arc," "Cinq Mars," "Polyeucte," and two great oratorios, the "Redemption," and "Mors et Vita." Of the "Redemption," he said, "I did not set myself to create a musical symbol of the Christian religion, but to depict the treasures of love, of pure tenderness, of unspeakable tenderness, gentleness which the Son of God carried in his heart. I aimed at affecting the world with the sight of a human drama, the most pathetic, most magnificent of all." He would never say definitely which of his own operas he considered best. Sometimes he would admit a secret preference for the one containing the immortal duet of "The Lark," at another moment he would declare that after all, "Sappho" was the very best thing he ever did. His judgment was more clear about other composers. Of Bach he said," All of music is in that man." Of Beethoven, "He is the greatest epic writer among musicians, the greatest philosopher, the greatest apostle. He is the Michel Angelo of music." Gluck he declared to be, "a Greek, the true son of Aeschylus and Sophocles," and Mozart, he said adoringly, was "the musician of musicians, the greatest among the greatest." Of Wagner he said little. But he once said, "Art is happiness, and this tortured music does not make me happy."

Some one has said that the three dominant notes in Gounod's character were love, calmness, and youthfulness. He was open-hearted as all rich natures are. He was a good listener, and an equally good talker, and he never forgot a kindness. Better than any one he knew how much he owed the three great singers who best interpreted his work, Pauline Viardot, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, and Gabrielle Krauss, and he was always fond of telling how the aria of the 3d act of "Sappho," Take a dying woman's blessing," seemed to him transfigured as it came from the lips of Madame Malibran's famous sister. He despised sentimentality, and was prone to lecture his interpreter on the subject. "What is required in execution is not sentiment but expression," he would say, "accurate honest expression, the outcome of restrained feeling, internal responsiveness, and that artist's

intuition which only vainly endeavors to define." Only those who know can be taught," was a favorite saying of his, and again" Education is not a creative but a fertilizing process. "Once in possession of the intellectual tools fashioned by him for instruction, labor becomes for man, "Meditation before the altar of the soul." He did not believe in anxiety about methods. "Inspiration and counterpoint are the musician's only baggage." Above all things he loved sincerity. "Originality is the clearly marked line which connects the individual with the common mind-center of the universe , and the essence of originality is sincerity. We must look neither wholly within, nor wholly without," says this countryman of Chateaubriand and Zola. "The real by itself is but servile copying. The ideal by itself is but the meandering of a will-o-the-wisp." Advice quite as wholesome for the writer as the musician. Gifted with an ardent, even voluptuous imagination, the key-note of Gounod's nature was religion. Let it be understood, if hewas not pious as that word is construed in the rural districts, he was at heart first andalways deeply imbued with religious feeling. Let his words on his 70th birthday speak for him, "I never until the present understood the intensity of love. If I were a painter I would draw an absolute likeness of him. I have a vision within me, an absolute knowledge of him. Love is all that makes a man, and the love of God is the source of every other love."

It is said death found him singing the requiem of his own "Mors et Vita." He had often spoken of the great change, as the time when he "should be clothed anew in garments of perfect beauty, truth and goodness, and should reach the fount of perfect love." He had long been ailing. Mayhap the last message came in the words he knew so well,"

"Lo! Christ has ascended!
Rejoice for the fetters
That bound you are rended!"

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HARMONIC MELODY IN FOLK-MUSIC.

THOSE readers of this magazine who are interested in the beginnings of musical history as manifested in folk-music may be presumed to have followed the recent discussions of the origin and nature of primitive song, in the reports and comments called forth by the proceedings of the Musical Congress. There have also been special papers relating to the subject, which has been quite prominently brought forward; and the view has been urged that primitive music assumes the forms in which it is found in consequence of a latent sense of harmony inherent in the human constitution and therefore universal. This view is the outcome of a pregnant suggestion of Miss Alice C. Fletcher, during her years of experience among the Omaha Indians. Among other ethnological studies, she had been engaged in taking down as many of their songs as possible, and has succeeded in making a collection of three or four hundred. When she obtained the opportunity of playing these songs on a piano or organ for the Indians who had sung them, she was struck by the curious fact that, while they declared her singing of the songs to be correct, they failed to recognize them when played, until they were sung at the same time, and then were never satisfied until she improvised a simple harmonic accompaniment.

When the songs were afterward submitted to me for scientific study and also for harmonization, this suggestion gradually ripened in my own mind, as well as in Miss Fletcher's, into the conviction that the fact above noted points to a natural and universal law, viz., that all folk-music runs on chord-lines. Study of these Omaha songs, including the harmonizations of them which were submitted to Indian criticism, tended steadily toward the confirmation of this belief, and subsequent study and experience, extending

over several years and including a varied observation of the folk music of different races as exemplified at the World's Fair, have, as I believe, furnished ample grounds for trustworthy induction.

The laws under which folk-music is everywhere produced may be thus formulated:

1. Primitive men are impelled to sing, as they are impelled to shout and to dance, by emotional excitement.

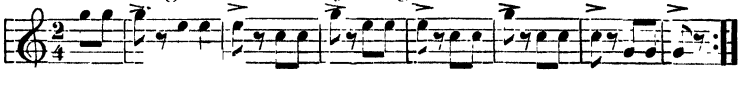
2. All expressions of emotional excitement, whether they be bodily motions or vocal sounds of whatever sort, tend to take on rhythmic forms. Rhythm is the first esthetic element to be developed.

3. Rhythmical shouting comes after a while to acquire a certain degree of musical quality by becoming recognizably definite in pitch.

4. This increasing definiteness of pitch manifests itself in three ways: (1). By steadiness of pitch on a monotone; (2). By going, more or less plainly, from one tone to another of a major or minor chord; (3). By moving along the line of a tonic chord with the addition of tones belonging to chords nearly related to the tonic.

It is not the purpose of this paper to deal with the first three laws above stated, but to illustrate the fourth by means of examples drawn from my note-book. These examples have not heretofore been published. I wish, however, to cite a single example in illustration of the third law, an example which equally illustrates the second point of the fourth. This is a Navajo song, sent me on a phonographic cylinder by Dr. Washington Matthews of Fort Wingate, N. M. I have transcribed a portion of it as follows; (No. 1.)
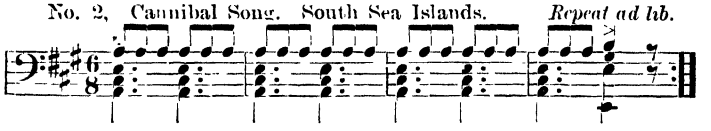
No. 1. Fragment of a Navajo Song.



I have not thought it advisable to take up the space necessary to quote the whole song, for it is long and consists solely in repetitions of the same tones in pretty much the

same order. The noticeable point in the version here given is that there is absolutely nothing in the song except the component tones of a major chord. But no known notation would give any adequate notion of the actual sound of the song as delivered by the Navajo who sang into Dr. Matthews' phonograph. The quality of tone is anything but "musical" in the sense of being pleasing. The singer is evidently excited almost to frenzy; he shouts; he howls; his tones sometimes resemble the barking of a dog more than any singing ever heard among civilized people. Yet all this shouting and howling is unmistakably and beyond all question *directly along the line of the major chord.* Consequently, I have found this song extremely interesting as being, apparently, a sort of connecting link between rhythmical *shouts*, indefinite in pitch, and *song*, in which definite musical quality has fully established itself.
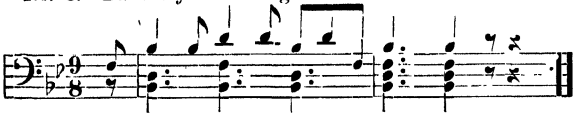
I give now a song which is at once an illustration of the first and the third points mentioned under the fourth law.



(No. 2). It is a cannibal song which I noted down in the South Sea Island theatre on the Midway Plaisance on the evening of Sept. 2, last. The rhythm is strongly marked; the song proceeds on a single tone until the very end when it changes to a tone which is a component of the dominant chord, assuming as we naturally do, that the predominant tone is a tonic. I have given it what seems to be its natural harmony.
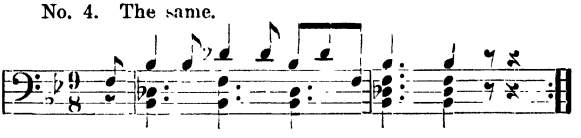
In illustration of the second point I cite here some phrases I picked up in the Dahomey village. Before each of the war dances which I there witnessed, a warrior stood forth andsang a short solo, apparently addressed to the head chief, who was seated near the orchestra. These solos invariably consisted of repetitions of a single phrase, sometimes modified and sometimes not. One of them was made up of this phrase No 3).

No. 3. Dahomey War Song
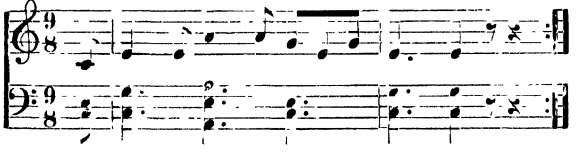


In the course of the solo it was modified by being changed

No. 4. The same.
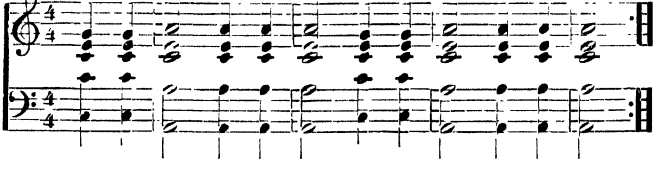


into the minor mode, thus: (No. 4). Another solo of this kind was made up of repetitions of the following phrase: (No. 5). This phrase contains the tonic chord and also A, the tone which, with C and E, would make the relative minor chord of the tonic. It is, therefore, an illustration of the third point.

No 5. Dahomey War Song.
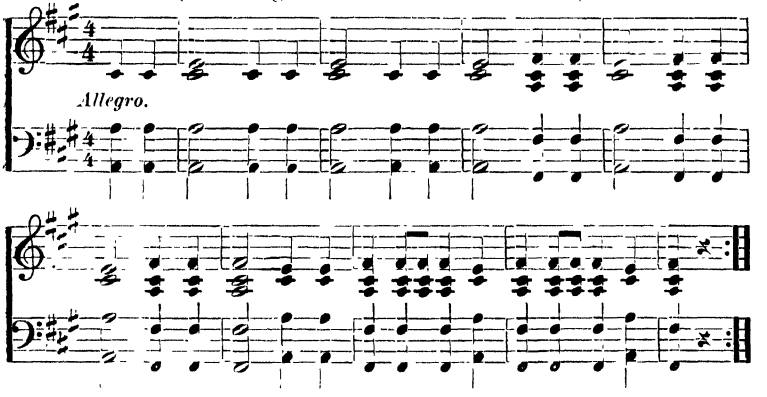


No. 6 is a Fiji War dance, which I obtained at the South Sea Island theatre. Like No. 5, it implies a major and its

No. 6. Fiji War Dance. *Repeat ad lib.*
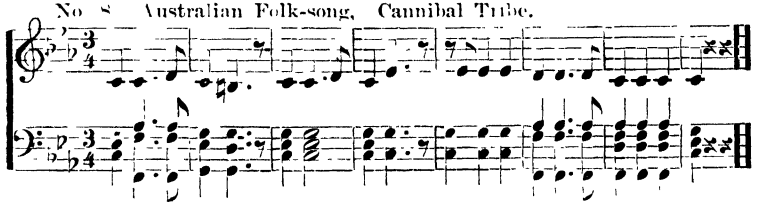


relative minor chord, only here the centre of gravity seems to be on the minor and not on the major chord. No. 7 I also

No. 7 Religious Song and Dance from Wallis Island, South Sea.
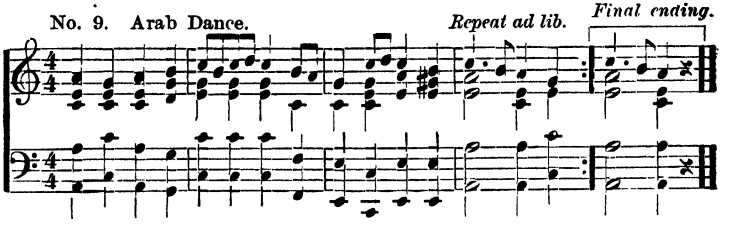


obtained at the same place. It is only another illustration of the same point. No. 8 I obtained from Dr. Carl Lumholtz.

No. 8 Australian Folk-song, Cannibal Tribe.
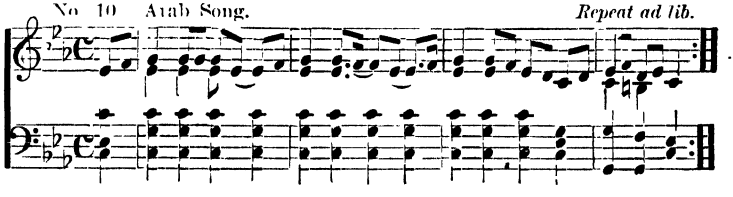


He learned it from the Australian cannibals, among whom he spent four years, engaged in ethnological investigations. It has been published, with other songs from the same source, by Charles Scribner's Sons; but I have never seen the book. Curiously enough, it is much more elaborate than either the Dahomey or the South Sea Island songs. I have written out the harmony naturally implied in it, viz., the Tonic, Dominant and the Subdominant Sixth, (commonly known as the Supertonic chord with a seventh.) No modern composer could have produced a song with more definite minor tonality than has this song.

Nos. 9 and 10 are Arab. I have been particularly interested in these, because it is commonly said by musical theorists and historians that the Arab music is very different from ours, in that they divide the octave into seventeen tones,



and use such minute intervals that the occidental ear cannot appreciate them, except very imperfectly. But whatever may be true of the Arab culture-music, based on abstruse mathematical and acoustical calculations, it is perfectly clear that the Arab folk-music, spontaneously produced, follows precisely the same laws as all other music produced under the same conditions. No. 9 I myself heard over and over again from Arabs on the Midway Plaisance. It was first sung by several girls alone, and then accompanied by an oboe, while a girl was dancing. The performance continued long enough to enable me to write down the music without the slightest difficulty, just as it was sung and played. It is in a plain minor key, implying the tonic chord, its relative minor and the major dominant.



For No. 10 I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Genevieve Cummins, who learned it of an Arab in Chicago. She both sings it (with the Arab words) and impersonates it beautifully; and I wrote it down from her singing. It is in minor, and implies the Tonic and the Dominant Seventh. The bye-tones, which are rather numerous, all belong to the latter chord.

It would be easy to cite numerous other illustrations from my note books, all of them pointing toward the same con-

clusions. In all the songs collected among the Omahas by Miss Fletcher, in all those I have heard from Navajos, Kwakiutls, Dahomeyans, Arabs, Turks, Samoans, Javanese, Chinese and in all the other folk-music I have met with, there is not a single song which does not illustrate the principles I have here laid down as being the controlling ones in the production of folk-music. The study of a few Arab songs and dances has destroyed in my mind the last vestige of the notion that primitive peoples, making music spontaneously, ever consciously and intentionally discriminate smaller intervals than do civilized musicians. Arab ears are just like all other human ears and Arab throats are just like the throats of other people. The latter is an instrument which makes music and the former an instrument which receives and transmits to the brain music, in strict accordance with the same acoustic laws which prevail the world over.

The primitive man, when he makes music under the impulse of emotional excitement, moves along the line of least resistance. And, if several hundred songs, collected from nearly all the races of the earth are sufficient to warrant an induction, *that line is always a harmonic line.*

JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

THE VOICE OF THE PRESENT.

AFTER considering the "Voice of the Future," there surely should be room for a few words on the voice of the present. For the "Voice of the Future," will be only the result of what is done with the voice of to-day. I wish especially to address myself to the possessors of voices, rather than to the teachers; for, after all, the teacher is but a poor, helpless thing in the hands of the pupil. The best considered and most earnest work of the teacher can be so easily brought to naught by the lack of plain common sense on the pupil's part. The teacher has control for perhaps thirty minutes two or three times a week, and for the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety minutes (eating and sleeping time excepted) the pupil is free to work his own sweet will. Rather hard odds on the teacher, it seems to me.

What does the pupil do during all this time, and what would be best to do to make the swiftest and most solid progress? Probably if he is an ambitious pupil he does a certain amount of practicing, and equally probable, he does too much. There is a time, during which he is "having his voice placed," when in almost all cases he is better off not to practice at all outside his teacher's studio. Every teacher will assent to this, but sorrowfully shake his head and say that here in America it is impossible. Now why is it impossible? That we pride ourselves on being "the most enlightened nation on the face of the earth" will also, I think, be admitted, at least, for the sake of argument. Are American students, who are prepared to follow a career so long and arduous as that of the singer, going to deny themselves at the very outset the full advantage of the instruction they seek? Is that common sense? Is that being truly American? Now enterprise, or in our own language "hustle," is a great thing when you have something to "hustle" for:

but to think that there is any virtue in "hustling" merely for its own sake without a definite object in view, is foolish, to put it mildly. Yet, if you tell pupils that they will make better progress if they let things alone for a time, and wait till they know exactly what they want to do, before they try to do it they say:—"But, dear me; I should not feel as though I were doing anything or going ahead at all unless I did some practicing." Well, supposing they should not feel so what has that to do with it? Why do they go to the teacher? Theoretically, I imagine because they think he knows more about singing than they do. Then can anyone give a reason why they naturally ought not to be anxious to get the very most for their money, to put in a business-like, American way? The pupil has no right to any thoughts or opinions on the subject until he has been in the harness long enough to know enough to know something from actual experience. Yet time and time again, the most opinionated and headstrong pupils are those least capable or advanced. As soon as they have studied long enough to really get hold of something, they begin to realize how little they know, become very tractable and do as they are bid; with immediate and great improvement to their work. I fear that our American civilization is more or less at fault, since it teaches, practically, that we may, and even ought, to have opinions on all subjects, whether we know anything about them or not.

In the study of the voice (as in everything else for that matter) the pupil would be vastly better off if he would stop trying to "do" so much, and would take to thinking more. We can all remember tackling so simple a problem as putting up a bracket; after several gentle hints from the mistress of the house. We have gone at it with enthusiasm, put the thing in place with a rush, and stood gazing with pride on our work, when we have suddenly realized that it wasn't in the right place and would have to be changed. Said change was made in the midst of dense silence after due measurements, and the hole where we first drove the nail still serves as a reminder of the various solemn vows we made on that occasion. Students are constantly

doing that sort of thing, and a hole is no more beautiful in a voice than in a wall, and it is not so easily covered by re-papering either.

Does not the pupil realize that it is in every way for the teacher's benefit to bring him on just as fast as possible? The teacher's reputation depends entirely on what his pupils can do, and the quicker results he can show "the more money he will make" in the future. So all artistic considera tions aside, he has every selfish interest in pushing his pupils. Therefore if he tells them to go slow, for whose good does he say it? If the pupil persists in being headstrong or inconsiderate, he still has his knowledge for the benefit of wiser persons, but this particular individual may be forced to the conclusion that the Fates intended him for another profession. Many such cases could be cited. Think. Try to understand what the teacher wants you to do, what he is driving at, but be chary of using your voice for experimenting. Do not imagine that because you are practicing exercises or singing songs you are making progress. If you have not mastered the idea and are not singing correctly, the more you sing the farther you get from the point you wish to reach. If you start for some place, you find out first how to go there, and you would smile if anyone should say that merely because you are walking along the street you are necessarily going in the right direction, and will "get there" if you only walk long enough. Carry the same idea into your study and in the words of Dav Crocket: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Above all, take every possible opportunity to hear singing. There is always something to be learned by the earnest student, even if it is learning what not to do. Where a person has studied long enough to warrant a public hearing it is indeed an exceptional case if there is not something good. But you must be in the right frame of mind. If you go determined to admire nothing in which the severest critic could find a flaw, then, indeed, the outlook is bad, not only for the singer, but for yourself. But if you go determined to find and learn from whatever is good, even if you have to

overlook a good deal that might be much better, you will be amazed to find how many good things there are in the world after all. If every singer, in the early part of his career, should be judged by the standard of a Lehman or a De Reske in the fullness of their powers, effort and advancement would be frozen out of existence. Remember that Lehman and De Reske both were once considered beginners who fought their way to the top in the face of just such obstacles as you and everyone else will have to encounter. Remember, too, that you are not, by profession, a critic, but a student of the voice, striving with your best thought and energy, to learn how these great things are done. And lastly, bear in mind, that the great singers of the future are you earnest students of to-day.

KARLETON HACKETT.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

THE PIANO BEGINNER OF THE FUTURE.

THERE is one respect in which the pianoforte beginner of the future will occupy a very different position from that of the present, if our musical cultivation is ever to come to anything really worth while. I am not thinking now of systems of technics, the use of this, that, or the other kind of machine for facilitating hand development, or the early command of the keyboard from a virtuoso standpoint. What we must hope for the pianoforte beginner of the future is that at the very outset of his alleged musical studies he begins to be a *musician*, and keeps on all the way through with musicianshipin view—according to the measure of the gifts which God may have given him. That every one who takes up the study of a popular instrument like the piano will become a musician, or even a good player, is too much to hope. Such a result would not be impossible *per se*, but it would require a number of qualities in teacher and pupil which are not likely to be present for some time yet, if ever.

When we take a number of piano students of the fourth, fifth and sixth grades, where they are already beginning to play compositions by Schumann, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and perhaps Beethoven, what proportion of them are musical? And about what percentage can be called musicians? Not one in ten. What is it to be a musician? Surely, nothing short of understanding music. Do these people understand music? They do not. How do you know this?

Play for one of them a short strain by any good writer and ask that it be written down from hearing. Can they do this? Never. Ask them to play a short period from ear. Can they do it? Not at all. Play a succession of harmonies and ask them to designate the chords according to their

relation in key. Can they do it? Never. Play even a melody and ask them to play it after you. Can they do it? Very rarely. What then, is the matter? Simply that they are not musicians.

What is it to understand music? It is to know it as language, to be able to repeat it, to be able to write it upon hearing, to feel it, and to anticipate from chord to chord what is about to come. It is to be able to play a given passage in any other key desired. Can musicians do this? They can. Can *all* musicians do this? Many who are called musicians cannot; but one who cannot is by so much short of being a musician.

Suppose we go into an academy, or into the fourth grade of the high school, which corresponds fairly well with the fifth grade of music study. Let us take history. When we have read a short story from any province of history, will this class generally be able to give us an off-hand summary of it? Of course they will. Suppose we ask them to write us some verses in poetry after hearing them—dictating them line by line, perhaps. Will they be able to do it? Every one of them. Suppose we make it more difficult, and give a problem in algebra to be worked without reference to book. Can they do it? Of course. Make it geometry. Can they draw a diagram and demonstrate a proposition? Of course they can, if they have taken the mathematical course. Suppose we read to them certain extracts from three or four great writers and ask for opinions as to the excellence of the different passages, and the beauties each one illustrates. Would they be able to tell us? Most certainly, nine out of ten pupils make a very fair account of themselves upon such a task. Suppose, again, that the teacher of such a high school class were blind, and unable to do his own writing, and were to ask one of the pupils to reduce to writing certain stanzas of poetry which he had composed and had in mind. Would the student be able to do this? Of course he would. In all the high school classes there is not one student who could not do such a thing as his.

What then is the matter with the musical education when so very few of our advanced pupils are able to give the simplest evidences of culture? Is it the fault of the teachers? Or are we dealing with unthinking material? Both, I answer. A music pupil, in order to be upon a par with the high school pupils just mentioned, would have to be able to play by ear, modulate off hand to any desired key, transpose from one key to another, write difficult harmonic successions by ear, and correctly interpret the most elaborate rhythms. Because while a proper division of the music course into grades would probably result in leaving certain complicated harmonic relations for the later grades, this would not be so much the case with rhythms, which being mathematical, are capable of reduction to mathematical equivalents at a much earlier period in the course.

But why is it that this grade of attainment is so rare among music pupils, when so much money is spent upon music, and the pupils take lessons so long? The answer is that the money is not spent upon *music*, nor is the time spent upon music; but upon the piano. Our students practice—upon the piano. They study—the piano. They branch off and rest themselves upon—the dumb piano. Where then does music come in? It does *not* come in, and this is precisely what hinders our making a creditable showing in the points mentioned above.

What is music? It is a language. A language of what? A language of feeling. What is the material of this language? Tones: tones in key. What are the first steps towards learning this language? To understand (by ear) tones; and tones in key. And to feel the expression of music. Do you mean to say that you would begin with expression? Why not? If music is a language, and this language means something which can be felt, how can we begin to understand it by dealing only with passages which have no meaning! And what is it to understand the language? It is to be able to hear the tones in key, just as one sees the people in a room, each one in his own position and performing his own acts. Everything is clear, when

one sees. One person in a good light is not confounded with another in the same room. Each person has his own features, his own way of moving, his own disposition, and his own work. When one sees the persons in a good light he recognizes these points of difference more. When one is acquainted with all the persons in a room, he will be able to anticipate what each of them will probably do next, under a given condition of affairs. This is the case also with tones in key. Every tone and every chord in key has its own characteristic flavor, or *feel*, and is no more to be confounded with another, in its tonal effect, than one person is confounded with another. It is simply a question of knowing the key and of having observed the chords attentively and long.

Nor is this a difficult task. There are only a few chords essential to any one key, and the great bulk of any musical discourse is made up of the essential elements of the key. Take a slow movement of Beethoven, and in a period of eight measures, three-four time, giving twenty-four units, there will be rarely more than five or six different chords, while the great bulk of the period will be made up of three or four chords repeated. This is true, not alone of the earlier, but also of the later Beethoven. For instance, here is an analysis which I have made of some slow movements in Beethoven's Sonatas.

1. Op. 2, Adagio. First 8 measures. 23 chords. Tonic, 11 times; sub-dominant, 4 times; dominant 6 times; three of them with 7th. Eight measures of the Largo of the 2d Sonata. Nineteen chords. Tonic 12 times; dominant 6 times; sub-dominant, 1.

The beautiful and profound Arietta, in Op. 111, written almost at the end of his life, is entirely an oscillation between the tonic and dominant. In eight measures there are 19 chords, of which 11 are tonic, and 7 dominant, and 2 are super-tonic.

Chopin is even more restricted. I will purposely select a very striking example. It is the little waltz in D Flat, Op. 64. The first period of sixteen measures has four

measures of the tonic chord, then four measures of dominant; then again the same orders repeated. The second period is indeed more varied, but still it is very simple.

Moreover, the musical effect of these passages depends upon the relation of those chords in key, and not upon the effect of any one or any dozen chords themselves, otherwise than as related in key. Hence, it is not a question of knowing every possible chord upon the piano keyboard, but simply of knowing a *key*. When one knows a key, with all its usual chords and relations, he is able to analyze the greater part of the music he will hear. Every key has the same kind of relations in it. At most about twelve chords and relations comprehend the whole story. Nevertheless our advanced pupils do not even know that there are such things.

Why is this? Because the instruction is all wrong. This is the short answer. In the mere matter of keyboard mastery, we have made great advances within a generation. Our young ladies are able to play pieces now before graduation which artists once thought very difficult. But no matter how well they play, they cannot write down a very ordinary strain which they hear. They cannot ascertain anything to speak of about the music they play, if they are left to depend upon the testimony of the ear alone. This is like drawing pupils who cannot learn anything from nature. When they have a drawing which they can measure, and line off, they may be able to reproduce it more or less; but give them a scene in nature, and they are helpless. This used to be the case in this department. But it is now changed. Drawing is a matter of eye and eye education. And of this alone—or of hand education following the eye.

What, then, is the scope which the instruction must take in order to render the pupil musical? This I will state once more. First to educate the ear to tones in key, because this is the very pith of the whole business. To tones in key harmonically and melodically. First simple key elements; then the more complicated. Later, the whole chromatic possibility of key. Second, to train the perceptions of

rhythm until any succession or measure can be accurately written by the pupil upon hearing. This means to begin at the beginning, and gradually work up to the final results. It is not very difficult. Mason's system of techics will help here greatly, if it be administered with reference to forming a rhythmic self-consciousness as well as a mere mechanical mastery of rhythmic forms.

A sense of expression is best begun from singing. Melody and harmony ought to seem to the student a language. In order to come soonest to this feeling, his first perception should be formed by singing, and his first experiences should be in singing, because the voice is the minister of the soul, and whatever one does with the voice one intuitively feels as his own; whereas one may learn tricks with the finger, which, like the dog standing upon his hind legs, are not the dog's tricks but the master's. Then from voice one goes to playing what one hears and has sung. And later, one must be brought to the point where everything which one plays seems to him as if he were singing it. Unless one can have this feeling of *singing*, playing is dry, and dry it will remain. The ability to touch the hearer's feeling turns primarily upon the player meaning to *sing*. Paderewski sang as truly as Patti. A thousand times better than Patti, because he sang a wider repertory of nobler conceptions, and sang them until every hearer felt the song. Was not this true of his Nocturne, his Minuet, the Beethoven selections, the Liszt rhapsodies?

What does this involve in primary instruction? It means, I answer, a manner of conducting the first studies differing almost radically from that at present subsisting. Not from all which now exists. Not at all. There are many kindergartners who are beginning to solve this principle. Mr. Tomlins works along this line to no small extent. The tonic sol-fa people have done glorious work of this sort, and have done all these things which I mention, and not only done them, but have done them upon a wide scale, and have prepared practicable methods of doing them. We have in Chicago piano teachers who are doing work

of this high quality. To mention one of the best known there is Mr. Cady, whose whole work with children lies along these very lines, so nearly that I might have learned all that I have said from him, if I had not also happened to learn some of it from my own thinking. Then there is Miss Julia Caruthers, who read an interesting paper at the musical congress, in which she illustrated her method, which is also Mr. Cady's method, since he was her teacher. The gist of all this work is to make elementary teaching first of all a teaching of the ear and of the musical sense; and then to connect it with the notation, so that whatever musical combination one hears one can write down, subject only to the mechanical and mysterious laws of spelling, which, of course, is a divine art, to be learned when one has it not by instinct and the grace of God. Feeling and musical intelligence are the elements educated. Hands and keyboard mastery only in subjection to these. Such is the general order of the new education.

For common use such a method of starting beginners needs certain apparatus which as yet does not exist. I have an ambition to make my beginner musical and intelligent. I take up a musical primer. Suppose it be Palmer's which is recomminded by many of the most celabrated names. What do I find? Subjects introduced without the slightest pretense of order, definitions which as a rule do not define, and a total ignoring of the central ideas which I have just mentioned. Evidently a book of this kind is very little help. I try Jousse's Primer. What do I find? Confusion only a little less bad. Definitions as unreliable as the statement that a "sharp raises a note" (which is about as true as that a sharp "raises sheol"—which it some times does, but not professionally) and the scales treated independently of a harmonic standpoint.

What we must have within the first term or two, not more, is a foundation of knowledge about as follows: 1. The keyboard, and all its geography and nomenclature. 2. The staff, and all that relates to the notation of pitch. 3. Notes note values, pulsation, measure, rhythm, time-places and exact values, and all that appertains to rhythmic repre-

sentation. 4. Chords, of all kinds, ability to analyze any possible chord or form of chord, and familiarity with the common chords and all their inversions, and the dominant sevenths with their inversions and resolutions. Then will come key, formed from chords, and from this the scales — which must always be derived from their elementary chords and never made as melodic formulas. For to teach a child to form a scale as a melodic formula of certain progressions, as the elementary books and classes generally do is barren of results, for the scale is not so derived, and it puts the pupil upon the wrong scent. Chords make up the key, and the elementary chords, the tonic, over-dominant and under-dominant are three entities which the child will learn very easily if he is permitted. With these he can make his scales galore, and he has the foundation of harmony. Modulation and transposition will come in very easily—in rudiment, and as general conceptions, and a foundation will have been laid for many studies which now in late life have a very hard time of it after the habits of thought are all formed awry. All the way along the ear must have been in training. Every unfamiliar musical entity, no matter what its nature, must first be presented to the ear and the cognizing faculties, and then named and placed. Everything first is introduced to the ear. The thing first; then the sign. This is the old principle of Pestalozzi, of which the late eminent Dr. Lowell Mason used to make so much.

The curious feature of this new way of teaching beginners is that it is more agreeable, because furnishing food for reflection all along the course; and it results in vastly more rapid progress, and more productive progress. By this I mean that the pupil has always implanted within him the seeds of crops which will come later. These are the first steps to musicianship, and unless they are taken at the beginning the pupil is put in a wrong direction, from which later it becomes more and more difficult to reclaim him.

"*As the twig is bent the tree's inclined.*"

W. S. B. Mathews.

THE EMOTIONAL BASIS OF MUSICAL SENSIBILITY.

IT will be almost unviersally admitted that the performance of any musical work produces widely varied effects in different individuals.

To define the impression received by one person and to compare it with the working of the same cause on another mind should not be difficult, and it would not be if mankind in general were accustomed to observe correctly, describe accurately, and regard absolute truth as equally important in music as in morals. But a very slight experience in collecting evidence proves only too well that accuracy and power of observation, as well as unreserved truth are comparatively rare qualities and so far as they exist in ordinary people devoted to scientific, legal or business uses are put aside as having no mission to fulfil in an emotional, or partly emotional pursuit such as music.

But though the scientific qualities and training necessary for close observation and clear description only exist in a limited class of intellects, less exact yet still interesting data might be obtained, if each one were willing to analyze and record his own sensations while under the influence of music.

An element of falsity would further vitiate such a series of records, since there is a class of persons who would shrink from confessing emotion they might consider an unworthy weakness; another and much larger section of humanity would cheerfully imagine themselves to be swayed by the faintest breath of feeling that had been declared strong enough to move other sensitive minds.

In the dearth of such records of the personal experience of many musicians this subjective method of treatment is narrowed down to the consideration of one's own mental and physiological attitude toward music. The objective point of view remains to be considered, but is somewhat barren and limited.

An orchestral concert seems best adapted as a test of sensibility to music. In opera, dramatic action, scenic effect, the spoken word, and a hundred minor influences are at work on the mind; it would be almost impossible to determine how much of the whole power of arousing emotion was due to the music itself.

Vocal music of any kind is also for similar reasons not suitable. Though some of the confusing elements are not present, the specific charm of the human voice and the aid of the accompanying words render it still useless for such an inquiry. Recitals for a single instrument must be also rejected as appealing only to a part of the musical world, by the interference of the personality of the artist and by the technical interest necessarily aroused by them.

In a concert room it is of course easy to separate the audience into broadly defined classes, and roughly grouped types. First can be detected and dismissed those who are present for some non-musical reason;—fashion, curiosity to to see or hear a celebrated person, or from the mere idle impulse to spend an hour or two in a pleasant and social manner. Next comes the mechanical type of musician, the man of notes, whose whole attention is concentrated on the workmanship of the composition, or the technique of the players. If he be of the old school he will scarcely allow that music and emotional states have any common relation. The younger members of this group are however, so far under the yoke of modern thought and atmosphere as to be partially sensitive to vague emotional effects which are kept in a rudimentary condition by the conscious direction, or unconscious bent, of the mind toward practical detail.

In contrast to these are a number of persons evidently without technical knowledge of music or acquaintance with its literature, but with minds and bodies naturally receptive of impressions made through the senses. There is also a small group of those who have both knowledge and a responsive temperament, and are too absorbed to be capable of concealing their excitement under the conventional mask of an impassive and indifferent bearing. This essentially modern

habit of assumed lack of interest is the greatest hindrance to the formation of an opinion from observation in such a mat ter, and renders it impossible to do more than make wild guesses at the state of mind of at least two thirds of the individuals in any large audience. Its potency also increases directly with the culture and general intelligence of those who form that audience.

In young children this obstacle does not exist but only a small number of children are acutely sensitive to music, and of that small number but few are taken to hear music serious enough to excite any feeling beyond the sense of rhythm.

In the rare cases to be met with, tears in conjunction with a curious but manifest happiness, wild excitement and exhilaration, or a quivering sense of awe reflect the predominant tone of the music with striking fidelity. Naturally in a child the effect is almost purely instinctive, the unconscious action of a sensitive nervous system reacting and responding to an appropriate stimulus.

With at least two children who have come under my notice it has been evident that the influence of instrumental music was much greater than that of voices either singly or in combination. This was notably so in regard to sequential passages of chromatic chords connecting vocal phrases, dur ing which the child repeatedly turned with eyes eloquent of feeling as if asking sympathy from its older companion, and appeared comparatively unmoved by the more important voice part which followed. Again, when the giving out of a subject in the orchestra evoked unquestioned excitement, while the occurrence afterwards of the same phrase for voices had much less marked effect. As an instance may be mentioned the chorale in the Hymn of Praise, where the motive of "All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord," is first declared by the trombones and taken up later by the chorus. Similar signs of extreme sensibility were apparent in passages composed chiefly of grave chords for horns or other brass instruments and in certain other moments when the pure string tone had sole possession of the ear.

It might be argued that in children physical signs of feel-

ing do not necessarily spring from emotion but may be purely mechanical and material, the result of direct automatic activity of the nervous system. A little thought will however meet this objection.

In all reflex action where the brain is not involved there is invariably an attempt more or less effectual to remove the exciting cause; as when a feather is moved about on the limb of a sleeping person, either another member is unconsciously used to brush it off or the limb itself is turned away from the source of irritation.

The nervous disturbances produced by music are radically different, in that they do not and could not have any possible effect in counteracting their cause, and are therefore undoubtedly due to excitement of the emotional faculties of the mind, received and expressed through the nerves, as are all mental activities of whatever kind or degree.

That a mental condition is vague and partly unconscious does not affect its reality.

In many adults with undeveloped reasoning faculties and weak powers of analysis the deepest feeling may co-exist with a very meagre capacity for realizing or defining it. Indeed it sometimes seems as if those who in moments of strong emotion are still free enough to recognize and describe their sensations, can not be as truly moved as others who are too absorbed to pause and consider how they feel. In reality this difference is rather due to larger intelligence and culture than to any lack of keenness or depth of feeling. Body and mind are so complex in their relation and interaction that the distinction between physical and mental functions may wisely be left to metaphysicians and to scientists, especially as the authorities on those subjects are as yet far from reconciling their opposed theories.

Passing to the subjective and personal line of thought, it is curious to compare the impressions produced by the works of different composers, effects which vary widely according to the degree and kind of their creative genius, and are also affected by the idiosyncracy of the listener. For our own part it is the music of Wagner which excited the

most intense and passionate feeling, the orchestral works of Beethoven the most profound and serious emotion. In Wagner it is the passion, the love, the sorrow of the individual, that fills the heart and mind. Although it is a titanic personality, it is still so real, so human and impulsive, that one becomes rapt away, and identified with the struggle, the triumph or the despair of the music.

It is a less personal feeling that rules the more severe genius of Beethoven. In his sombre mood it is the cry of the pain and longing of the world that seeks an answering note in us. The impersonal joy of nature and beauty sings in his moments of cheerfulness or gaiety. In all his moods, whether grave or gay, there is the uplifting sense of an ideal not bounded by the limitations of this world, nor satisfied by the realization of earthly happiness and beauty; where through the misery and sadness of an unsolved problem, or a broken aspiration, there is ever the note of promise, reaching out to something more satisfying than present delight.

Wagner falls as much below the suggested comfort of this wholesome and lofty philosophy as he surpasses Beethoven in the vivid overpowering rush of purely passionate emotion, with which he plays upon the soul. Refined and lovely as it is, this is entirely sensual, using the word in its most strict sense as opposed to the more abstract and contemplative varieties of mental activity.

No other composers have equal power; the power to create not only an intense sympathy with their thought imagination, but physical effects such as are experienced at a real emotional crisis. The fluttering heart, the trembling limbs, the sense of strained nerves, the actual pain that comes with keen feeling and afterwards the reaction and fatigue, prove the reality of the music's magic. Certain isolated works of other composers have as strong an effect while the larger part of their compositions leave us cold and unmoved though fully appreciative of their beauty and intellectual force.

In the naive works of the early composers there is little more suggested than the simple pleasure of agreeable sounds and well balanced rhythmical relations, but soon a faint fore-

shadowing of the poetic basis, on which modern music is founded, begins to dawn. As far back as Scarlatti's time an occasional passage of more than formal beauty surprises us; a little later the ideal and emotional begins to start into life beneath the strait garment of form that envelopes it.

John Sebastian Bach is the first composer in whom we feel its constant presence. In his works the ideal character is vague and held in subjection to an exacting and highly developed intellectual form of expression; perhaps it is this very vagueness that renders his music "*bon comme le pain*," good for all times and all moods. With Mozart the Greek qualities of perfect proportion, statuesque beauty, and moderation of tone half hide and half reveal the human interest without which he would have no message for our hearts. But the power of exciting emotion which is the dower of the modern romantic school is a matter of temperament as well as of period. Some composers born within the same decade, even in the same year, are separated by a gulf wide as the years between Lulli and Wagner are long.

A. E. Brand.

A WORD CONCERNING TSCHAIKOWSKY.

(The following additional particulars concerning the great composer have just reached here from Mr. Frederick W. Root, who is spending a year or so in Europe).

AMONG the acquaintances I have made during my sojourn on this side of the ocean is that of a Russian, Dr. Gavronsky, who with his wife and daughter is at present sojourning in Munich, where he is sent by the Russian government to make certain observations in medical matters.

These are people of high position, well posted in the artistic progress of their own country, both from their own observations in St. Petersburg, Moscow and elsewhere, and from their constant reading of the Russian papers. Mme. Gavronsky is one of those discouraging linguists, not uncommon in her country, who can speak almost any language you can name; and from her and her husband I have learned some interesting things about Tschaikowsky, whose sudden death has recently shocked the musical world. Perhaps some of these details are not generally known, so I send them along.

Tschaikowsky's early years were spent up in the northeast corner of the empire, among the Ural Mountains, where his father had charge of iron works; but he was sent, while still a boy, to St. Petersburg and placed in a school preparatory to the law school. Having qualified himself, he entered the government service; but when the first Russian conservatory of music was opened in 1862 he was allowed to follow his natural bent and enter the new institution, of which Anton Rubinstein was the head. Of course he took the first prize for composition, having produced a string quartette and an orchestral overture while a pupil. He also studied piano and flute. In 1866 he took

the position of instructor in theory and composition at the Moscow conservatory, of which Nicholas Rubenstein was the director, and this position he retained until 1879. After that he established himself at a country seat at Klin, about two hours from Moscow, on the road to St. Petersburg, and when not traveling he devoted himself to composition at that place. He was not married, his house being kept for him by a man and his wife, servants very devoted to him, who knew how to minister to his wants and peculiarities. It was a special point with Tschaikowsky not to wait for inspiration in composition. He worked methodically six hours a day at his desk without inquiring into his moods ; and he was very impatient of interruption; he did not like to have people about his place who might disturb him. When some especial piece of work was done he would seek company in Moscow or elsewhere. Of course in late years he was much in demand for various purposes, among others for orchestral conducting. But this he did not like to do, because he did not feel that he had had the necessary training for that important specialty of the musical profession. He had had no experience and distrusted himself with a bâton in his hand. Yet he did sometimes appear in the capacity of conductor for his own works, and at the time of his death he was engaged for four symphony concerts in St. Petersburg, only one of which had been given. The opinion is advanced that he refused to go to America because he did not wish to appear as conductor. It is said that never in Russia has such honor been paid to a subject as was shown to Tschaikowsky at his funeral. The Emperor paid the expenses of the great public ceremonials, not from any necessity but as an honor ; he also sent a magnificent wreath for the coffin. The services were held in the great cathedral of St. Petersburg, Kasanski Sabor, which was filled with a throng of 6,000 mourners, including the highest nobility of the realm, and 20,000 more had begged admission. Delegates were present from all over Russia, representing the principal musical societies and schools of the land; also the university and all the higher institutions of the capital. The place of in-

terment was at Nevski Lavri, the most honorable burial place of the empire, and the procession which accompanied the remains thither was two miles long. Vladimir, the Emperor's brother, wrote a letter of condolence to the bereaved family; and Rubinstein, who now lives in Dresden, telegraphed an expression of his sentiments, alluding to the deceased as "our Tschaikowsky."

Two brothers are left to mourn his loss ; one a dramatic author at whose house the composer died, and the other a governor of one of the political divisions or departments of the realm, that of Tiflis, in the Caucasus. Tschaikowski wrote in all styles. His works include nine operas, six symphonies, four overtures, three ballets, a symphonic poem, "Manfred," cantatas, chamber music, church music, concerted pieces and solos, vocal and instrumental. His operas are "Opritchnik," "Wakula" (The Blacksmith), "Undine," "Jeanne d'Orleans," "Snowdrops," "Mazeppa," (in which, however, the wild horse scene does not appear), "Enchantress," "La Pique Dame" (Queen of Clubs), poem by Pushkin and "Eugenie Onarguin." His overtures are "Romeo and Juliet," "Francesca Di Rimini," "1812" and "Storm." His compositions were not acknowledged to be distinctively Russian in character until about ten years ago. Up to that time he was thought to be a follower of the "western" composers—those of Germany and elsewhere. But after the advent of his opera "Eugenie Onarguin" his compatriots seemed to find in his music a congenial expression of their own nationality. That particular work has great vogue in all parts of the empire. It is a fact that has perhaps a political aspect, that the Russian papers in enumerating Tschaikowky's works omit to mention his marvelously stirring overture which commemorates the disastrous retreat of the French from Moscow in Napoleon Bonaparte's time. Possibly they thought it as well, in view of the spectacular amenities recently extended to Russia by the French, to omit unpleasant allusions to former times.

FREDERICK W. ROOT.

WORDS AS EXPRESSION IN SINGING.

WORDS, once learned, express reasonably definite mental states; reasonably definite ideas. Not, indeed, absolutely definite, for every word means to every person what, in his own experience, it expresses. Although a hundred persons might define "goodness" with the same sentence and synonyms, yet the real idea of goodness as an abstract condition would depend very largely upon the nature and experience of the individuals. One would not, of necessity, judge of goodness as he found it in his own heart; he might judge of it as he found it in others with whom he came in contact. The secret of word-power, of eloquence, is in so rendering these signs of ideas that the rendition so enlarges, specifies and emphasizes the meaning intended that it appeals to the greatest possible number of persons through the greatest possible number of experiences.

Mr. Booth could pronounce a word in such a way as to thrill us, who listened, with its meaning. Col. Ingersoll paints his word-pictures with refinements of tones that make shadows and steal unwelcome into our hearts.

The idea being defined by a word, the tone, the rythm, the power, the pitch, the duration, and the motions embraced in their use, all repeat it to us, each in its own way, stamping it more deeply on our minds—more deeply because from every point of view it touches upon some element in our individual experience. A word in singing is a sound, or series of sounds, which exist in it as a consequence of its own formation and not from any demand of music. The word "mine" contains four sounds whether spoken or sung: First, *m*, second *ah*, third *e*, fourth *n*. The vowel "i" consists of two sounds, namely, *ah* and *e*, both said quickly in speech; the first prolonged in singing to nearly the full time of the note to which it is set, and the *e* occupying as little time as possible at the end, and joined closely to the following conso-

nant. Thus, we see what material there is for sound in the in the one word "mine." The first *m* may be vocalized upon the same pitch set for the word in the printed music, and the last sound *n* may be treated in the same way, giving a continuous tone for the whole note, varying in color and intensity as the stress of meaning demands. Thus: "thou art mine" could be sung triumphantly, by suddenly attacking the last word. The lips being pressed tightly together and suddenly relaxed as the mouth opened for the *ah* (the next sound as seen above) and the *n* short and slightly accented. Or, it could be said tenderly by humming the *m* and *n* and prolonging them. It could be said passionately by beginning the *m* softly, making a sudden crescendo and giving the *ah* as a sudden outburst, of which the *m* was the preparation and prophecy. Or, it could be said bitterly by beginning the *m* with the mouth closed, open it slightly for the beginning of *ah*, continue opening it until about two-thirds of the duration of the note is consumed, then begin to close, and, with the tip of the tongue against the base of the lower teeth and the center rolled forward, make the *e* first with the mouth partly open, but gradually closing until the *n* resulted.

Under these circumstances, it is easier not to be bitter. The constant motion of the mouth seems to give to the tone an ever changing color that adds to its expressiveness. This effect is increased if the pitch keeps pace with the pronunciation in a sort of slur or slide.

In singing the words "O, rest in the Lord," the effect depends very largely upon the articulation of the *st* in the word "rest." If they are done softly and very deliberately and distinctly, a tone-picture of peace seems to result.

The word "holy" is so constituted that it can be made a perfect tone-picture of reverence. In "Samson and Delilah," Saint Saens, page 83, occurs the line "Pour thy poison through Samson's heart" and the word "poison" can be sung so as to give a complete idea of Delilah's intentions toward Samson, and the feelings that accompany them, incidentally, of her nature also. The *p* is decided, but not ex-

plosive enough to attract attention to that characteristic: the *oi* really are pronounced *aw* and the short sound of *i* as as in "fill," and *aw* said with the mouth always in motion. The consequence is that the tone is never at a standstill but instead, is constantly evolving new meaning. A slur is formed with a slight crescendo and diminuendo and a very little sharping in the center. Considerable careful practice makes it possible to do all this on the eighth note set to the first syllable without retarding the tempo at all.

One of the most beautiful and also most difficult lines in all the musical literature known to the writer is to be found on page 75 of the same work and is "So I'll wait him alway." It represents two ideas: First, the love which Delilah wishes Samson to believe she feels; second, the perseverance which is to mark her efforts to enthral him. The love is best expressed by the legato obtained by vocalizing all the consonants that will admit of it. The first is the *ll* in "I'll," next the *w* in "wait" which, when said as sung is precisely like *oo* in "food." The *t* and *h* are put together, the *t* being done by the tip of the tongue, and the *h* by a "stroke of the glottis" that emits breath that is not vocalized. The *w* is sung on the F sharp and is followed by taking breath; the word "alway" is thus isolated, and therefore brought into prominence. But that fact is not enough. What kind of prominence? And what sort of an effect will it produce upon those who are definitely noticing it? Are questions to be answered by the way in which it is pronounced? If the first syllable *al* (pronounced *awl*) is begun softly, increased a little in power and then diminished, receding into the *l* which is made with the tongue pressing against the roof of the mouth; the *oo* which is the real sound of the *w* beginning the second syllable, begun also softly, quickly increased and permitted to break suddenly—but by all means *not loudly*—into the *a*, the effect of distance, of duration will result. Of course, the effect will depend very largely upon the way in which it all is done; how much time is consumed and how it is proportioned among all those closely related sounds. Any one with a lit-

tle money can buy paints, canvas and brushes enough to paint a picture that might be a great work of art; the result, though, will depend largely upon the use made of the materials. The question is suggested: Is it advisable for singing pupils to attempt dramatic effects by pronunciation when their chances of success are so few? An answer is contained in the question; Is high art to be striven after at all?

The time has come when if words are sung they are expected to be pronounced. A little investigation will clearly show that in modern music when the words have any meaning or value, the force of the composition is surely doubled by their proper use. Furthermore, they afford a continuous flow of tone color, forever doing away with the monotony of four or five vowel sounds, made so nearly alike, as to be indistinguishable at five paces. The means embraced in pronounciation are the singer's storehouse of resources from which he can draw what is necessary to make his singing intelligible to *all* his audience. Even those without musical experience will be brought into touch with him somewhere in the realm of ideas expressed, or in the emotions which his singing his pronounciation and tone color—symbolize and reproduce. It is likely that no two persons would get this same impression from a word pronounced without care or emphasis, but if these were tones of love or hate, grief or joy, hope or fear in it, both would know it, and so feel the power of the word as a messenger from one soul to another.

HOMER MOORE.

MUSICAL JOHN.

BY HENRIK SIENKIEWICZ.

HE came feeble and sickly to this world. The aunts and gossips, gathered around the mother's bed, shook their heads in doubts. The blacksmith's wife, the wisest of them all, tried in her own fashion to console and encourage the sick mother. "Be quiet," she said, "I will light a blessed candle, you're going down, my friend, get ready for a journey to the better world, we must send for the parson, so you can confess to him." "Indeed," another one remarked, "and we must, too, baptize the child at once, it would not hold out until the parson should come, and I tell you it will be great luck if that little one shan't haunt the house unbaptized." While speaking thus she lighted a blessed candle, sprinkled the child with water, so that its eyes sparkled, and said: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost and give thee the name of John, and now, Christian soul, return whence thou hast come."

But the Christian soul showed no desire to return whence it had come and leave the feeble frame; on the contrary, it made the little feet kick as far as they could, and the child cried in a still, feeble voice, so that it seemed as though a kitten were mewing or something of the kind.

They sent for a priest. He came, performed his duty and went away. The mother recovered and in a week was at her work again. It seemed as though the babe's life were hanging on a thread: its breath was scarcely noticeable. But when he was four years of age, a cuckoo cried several times over the roof, and then the child fared better until he grew to be ten years of age. Yet he remained thin and lean, had a big belly, his cheeks were sunken in, his locks as pale as flax and nearly white fell over his big, bulging eyes which always seemed to be looking into space. In winter he

crouched behind the stove and silently wept from being cold, not seldom, too, from hunger, for his mother had nothing to put in the stove or in the pots. In summer he would run about dressed in a shirt girt with a cut-off piece of cloth, in a little hat of straw. These flaxen hairs made their way out from under the hat, and he would turn up his head as birds do. This mother, a poor undertenant, who lived from hand to mouth like a swallow under a hostile roof, may have loved him in her own way, yet she would beat him oftentimes. In his eighth year he already had to tend a herd of cattle or go to the deep forest to pick up mushrooms if there was nothing to eat in the house. It was really a sign of divine favor that no wolf had eaten him in the woods.

He was by no means a smart boy and like a true village child he always put his finger in his mouth when addressed by some one. No one would dare to foretell him a long life or that he would make his mother happy, for he was not fit for work. Though I cannot say how it happened, yet for one thing he had a strong desire, that is, for music. He listened to every tone, and the older he grew the more his thoughts dwelt on song and music. If he went to the woods with his herd or with a comrade to gather strawberries, he would always come back without a single berry and whisper, O, dear mamma, what a wonderful music there is in the woods, oh!"

"I'll play you a different sort of music, you good-for-nothing fellow!" his mother would answer angrily, and in a moment her ladle played on his back. The boy cried and promised that he would not listen any more to the music of the trees, and yet he was constantly thinking of the pretty tones and sounds he had heard in the forest. Who or what was it that resounded and sang so prettily? Did he know? The pines, the beeches, the birches, the thrushes, everything, the entire forest was singing—and the echo too. The broom-corn sang in the field, and in the garden by the hut the sparrows chirped so that the cherry-trees were shaking. In the evening he heard all the voices that can be heard in a village and believed that the entire village was singing and shouting.

When he was sent to work to turn up dressing, he believed to hear the wind playing on his pitchfork. If the foreman chanced to see him standing idle, listening to the wind's play on the wood pitchfork, his hair thrown back, he would seize his strap and give John some lashes to bring him to his senses. But of what good was that? The people nicknamed him "Musical John." In the spring he fled from the house and made himself a fife.

In the night when the frogs were croaking, the quails twittering in the meadows, little birds humming in the dew, the cocks crowing behind the fences— he could not sleep, he had to listen and God knows what sort of sounds he really heard.

The mother could not take her boy to church, for as soon as the organ was sounded, his eyes filled themselves with tears, or they sparkled and shone as though they were illuminated by the light of another world.

The night watchman of the village who, in order to keep himself from falling asleep, was wont to count the stars in the skies or quietly to take to his dog, often saw the white shirt of John running in the dark toward the tavern. But the boy would not enter the tavern, he staid without, bent down leaning against the wall and listened. Joyous couples were dancing within and many a young fellow shouted with joy. You could hear the stamping of feet and the bashful voices of girls. The fiddle sang quietly: "First let us eat, then let us drink, till all our cups shall ring!" And the bassviol murmured gravely: "As the Lord will! As the Lord will!" The windows were brightly illuminated; every beam of timber in the tavern seemed to be shaking, singing and playing, and Johnny listened! What in the world would he give for such a fiddle that sang so quietly: "First let us eat, then let us drink till all our cups shall ring!" Such small resounding boards! Where do they make them? Would they only allow him to take them into his hands? God forbid! He could only listen and he listened until the night-watch would remind him suddenly: Get out and go home, you little elf!"

Then the little barefoot would run away to his hut, haunted by the voice of the fiddle: "First let us eat, then let us drink, till all our cups shall ring!" And the bassviol murmured gravely: "As the Lord will!"

It was a feast for him to hear the fiddle at a harvest home or at a wedding. Then he would creep behind the stove and would not say a word several days; he would merely look into space with his glittering eyes just like a kitten. At last he made himself a fiddle out of shingle and strung it with horsehairs, but it did not play so well as that fiddle at the tavern: the strings clinked but their sound was very feeble, much like the humming of a fly or a gnat. Nevertheless, he would play it from morning till night, even though he recevied many blows and thrusts therefor, so that he soon resembled an unripe apple beaten on all sides against the ground. The boy grew more and more lean, only his belly was equally large, his hair grew thicker, the eyes rose forth and often were filled with tears, the cheeks and the breas sank in deeper— he was wholly unlike other children, aye, he was more like his fiddle whose clink was hardly audible. Moreover, just before the harvest he was almost dying of hunger, for he had to feed almost exclusively on raw beet and on his longing for a violin.

But it seemed as though his longings were to be satisfied. At the lordly castle there was a lackey who had a violin which he would occasionally play in the evenings. Now and then Johnny would crawl through the thick bindweeds as far as the door of his room, in order to listen to his play or at least to steal a glance at the violin. It hang on the wall opposite the main door; in his looks the boy sent out his very soul toward the instrument, for the violin appeared to him as a holy thing that should not be approached and which it would be a sin to touch, although to him it was the dearest thing in the world. A melancholy desire seized him; at least once he would like to touch it, or closely examine it . . . the poor boy's little heart trembled with happiness at the mere thought.

One day there was no one in the room. The nobility of

the castle were traveling, the castle was not occupied, and the lackey was in the other wing. Hidden amid the bindweeds Johnny was looking a while through the open door upon the object of his desire. The rays of a full moon poured through the window into the chamber and were reflected by the opposite wall. Soon they reached also the violin and slowly envoloped it in their bright light. To the boy it appeared as though the violin were emitting silvery luster into the darkness. The bridge was so brightly illuminated that Johnny was nearly dazzled. In the moonlight every part could be clearly seen: the sides, the strings, the curved neck of the violin. The pegs beamed like glow-worms and the brow shone like a ribbon of silver.

Ah! everything was so pretty, so charming. The longer Johnny looked the more his longing grew. Crouching in the thicket of plants, resting his elbows against his knees, with his mouth open, Johnny constantly gazed upon the violin. Now he seemed screwed to the ground by fear, now an unchecked desire drove him forth. Was it anything shameful? It seemed to him as though the violin were coming to him . . . for a moment the luster disappeared only to reappear with greater force. A charm a real charm!—A breeze was blowing, the trees rustled, the weeds whispered something and Johnny believed to hear quite distinctly these words: Go on, Johnny, there is no one in the room . . . go ahead, Johnny! . . .

It was a bright, clear night. Near the lake in the park a nightingale began to sing; he whistled: Only go, Johnny, and take it! An honest raven passing over the child's head in his light flight warned him: "Stay here, Johnny, don't go." The raven flew away, the nightingale sang again, and the plants rustled louder and louder: "No one is in." The violin shone again in its silvery luster.

The poor little crooked figure sneaked quietly and cautiously along, and nightingale still whistled: "Go ahead and take it!"

The white shirt moved quickly toward the door. It was no longer hidden by the bindweeds. The rapid breath of a

sickly childish breast could be heard from the doorsill. A moment, and the white shirt disappears; only the little bare foot is still standing on the sill. In vain does the raven fly back and crow: Don't go, don't go! Johnny is in the chamber. The frogs in the garden pond croak as though they were suddenly frightened—and silence reigns again. The nightingale has ceased to sing, the weeds ceased their whisperings. In the meantime Johnny has crept on, but fear stops him. In his hiding-place amid the bindweeds there he felt at home, as a beast would in a thicket, and now he felt as a beast would in a trap. His movements were quick, his breath short and pulling.

Darkness surrounded him. A quiet summer sheet-light ning, flashing from East to West, once more illuminated the room and the poor Johnny, who crouched on the floor, nearly on all fours, with his head lifted up toward the violin. The lightning vanished, a cloud enveloped the moon and nothing could be heard or seen. After awhile a gentle plaintive tone broke the silence as though some one had touched a string. . . . Instantly a rough and sleepy voice was heard asking in angry tones: "Who is that?"

A match was lighted and then . . . O God! you could hear curses, oaths, blows, a child's weeping and cries: "Pity, for God's sake!" the barking of dogs, running of men with lanterns and a great noise in the yard. . .

The next day John was brought before the village court, the mayor. Is he to be tried as a thief? . . . Just so. The judges and their assistants looked him over as he stood before them, with his thumb in his mouth, with that large, frightened eye; he was so small, so lean, so soiled, and was hardly conscious of where he was and what might happen to him. How could they try him, a creature of less than ten years who could hardly stand on his feet? Shall he be thrown into a prison or what shall be done with him? One should have pity on children. Let the watchman whip him with a rod to teach him not to steal any more, and that will be enough.

"All right! I accept." So they called the watchman Stach. "Take the boy away and give him a few lashes with

a rod." Stach nodded approvingly with his beastly head, took John under his arm as if he were a kitten and carried him to the barn. The boy either did not understand what was going on or was so scared, that he did not utter a single word and only looked around like a frightened little bird. Did he know what awaited him? Not until Stach had seized him with his hand, laid him down, rolled up his shirtsleeves and brought a rod, not until then did the unhappy John cry: "Mamma!" and after each stroke he cried: Mamma! Mamma! Mamma! but his voice grew stiller and stiller until after so many strokes of the rod the child became silent and ceased to call his mamma.

Oh, that unhappy fiddle! . . . Stach, you wretched fool! Who dares to beat a child thus? The poor boy had always been so lean and weak that he hardly kept breath. His mother finally came and took her boy home, but she had to carry him. The next day Johnny could no longer move and on the third he quietly gave up his little soul, lying on his hard couch under a coarse horseblanket.

Swallows were chirping on the cherry-tree that grew before the window, a few rays of sunlight penetrated through the window and through their gold upon the child's hair and his face, from which all blood had disappeared. A sunbeam was the road along which the little soul of the child passed to the other world. Happy was he that in his death, at least, he entered the broad road of the sun, for in his life he had to tread a thorny path. The sunken-in bosom is still heaving imperceptibly and it seems that the child's face reflects the outer world that comes in through the window. It was in the evening, the country maidens were just returning from the meadows and singing: "In the green, in the tree woods!" and the music of schalmays came in from the creek. For the last time John listened to the songs and music of the village . . . This fiddle lay before him on the horse blanket. Suddenly the face of the dying child brightened, and the pale lips whispered: "Mamma." "My little child?"—the mother inquired, tears choking her voice. "Mamma! will the Lord give me a real violin in heaven?"

"Surely, he will, my dear little boy, surely he will!" the the mother replied, unable to say more, for all the grief, stored in her hardened bosom, now broke forth, and she could only groan: "O Jesus Christ!" She hid her face in her palms and began to wail like a madwoman or like one whom death had robbed of him whom she cherished the most . . .

Death took him away from her. When she raised her head a second time and glanced at the child, the eyes of the little musician were already motionless, though open, and his face was pallid and cold. No more sun rays poured in through the window.

Rest in peace, Johnny!

The next day the nobility returned home from their travels. The young daughter of the count came back too, accompanied by the nobleman that sought her hand. The suitor said to her: "*Quel beau pays qu'est l'Italie!* (What a beautiful country is Italy!)—"And a nation of artists. *On est heureux de chercher lá-bas des talents et de les protéger.* . . ." (One is happy to seek talented men there and aid them), the young lady added.

Birch-trees were rustling over Johnny's grave.

Translated from the Polish by JOSEPH J. KRAL

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.

EXAMINATION FOR ASSOCIATESHIP, 1893.

GENERAL MUSICAL THEORY.
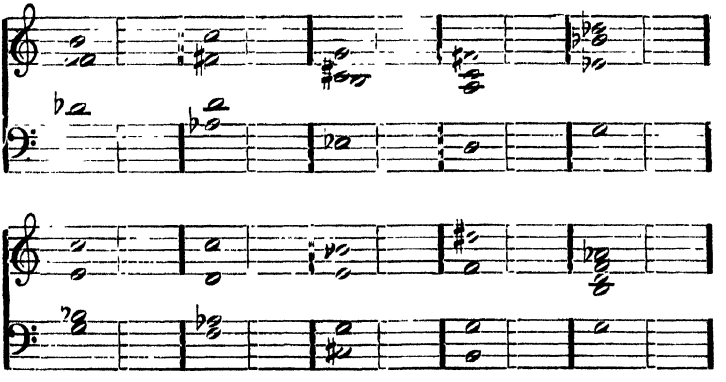
The Theoretic Examination consisted as follows:

HARMONY.
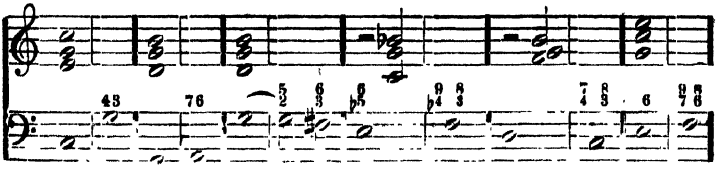
1. (a) Write in G major an organ point eight or more measures in length.

(b) Give the principal rules governing the construction of such passages.

2. Figure and resolve the following chords:

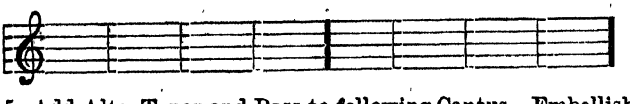


3. Give rules for and complete following suspensions:
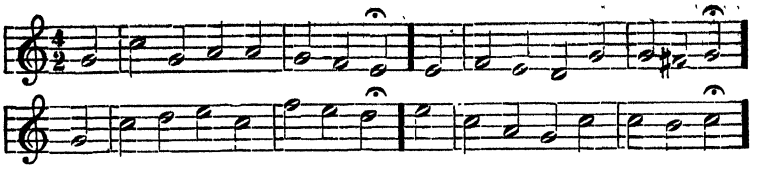


4. Write modulation from D major to E flat major and return. If possible, construct it in an eight measure period as below. If time permit, candidate may embellish with passing notes, suspensions, etc. Avoid enharmonic changes and unmelodic progressions.

D to E flat. E flat to D.
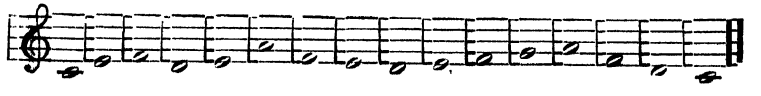


5. Add Alto, Tenor and Bass to following Cantus. Embellish it sufficiently to cause voices to move smoothly.



COUNTERPOINT.

1. Explain the relation between Harmony and Counterpoint.
2. Wherein does modern Counterpoint differ from the old?
3. Give approximately a list of usable intervals, also a list of forbidden intervals and progressions.
4. Write a Counterpoint above and below the following Cantus. Do it several times, so as to employ one each of the different orders.



TERMINOLOGY.

The items in this paper, while demanding some knowledge for their correct solution, are intended primarily to call out the ability of the candidate to give definitions *from the standpoint of a teacher*. Therefore, let the answers be correct, concise and comprehensive.

1. Write out the following in full:—
 a. Cresc. p. a p.
 b. Con. esp.
 c. Dim.
 d. Tempo I mo.
2. Define by translating:
 a. Nicht schnell.
 b. Quasi Cadenza.
 c. Tutti.
 d. Tempo wie vorher.
 e. Senza.
 f. Arco.
 g. Scherzo d. c. e. por la coda.
 h. Wie im Anfang.
 i. Tempo come Sopra.
 k. Attacca subito.
 l. Allegro.
3. Write plural of—
 a. Cantus. b. Opus. c. Canto.
4. Correct the following:—
 a. Two notes in a bar.
 b. Strike the right note.
 c. In three-four time.
 d. The white and black notes of the piano.
5. Define:—
 a. Piano. b. Organ. c. Fagotto.

(Do not describe the instruments, but define the words, and show application to the instrument.

6. By what name is each of the following known?

a. b. c.  d.  e. ||< (Explain use of each).

7. Define:—

a. Cadence. b. Sequence (giving original meaning).

8. Define:—

a. Sharp (♯). Flat (♭) without saying they raise or lower either a staff degree or a note.

MUSICAL FORM.

Define:—

a. Measure.
b. Motive.
c. Phrase.
d. Section.
e. Double Section.
f. Thesis.
g. Antithesis.
h. Rhythm.

Give illustrations, original or quoted.

2. Describe, more or less fully, the following forms:

a. Song.
b. Menuetto.
c. Scherzo.
d. Simple Rondo (first form).
e. Sonata.

3. Analyze the accompanying composition, indicating by means of terms, brackets, figures, ("metrical cipher") etc.

a. Principal and subordinate themes, both in exposition and development.

b. Connectiye or transitional passages.

c. Organ point.

d. Keys passed through in the development.

e. Subdivisions of themes, motival structure, and such other minor points as would indicate a thorough understanding of the example submitted.

HISTORY.

1. What are the essential differences employed in the production of tone between the clairchord, harpsichord, spinet and pianoforte?

2. In what chief particulars has the pianoforte been improved since the death of Beethoven?

3. Mention some of the differences in the technique of the harpsichordist of Sebastian Bach's time, and that of the pianist of to-day.

4. Write concerning the beginnings of artistic singing (*bel canto*) and its founders.

5. What school of opera has been until recently the model followed by Italian composers?

6. What are the chief merits and demerits of that school?

7. With whose works does the era of modern German opera begin?

8. What are some of the chief differences between the Rossinian and Wagnerian school of opera?

9. Briefly characterize the emotional content of the works of a) Bach, (b) Mozart, (c) Beethoven, (d) Schubert, (e) Chopin, (f) Schumann. Give year of birth and death of each.

10. Give your opinion of the present conditions and promises of musical composition and performance (vocal and instrumental) in America.

PIANO DEMONSTRATIVE EXAMINATION.

The demonstrative examination consisted of test exercises in touch, technique, reading at sight, transposition, and the performance of selections, at the discretion of the examiners, from the list of works given in the prospectus for associateship examination (see prospectus, page 12), supplemented by original lists handed in by the candidates.

SPECIAL THEORETIC EXAMINATION.

1. POSITION AT THE PIANO.

Describe or diagram the proper position for a player at the instrument with regard to the following particulars:

a. General position of the body, including relation to the keyboard and height of chair or stool.

b. Position of the fingers—2, 3, 4, 5, from the tips to the metacarpal (knuckle joints).

c. Position of thumb (1).

d. Position from the second joint of the fingers to the wrist.

e. Position from the metacarpel joints to the elbow.

f. Position from the elbow to the shoulder.
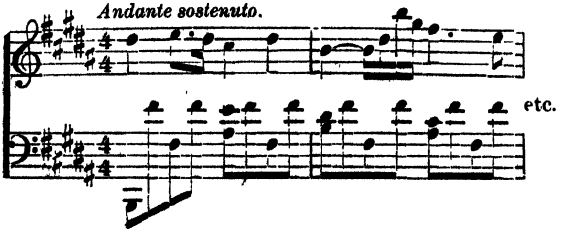
2. TOUCH.

a. Define the clinging legato touch, and mention the particular class of passages to which it is adapted.

b. Define the legato touch and give a general idea of the position, action and condition which each of the members, mentioned in the preceding section, from the finger tips to the shoulder, should assume in this touch.

c. Which kind of touch should be used by the right hand and which by the left in order to attain artistic expression in the following example? Give also the reasons for your conclusions.
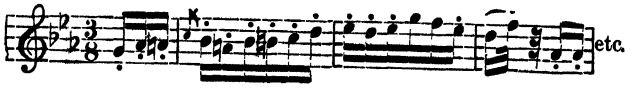
Chopin, Op. 32. No. 1.
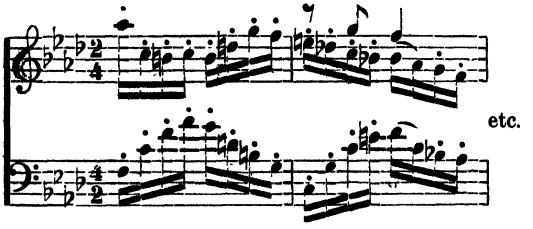


d. Define the staccato touch. Describe in detail all the variations of staccato known to you, comprising (1) finger action, (2) wrist action, and (3) arm action, alike singly or combined.

e. Describe the kinds of touch best adapted for playing effectively the following passages:
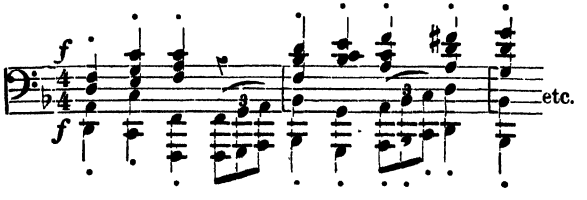
1.



2.



3.



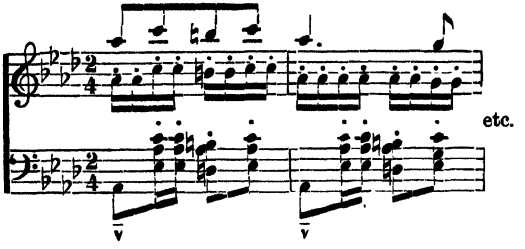
f. Suggest some exercise suitable to the correction of the prevalent faulty staccato habit.

3. OCTAVE PLAYING.
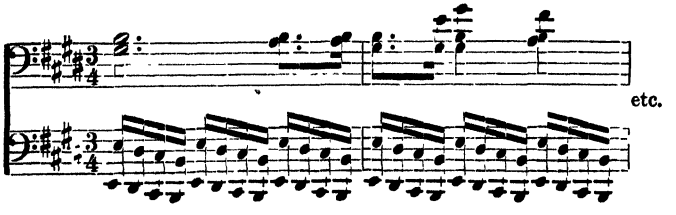
a. Describe or diagram the proper position and action of the hand in octave playing.

b. Describe the wrist movement in playing the following passages: 1. As regards the right hand, what different touches are used by the thumb and fifth finger? 2. As regards the left hand, what should be the position of the fifth finger, and the function of the wrist in delivering with a full round tone the first bass note in each measure? What should be the wrist motion throughout the rest of the measure?

Schumann. From Op. 9.
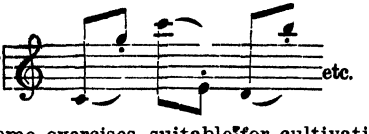


c. Describe the wrist movement of the left hand in the following passage:
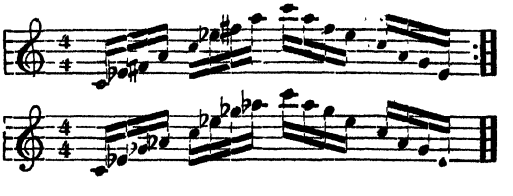


d. Is the execution of octaves from a light forearm, with an inflexible hand, ever permissible? And if so, under what conditions? What, if any, are the advantages of such a mode of execution as applied to octaves?

e. Describe the movements of the wrist in order to connect approximately tones beyond the reach of the hand, without using the damper pedal, for example:



f. Suggest some exercises suitable for cultivating freedom of the wrist while imparting energy to the fingers; in other words, of concentrating the muscular effort in the fingers, while maintaining a limber wrist.

g. What are the movements of the thumb, fourth finger and wrist in arpeggio passages like the following?



4. PEDALS. Their proper use.

a. For what purpose is the damper pedal, and how should it be used?

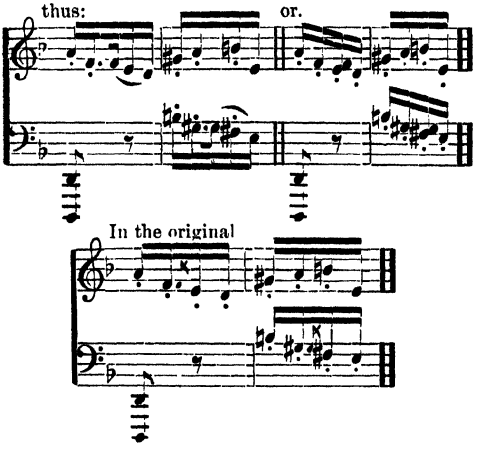
b. For what purpose is the soft pedal, and how should it be used?

c. What is the origin and meaning of the Italian expressions, "una corda," "due corde," "tre corde" or "tutte le corde?"

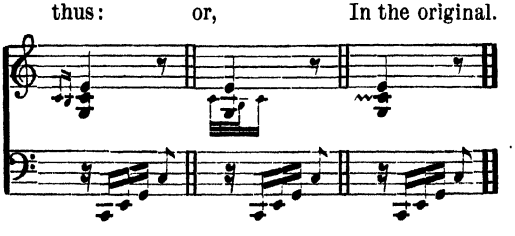
d. For what purpose is the "sostenuto pedal," and how used?

5. APPOGGIATURA AND MORDENT.
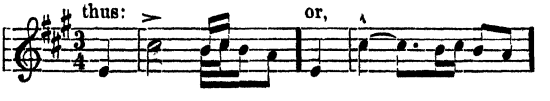
a. Does either one of the subjoined examples show the proper way of executing the appoggiaturi in Mendelssohn's Op. 54, Var. 4?
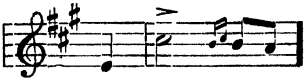


b. How should the mordent be played in the following measures from Bach?



c. How should the grace notes be played in the following measure by Grieg?



In the original.



d. Is the rule for the playing of grace notes invariable in orchestral music? Does the rule vary in piano music of different epochs and styles? Can you formulate general rules for the correct execution of similar embellishments in the works respectively of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt?

6. Give your ideas as to the best general method of laying the foundations of artistic piano playing. Make special reference to the kind of exercises, studies and pieces, and the methods of study and practice which, on general principles, will most speedily contribute to such a result.

7. Give a list of the compositions of Bach, Clementi, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and other composers of ability, past or present, which you have studied.

8. Supply the fingering, phrasing, dynamic signs, and use of pedals in the preceding examples and in the accompanying selection.

ORGAN.

DEMONSTRATIVE EXAMINATION.

The Demonstrative Examination consisted in the performance of selections in Sonata Form, Polyphonic Style, and Free Style, from the list of works given in the Prospectus for Associateship Examination (See Prospectus, page 27,) supplemented by original lists handed in by the candidates; in addition to which there were various tests in reading Organ-Score, Vocal-Score (with F, G, and C clefs;) the playing of Hymns and Chants, transposition of the same, and playing in Four-part Harmony, from a Figured Bass.

SPECIAL THEORETIC EXAMINATION.

1. a. What are the two main classes of organ pipes?
 b. Describe the structure and give a diagram of each.
 c. Explain the manner in which the sound is produced.

2. a. How are the above classes sub-divided, as to timbre or tone quality?

b. Which pipes are made of wood and which of metal?

3. a. What are foundation stops?

b. What are mutation stops?

c. What are compound or mixture stops?

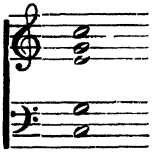
4. Name the different foundation and mutation stops, giving the length of lowest and the highest C pipe—the keyboard having five octaves.

5. What is the actual sounding compass of a large organ?

6. For a satisfactory body and balance of tone, in what proportion should the 16, 8, 4 and 2 ft. stops be found?

7. Write the notes on the staff indicated by the following chord with the accompanying registration:

Bourdon 16 ft.
Op. Dia. 8 ft.
Principal 4 ft.
Twelfth,
Fifteenth.



8. a. How is organ pitch affected by change in temperature?

b. Why is this especially noticeable in the swell organ, and what precaution should be used?

9. Give the general directions in registration (naming the stops for different degrees of power—pianissimo—piano—mezzo-forte—forte—fortissimo.

10. a. What are causes of heavy key action or touch in organs?

b. What means have been devised to overcome it?

11. a. Describe the different kinds of touch employed in playing the organ.

b. Draw an analogy between pianoforte and organ touch, citing passages or pieces in exemplification.

12. What is meant by "purity of style" in organ playing?

Give names of composers—German, French and English—whose writings exemplify it in a comparative way.

13. Give a list of classical organ works (outside of the prescribed American College list) which you have played.

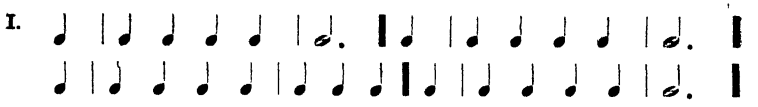
14. Give a list of as many organists and composers for the organ, especially of the past, chronologically—as you can. State nationality of each. Give dates of birth and death of J. S. Bach and G. F. Händel.

15. State what you consider to be the necessary qualifications of a church organist.

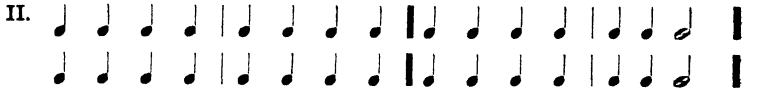
16. Name the different parts of the Anglican Chant, and give rules for chanting.

17. What are these hymn metres?

I.
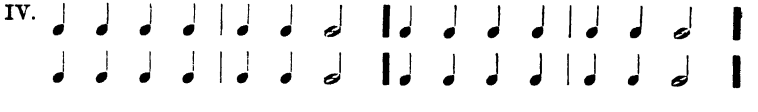


II.



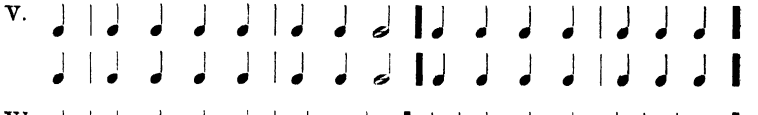
III.
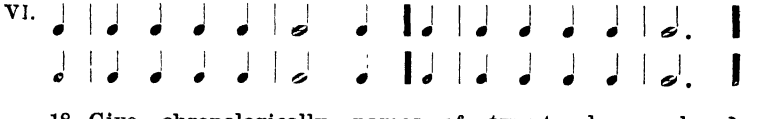


IV.



V.



VI.

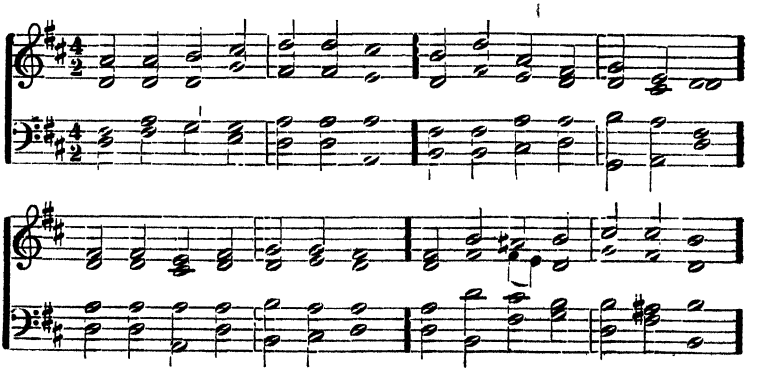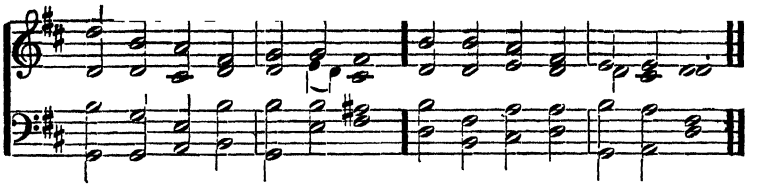


18. Give, chronologically, names of twenty larger choral works written since 1550, which may be considered as landmarks in musical history.

19. Give English equivalents for the following terms:

1. Hauptwerk,
2. Oberwerk,
3. Sanfte Stimmen.
4. Unterwerk.
5. Grand Chœur.
6. Tirasse.
7. Anches.
8. Rohrwerke,
9. Jeux de Combinaisons.
10. Recit.

20. Arrange the following Hymn tune for the organ.





VOCAL.

Demonstrative Examination.

The Demonstrative Examination consisted of test exercises, (intervals, scales, solfeggi, etc.) with special reference to respiration, emission of tone, pitch, an ear-test, sight-reading, accompaniment, etc., and the performance of selections, at the discretion of the examiner, from the list of works for Associateship, (see prospectus, p. 16) supplemented by original lists, handed in by the candidates.

Special Theoretic Examination.

1. What is a vocal tone? How produced?
2. What constitutes a good musical ear?
3. What are the causes of false singing?
4. Enumerate some of the manifestations of false tone production.
5. What are some of the things to be taught singers under the following heads?
 a. Musicianship.
 b. Execution.
 c. Expression.
6. What is the chief reason for bad pronunciation?
7. By what mechanical (physiological) means do the vocal organs give difference of pitch?
8. By what mechanical (physiological) means does a singer vary the *quality* of tone?
9. What is a favorite rhythm in which to commence the practice of scales?
10. Describe breathing in general, inhalation, exhalation, prolongation, etc.
11. What is it to *place* the voice, or locate the tone?
12. What is the office of the lips, teeth and tongue?
13. What is legato? What portamento? Give some judicious rules for the use of the latter.
14. What are the sensations of resonance when tone is pure? Are they present in soft singing?
15. What kind of practice is good for correct attack?
16. What is the decisive question in declaring a voice Soprano, Alto, Tenor or Bass?

17. How high or low in the range of a voice is it best for pupils to practice?

18. Give some important items in the history of vocal music.

19. Name six songs from standard authors in the order of their difficulty from easy to quite difficult.

20. By what means can you accomplish sustained singing?

21. How do you acquire perfect flexibility,—the so-called "granulated"—so that runs, scales, etc. are even like a string of pearls?

22. What is a *Cantilene*, a *Recitativo*, an *Aria*?

23. What are "part-songs," usually so called?

24. What are these "part songs?" called in England?

25. How long should a student practice at one time?

26. By what means do you acquire the longest duration of breath?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSIC AND THE HEAVENLY LIFE IN MAN.

INTRODUCTORY TO MR. TOMLINS' ARTICLE.

MANY times since MUSIC was established has the work of Mr. William L. Tomlins with the paying children, and later with the poor children of Chicago, been referred to in these pages. Long before this magazine came to a beginning, when as yet it was but a dream, the wonderful work had begun. When it had been in operation for about two years such intelligent and sincere observers as Christine Nilsson and Theodore Thomas gave it testimonials from their different standpoints, alike agreeing in finding in the results something not previously observed by them in children's singing.

Even at this time Mr. Tomlins was evolving his philosophy of training the voice in such a way as soonest to reach its fullest powers, and already he had realized that the point of the art was to bring the voice direct from the soul. So his was work went in the direction of freeing the children from objectionable habits, and of putting them through other exercises calculated to make for discipline without their being aware of the fact. So the work went on year after year, and once or twice Mr. Tomlins broke over his rule of silence and gave to the press such of his ideas as appeared to him central and ready for circulation.

With the advent of preparations for the Fair a new epoch opened in this work. If I mistake not there had been more or less work with poor children before, and the results had been remarkable, not altogether so much in direct singing, though this was fine as in the indirect advance in what might properly be called culture. In fact I may say here that I have never heard of any other children's classes in singing which rose to the dignity of what is properly called

"culture," before those of Mr. Tomlins. By this I mean that the work not only gives singing, and musical intelligence and true musical feeling, but also acts in opening the soul, and re-making the individual, or rather in educating him, drawing out the innermost possibilities for good which were in him but which too often become overgrown and lost lost in an unfortunate environment. Still there was no formal philosophy.

Latterly, however, Mr. Tomlins has come to what may fairly be called a philosophy, upon which his work rests. This, a short time ago, he unfolded at a private gathering at the home of Mr. Harlow N. Higginbotham, president of the World's Fair. The small gathering of representative men present on that occasion heard, as Mr. Higginbotham suggested, "one of the best sermons they ever heard." Later Mr. Higginbotham requested Mr. Tomlins to write out for publication the substance of his remarks. This he has now done, and by a piece of good fortune MUSIC is favored with an advance copy, which presently follows.

I may further had that this work has attracted the greatest possible attention from a number of foreign educators here during the fair, and several reports have been made concerning it which surpass in free commendation the earlier tributes mentioned above.

The reader who goes carefully through Mr. Tomlins' explanation will certainly find himself touched in many places of his higher nature. And he cannot but ask himself, especially if he be a musician, "Is it possible that I have all my life been carelessly handling an agency for good, having in it such possibilities as these which Mr. Tomlins describes?" MUSIC congratulates itself on being the first of the musical periodicals to exploit this work, which is so much in line with what might be characterized as "the long-felt want," of an art medium capable of hastening man's steps towards harmony of life with the life Eternal.

W. S. B. M.

WHAT MUSIC HAS DONE FOR NEEDY CHILDREN; TOLD AND IN SOME DEGREE EXPLAINED BY WILLIAM L. TOMLINS.

THE power of music is well-nigh universal; it attends us from the cradle to the grave, as lullaby, love song, anthem and dirge; sympathizing with us in our joys, consoling us in our sorrows. A single line of "Home, Sweet Home," sung by Adelina Patti, or "Swanee River" by Christine Nilsson, will instantly affect a vast audience; those overwrought are relaxed, while the depressed are lifted up; to each equilibrium is restored; and in the general response, fraternity is developed. Sympathetically equal to the singer, the auditors become equal to each other.

But why are these effects seemingly so transient? Why do they not lead to beneficial results which are lasting? In this respect, is the power of music for good so limited? Is it merely temporary, like the lightning flash which illuminated but for an instant at a time, until Franklin, and Morse, and Edison came? May it not be that the fault is ours; that we not only misunderstand but misapply? The average man amid the routine of everyday life becomes matter of fact. In a sense he might be likened to the dead weightiness of ballast; to which music comes with balloon elasticity to buoy it to an upward flight. An exaltation, perhaps, in God's providence, designed to stir men to a broader vision and higher aims.

And the singer who devotes so much time to music, does he thereby become stronger and better balanced? Does he not too often become over-sensitive and perhaps weak and wanting in ballast? Music studied continuously, for its own sake, to provide mere entertainment, is not necessarily a benefit. Even the refinement of music used merely as a means, the end of which is self-culture, is a life without adequate purpose. Like a balloon without ballast, its bouyant elas-

ticity quickly degenerates into flightiness, and, empty of aim, it soon wrecks its own career.

* * *

What a boy does, his actions, are manifested at his circumference. Inside this outer circle is an inner circle, which stands for his mentality; what he reasons, calculates, contrives, perhaps schemes. Inside this inner circle, at the very center, is what he *is*. What he is, his affections are. For what he longs for, that already he *is* at heart. How to reach these inner tendencies, direct them outward, and harmonize them with his environment, is the object of all true education.

The public school education is chiefly directed at the boy's mentality. It reaches his center (what he is) only incidentally; and it reaches his outer circle (what he does) only incidentally. The manual training schools do much good, in that they take the boy's thought and channel them outward to the light. What he has learned to know he is taught to utilize in useful occupation.

The step yet to be taken is to get at the boy himself, the boy's heart; and this whether he be good or bad, will not be done by recalling his attenion to himself; by making him self-conscious. And on Sunday to tell him to be good is at most to weaken him to goody-goodiness, with quite a chance of making him a little hypocrite. To be good, he must *do* good; must be useful, contributing service that makes for the happiness and welfare of others. And this makes for his own well-being also, as for example: Our daily food is in turn changed into blood, muscle, sweat, out of which is born natural appetite, rightfully claiming more food; a healthful process, and "with holiness of use" that which is true of the body and the mind is equally true of the spirit.

Deep down, beyond the far-reaching influences of the schools, deeper than what he does or thinks, at the very heart and soul of the boy, are latent tendencies for good or evil, of which even he himself is ignorant. There music alone will reach. Music, the voice of love: heaven-born, God-given. It searches out the flower germs of the sou

awakening them to response; stimulating them to a largeness of growth which leaves no place for weeds. But the song must go deep down to the singer's nature, until the throbbing beats of the music awaken corresponding heart inpulses, and these must be equalized, strengthened and at last freighted with the spirit of good-will, helpfulness and every noble aspiration. In this way music appeals to the singer, as his singing appeals to others. And with greater power there comes a heavier responsibility; to carry the melody forward in harmonious living, a life lived for others.

A thing incomplete, broken, is concerned about itself. In the case of a sick man we find that one part of his physical system will not work. Some of the other parts try to supply the deficiency, the result being disorder and friction. Meanwhile self-consciousness in the form of pain comes to him. This thought extends to inanimate nature. We can imagine a broken wheel concerned only about its own mending; and a whole wheel impatient to revolve.

Strike a bell into complete vibration, and immediatly it voices itself in bell tones to the world. Similarly the gong says, "I am a gong." But fracture the bell and muffle the outer rim of the gong; in other words, reduce their circles of vibration to incompleteness, and immediately the tone of each is degraded to the dull click of a piece of old iron. The voice of individuality instantly degenerates into that of commonalty. The completeness of individuality makes for power. To its possessor power, in a sense of grasp; and to others to whom it goes as a personal presence, that intangible something which a part from action and speech impresses those about one. A lover of nature taken to a mountain summit and there shown a magnificent landscape at sunrise is moved from center to circumference. In his response to the beauty before his eyes he is awakened perhaps to some of the greatness of his own nature. The circle of individuality complete, he feels within him the promise of a still higher circle, which make for nobility; and he is ready to put cheap ambitions from him and go out into action to win

the spurs of knighthood. But to do what? To do for self, to take care of "number one?" Why it is that this brings us down to "commonplace." No. To do, certainly, but to do for others. Thus it appears that manhood leads to brotherhood, and that by working for my brother, and more than that, by sacrificing myself for him, I can broaden and strengthen my own nature.

* * *

The circles then do not exactly repeat themselves, they are spirals; each revolution is an ascent. The successive circles of the voice may be termed physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual. Many a singer remains on the lowest plane because the physical machinery is incomplete; for the living emotions cannot be expressed through a dead voice. The same holds good for the next higher plane, for the emotions must be put in order, before spiritual nature will come down to mingle with and control them.

In the earlier stages of vocal training, the machinery of the voice is unruly and unmanageable. The child tries to sing with expression, but only gets its outward form; he attempts emotional singing, but the emotion is confused, they will not associate with crippled machinery. Later on, when all his physical parts unite in harmonious action, the tones become vital. Soon this vital utterance is shaped by the emotions which are waiting to express themselves. The voice goes out in command; it entreats; it joys; it sorrows. Thus an emotion becomes a govering center of the outer circle of physical voice. The center expresses itself at the circumference.

This is the plane on which singers with good voices and cheap emotions flourish; and where they are condemned to stay. The physical parts of the voice make for harmonious brotherhood, it is true, but their underlying emotions do not. On the contrary, they are selfish. Their commands are from love of command their entreaty is that of helplessness; they joy, and all the world must dance; they sorrow, and all must mourn.

Before the singer is brought to the next higher plane, his emotions must mingle harmoniously; he must command

another for that other's sake, or for the general good; his pleading should spring not from helplessness, but from a spirit of kingly courtesy; his joy should be tempered with sympathy for the less fortunate, and his sorrow with hope for to-morrow's sunshine. Thus the emotions harmonize with each other, forming a complete circle, into which as controlling centers come spiritual influences for guidance. We are told that no two blades of grass are alike; we may be certain that no two boys are alike, No one boy is exactly duplicated in this world. Reduced to a vulgar fraction of himself (like the fractured bell or the muffled gong) he can hardly be distinguished from other boys in the same condition. Hence the term "common-place." But in reality the boy is unique. He stands alone. If singing brings the boy to realize his own personality and he responds in earnest endeavor, at every step he is helped from the next step above. For hidden within him are all the possibilities of his nature. The first thing is to get him to realize this fact; the next inspire him to demonstrate it. The first is something which in a very short while singing may do for him. The latter he must do for himself—the path is that of use, service, sacrifice, the Christ spirit. At best it is a life long task. It is, however, wisely and lovingly ordered that at every step in the path of progress there are compensations; wider influences without; contentment within; the "blessedness" of giving.

It matters little whether the voice attains great artistic excellence. We may not all be Patti's or Nilsson's. But we may be ourselves. And this is the most important of all, for thereby we become individual, noble, spiritual; on and on, godly.

* * *

Three years ago I organized a children's chorus for the World's Fair, charging a small tuition free to cover expenses. About six hundred joined, not half the required number. For the remainder I applied to Mr. Higginbotham, who persuaded some other gentlemen to unite with him sustaining the xpenses. This enabled me to offer seven hundred and fifty free scholarships. With the consent of the board of education I went

to school teachers, and we formed three classes, of two hundred pupils each; selecting those to whom the lessons were the greatest kindness. In more than one respect, indeed, most of these children were needy. They represented not only flowers, but weeds. A tangled mass. This was emphasized by the conditions; they thought that something connected with the World's Fair was being given away, for which they were eager to scramble.

The chief characteristic of these children, which impressed my teachers and myself, in our earlier association with them, was their mistrust. This was hard for us to believe. They were respectful, responsive, obedient; but there was always something held back. At first they were not sure of their teachers. And they, as it were, held on to themselves, remaining watchful; a little on the defensive. But very soon they were not so sure of themselves, the exercises beginning to affect them. These exercises in which they seemingly indulged in a playful manner, loosened their hold on themselves, and like a boy learning to swim in deep water they were only too glad to hold on to their teachers. Even the larger boys, many of whom came to the class, to an extent willfull and stubborn, affecting the assertion of manhood, and scorning softening emotions as girlish, found the ground taken from under them by their indulgence in the earlier class work, laughingly given in what they thought pure fun and fooling, namely:

Softening the lips.

Concentrating the eyes.

Relaxing the jaw.

Wringing the hands and arms.

Deep breathing through the nostrils.

Standing well forward, instead of on the heels.

In other words, weeding away physical effects of stubbornness, over-assertion, indifference, stolidity, fussiness, flightiness, etc. These are but various forms of self-consciousness, and the expert teacher knows where to look for them and how to correct them. Now the boy is ready to begin to make music for himself. Previous to this, the

jingle has done the work—tunes which a banjo or hand organ could adequately produce; those which appeal to the boy's heels. By degrees this jingle is taken away from him; till at last he has only one note to sing, and not even a word; not even a syllable, perhaps only one vowel. The rest he must supply himself and atlatt he does so. Then the music becomes his making. His voice freed from its weed imperfcetions, so small that it will hardly stand alone, yet has a blending quality, and it unites with the other voices, and they with it, and with each other. Every child feels the thrill of his own voice. Nay more. Instead of being lost in the general class voice, each singer claims the general class as his own.

Can you imagine a glove misused as a piece of old leather to clean silver with? Perhaps it was often told that it was made for higher things; it often wonders, perhaps, what real gloveship is, and how glove life may be attained. People come now and again and pull a finger or a thumb, and say "don't you feel glovelike?" and the glove only answers "I think I do, but I don't know; what is glove-life like?" Nor does it know, until some helping hand comes and teaches it by actual experience that the throb of glove-life comes only when every fibre of its being is brought into useful action. That is, when it is stretched on a hand.

So it is with the children. The power of his own voice comes as a revelation to the child. Like the man on the summit of the mountain, he feels some of the greatness of his own nature, and like the complete bell, he has to ring out to voice himself to the world. With his teacher he is at once in fellowship, and eager for progress, growth: he looks only for guidance. His ideals, too, are enlarged. He can better understand a being who is all love and all power, who gives to all, who helps every one. Already the child has been obedient to the instructions of his teachers, as to cleanliness, tidiness and punctuality; but now come laws from within, making for self-restraint; then soon is developed self-reliance, self-respect, and a kind of self-responsibility. All this makes for growth, widening his sphere of

usefulness, strengthening him to new duties in his school, his home, and in all his associations in the outside world.

During this time a new world is opening out to him; the world of art, where live forever Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and all the great composers who have voiced themselves in imperishable song. These are our common heritage. Many of them are suited to the child voice, and we sing them over and over again, never tiring of them.

This, then, is the object of our work. To purify the child nature, so that his voice is as as sweet it is sweet. To ennoble him by contact with the highest in thought and feeling that brain and thought can produce. To have him know that his fellow is his brother, and that God is his Father, and then to send him a missionary to his own home. This is the use to which we put music, and measurably we accomplish our purpose.

WILLIAM L. TOMLINS.

THE PIANOFORTE WORKS OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

II

THE years 1810–'11 seemed destined to furnish to the world many masters of musical art; Liszt, Chopin, Thalberg, Wagner, Heller, Mendelssohn and Henselt were born at that period, and Schumann with very good judgment joined in that crowd. His career was rather uneventful. Laboring under the delusion that it was desirable for the professional musician to possess a more general knowledge of sciences, affairs and educational matters, he attended the Leipsic University in 1828, and later went to Heidelberg, where he had the good fortune to meet Thibaut, then a famous musical historian. In 1830, he met Heinrich Dorn, with whom more than half a century later it was my own good fortune to compare notes in Berlin, and Friedrich Wieck; the former he immortalized by studying composition with him, and the latter he honored by marrying his daughter; he did well in both ventures. In 1834 he started his musical paper, which became the leader of progressive musical ideas. Schumann was then the musician of the future fully as much as Wagner, the man of the present, was; merit found speedy recognition from his pen, and he represented as potent a critical power in Leipsic, as Rellstab exercised in Berlin at about the same period. We find him domiciled in Dresden in 1844; Wagner was just then producing his "Rienzi," and Hanslick tells some very interesting reminiscences of the total incompatibility of the two masters. In the same year he enjoyed a successful trip to St. Petersburg, where Henselt made things pleasant for him. The year 1850 finds the Schumanns (not Mme. Clara Schumann and husband, but Robert Schumann and wife) in Düsseldorf; in 1853 his friend Verhulst arranged a tour through Holland; this seems the last bright spot in his life;

from 1854–56 his peculiarities took a more concrete shape, until serious mental disturbances supervened; everybody is familiar with the sad ending of a career replete with hard work and tardily earned success, and singularly devoid of startling events.

In his musical journal he is ever quick to recognize merit; Chopin, Henselt, Heller, and many others owe their first "puff" to him. Brahms he absolutely discovered, and he did much to place Schubert where he belongs; he had the opportunity of submitting a juvenile work in Cantata form entitled "The Twelve Apostles" to Weber, who encouraged his musical hopes; at the early age of nine a piano performance of Moscheles, while at Carlsbad, affected the boy powerfully, and may have given him the first musical impetus.

He admired Mendelssohn, but shared with Wagner his dislike of Meyerbeer; without possessing the equilibrium of either Weber or Mendelssohn, he yet is singularly strong in individuality and and passion; the desire to open new paths leads to strange combinations, such as the D flat episode in the 1st Novellette; singular pedal and tonal effects in the 2nd Nachtstuck, and parts of the 3rd Kreisleriana; often he seems in a very labyrinth of ideas without a sufficient number of hands to master them all simultaneously, and then, again, there is almost an abuse of syncopation, with its consequent shifting of accent. In his mode of thought he connects more with Beethoven's last period than any other master; yet he cannot, in any sense, be considered anyone's successor, being entirely "*sui generis.*" It has been claimed that here and there Schumann's lack of early systematic study is noticeable (I confess that I am not enough of a connoisseur to discover those alleged deficiencies). Even if so, it is just possible that the correct and correcting influence of compulsory early training might have deprived us of those delightful extravaganzas which no dry and musty pedagogue had a chance to squelch in their inception.

An obvious lesson is contained in the fact that Schu-

mann, who desired to become a great pianist, ruined his hand for life by attempting to develop the muscles away from the piano by extraneous means; and in his "Fifty Rules for Musicians" he warns against the use of dumb pianos. My own position in regard to these modern excrescences of music teaching is too well known to need elaboration in this connection; they are, however, no worse than the mental anatomical and psychological fads which find ready credence among an ignorant public.

This thing of technique is a queer mystery anyway; it is the only thing which people continue to try to get after they have it; some have it all naturally, others, again, excel in some particular; so we are told that Saint Saens plays a great scale; Carreno and Rosenthal possess marvelous endurance in octaves, and both trill beautifully; Paderewski, and D'Albert seemed to trill rather laboriously; Busoni executed every variety of technique with perfect nonchalance; Bloomfield is a very swift player, a veritable sprinter, and Castellano verily toys with such fifty pound dumb-bells as the Rubinstein Staccato Etude and Liszt's "La Muette" Tarantelle.

Practice alone does not furnish such execution; if it did then the greatest number of hours would produce the best player, but that is not the case; there must be a natural predisposition and build of mind and matter, simply backed up by prodigious study. Pachmann's performance of Chopin's "Study in Double Thirds" is a case in point; he must naturally possess more cunning in the fourth and fifth fingers than other players. Joseffy, who is too comprehensively great to figure among the specialists, has a quicker percussion stroke and more instantaneous recovery therefrom to the original finger position than any other living master; his finger technique has never been excelled. He very correctly leaves the expounding of music to those Sandows of pianism, who are not satisfied unless something gives way.

It is very interesting to note how different artists attack the same piece, and goes far to prove the correctness of the

old Latin proverb, that "When two persons do the same thing, it does not necessarily turn out to be the same." D'Albert gets his back up, raises his wrists high, stiffens every muscle and then pounds out the entire Rubenstein Staccato Etude from the arms, producing a tremendously strident orchestral effect; the bass melody in the middle part is played with the thumb held closely to and supported by the whole hand, and it is really an open question who will stand it the longest, he or the piano; he usually does, which speaks well for the latter. Paderewski plays the same etude more cautiously; he does not try to emulate the tremendous and irresistible rush of D'Albert's performance, but gives us something infinitely more elegant and pleasing, albeit the orchestral element is totally eliminated. Castellano, female "Schafer" of the piano ivories, commenced in brisk tempo and played with a pure wrist movement; the average listener while looking on had the same painful experience as those, who listen to Levy's interminable trill on the cornet; insensibly they hold their breath, and incidentally gasp; the little lady, in a similar manner, made all the pianists tired; when she reached the diminished chords preceding the re-entrance of the theme she did not work in a sly ritardando, but kept right on sawing wood; the theme came in most triumphantly in octaves, and from then to the end a constant crescendo and accelerando. Nothing like it had ever been heard here.

Even the question of endurance resolves itself into a certain natural aptitude. Very few pianists do justice to the 2nd Rhapsody, simply because their strength gives out before the final climax. I once found Rosenthal pegging away at Schytte's colossal Staccato Etude fortissimo, just before a recital, and when I expressed a fear that fatigue might ensue he told me that in his practice he did everything to excess, so as to have plenty of force to spare at his concerts; those things will do to tell, but not to teach, and would speedily decimate the piano-playing ranks if followed by lesser lights.

Schumann's Toccato opus 7 is another piece demanding

great endurance; Mme. Carreno plays it superbly; Joseffy played it here once with great *élan*, and then followed it with the most lucid exposition of polyphonic playing in Bach's A minor fugue, which it has been my good fortune to enjoy; on another occasion he played the first Kreisleriana as encore, after the Schumann Concerto, not even missing that fatal last note; there is a certain fitness in selecting encores; of course not every audience is so enthusiastic as the one in France was, where they called out even the gentleman who turned the leaves; on the other hand it is the very refinement of cruelty to give the public a double dose because the first did not work, as Bulow did, when he repeated the entire ninth symphony at Meiningen on the spot, because in his opinion it had not been sufficiently appreciated; alas, it is the first time that has to work with the executive artist, and therein lies a great difficulty, for he cannot rise to explain that a noise is disturbing him, or that he perchance might play it better a second time; and here is one instance where the amateur has the advantage over the professional, for she always has the satisfaction of knowing that she plays so much better "at home," and presents that explanation as a general whitewash which covers all sins of omission and commission.

It is an open question whether an encore is really a redemand for the same composition, or is intended as a silent hint to the artist to quit tuning the piano and "give us a tune;" certain specialties are usually reserved for encore pieces, and very often the public simply waits for the exhibition of certain recognized feats of dexterity; the real artist who never leaves anything to chance (and incidental failure) prepares his encore as carefully as his prelude. Many a clever little canon or seeming reminiscent connection is a carefully prepared impromptu. Pachmann does some delightful things in that way. I remember reading in a German paper long ago how Bülow very fitly preluded before playing the Sonata Op. 53 (there is only one) by using the opening phrase of the Brahms Sonata Op. 1, and the writer dilated at length on the rare musicianship of a man who

could so aptly make use of compositions so divergent in thought and in so casual a manner. I was quite disenchanted when he got off the same trick here in Chicago, for it was evident that he always did the same thing in the same place. It is the same with those carefully edited interviews, which the enterprising manager scatters, and in which the artist utters certain set phrases, often somewhat oracular and ambiguous, which he afterwards retails wherever he goes, having forgotten by the time that he reaches Pittsburgh that he said the same things in New York.

And yet, even at the risk of being mobbed, I must say, (as far as my own observation has gone), that a certain spontaneous inventiveness, which results in clever improvisation and interesting harmonization, is as yet not given very extensively to the native American, but decidedly forms a prerogative of the educated foreigner; I have met a few exceptions, among them our own Fred. W. Root, than whom no one is quicker to turn a point cleverly in music, or appreciate the same when made by anyone else; the French excel in that particular, while the English snore away and attend to regulation business.

EMIL LIEBLING.

P. S. It may not be out of place to observe, that we will sooner or later reach the "Piano Works of Schumann," if Mr. Mathews' patience holds out. All things come to him who waits.

E. L.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

"GOODRICH'S ANALYTICAL HARMONY FROM A COMPOSER'S STANDPOINT." By A. J. Goodrich. 8vo. Cloth, p. 404, 1893. John Church Company.

THIS large and handsomely gotten up work of Mr. A. J. Goodrich is a step in the right direction, for it is entirely certain that upon no part of musical study is time more wasted than in Harmony as ordinarily taught. The existing system of harmony and of instruction for mastering the harmonic conduct of musical ideas as taught in the schools of Hauptmann, Richter, and other good German theorists, finally results in making excellent practical masters of harmonic and contrapuntal processes. That this *is* the outcome is plain enough from the fact that Germany of all lands produces the largest percentage of composers from among its music students, who at the end are able to write grammatically and with a certain degree of elegance. So much, at least, must be said in its favor.

It is quite true that the young student, who after some years of piano lessons, takes up harmony by the aid of such books as Richter's or Jadassohn's, almost invariably finds the study extremely dry, and for a long time apparently unproductive. And so it is, indeed, unless the work be carried through the whole course. For, to the art of musical composition belong not alone Harmony, or the doctrine and mastery of chords, but also Counterpoint, or the art of melodic invention and of melodious dissonance, and Fugue, or the art of thematic treatment. These are not different subjects, but simply stages of one great study—the mastery of material for intelligent musical thought. And there is not any good composition by any reputable writer which can be understood as to its musical grammar, without more or less knowledge of all these departments. And so when the harmony student comes along to counterpoint, which is generally relegated to a point far too late in the order of development, he finds himself again a beginner, undertaking very simple problems, under restrictions apparently subversive to all freedom of thinking. Nevertheless, he finds later, that the counterpoint throws upon the harmony an entirely new light; which is again increased when he comes along to the great cap sheaf of all, Fugue. But the practical point is that our average music students do not expect to become able to write string quartettes or sonatas, and may not care even to acquire the art of composition at all. Moreover, they are quite sure to give it up long before practical handicraftship is reached in the only way it *can* ever be reached, namely, through a vast amount of writing.

It is also quite true that the standpoint throughout the whole

course of harmony is contrary to the natural attitude of the musical student. A bass is furnished him, to be accompanied by certain prescribed progressions. This continues to be the course all through the subject of harmony, and quite a long way into that of counterpoint. For it is not until he reaches three-part counterpoint that the problem offered the student begins to resemble, in a very slight degree, the standpoint from which the work of a composer would proceed.

All musical composition reduces itself to the art of spinning out the logical implications or possibilities of a melodic or harmonic motive (more commonly a melodico-harmonic motive.) The composer starts from the motive. A fortunate idea suggests itself to him, either upon the keyboard, or better to his thought, and straightway he starts to write the piece which this motive contains. Just as a writer has what we call an "idea," by which, in this sense, we mean not simply a single thought, but a root thought, having in it possibilities for an article, a chapter, a whole book. To the author it is no secret that the whole book is included in the fundamental conception. Every real book that has ever been written has been the working out of some such fundamental conception —which at its first appearance to the author might have seemed to be equal at most to an article—perhaps scarcely a paragraph. But in the heat of writing it grew and grew, like Eugene Field's peach, until vast consequences appertained and unfolded themselves. Now, in just the same way that a book never grows into a book from a brain which has not sometimes undergone the trainin gin thought, processes appertaining to composition, so a musical germ never grows into a perfect composition except from the brain of a composer who has learned the art of following up a musical thought, or who may, perhaps, have had it by intuition in such degree that with a very few instructions he is already able to compose pieces far surpassing those of his master. The latter is what happens in all cases where there is to do with geniuses. But the ordinary talents never become able to carry this process much farther than their training has given them proper charts.

Moreover, there are, perhaps, scarcely a dozen teachers of harmony in this whole country who succeed in giving their students, within a practicable time that which every musical student has a right to expect, and which, indeed, ought to be made a *sina qua non* —namely, a good command of chords, melody-harmonization, and modulation upon the keyboard. All this can be acquired without any very exhaustive self-devotion or consuming of midnight oil. It is simply a question of right standpoints, right order of ideas, and practical methods of illustration. The offhand player, except in applying to some European conservatory, will probably never be asked to accompany off-hand a *cantus fermes* in the bass. He may be asked to harmonize a melody off-hand; or, indeed, he is very likely to be asked to transpose a piece into a different key from that in which it was written—and he may be asked to do it at sight. In

the latter case the chances are that he gets left. Nevertheless, there are hundreds of young music students in Germany who would make it a matter of pride to transpose at call any easy piece into any desired key. How they accomplish this is not so certain. Sometimes it is by a fortunate ability to read the notes into some position of the C clef; sometimes by sheer grit, taking every tone so and so much higher than it stands. But however they may do it, it is quite certain that all their studies in Richter, Jadassohn, or Hauptmann never enabled them to accomplish it. For in all the course of these writers there is no preparatory school for this sort of things

Every girl who "graduates" in music, among the thousands who graduate in all the girl sweetness of American June, ought to have as much mastery of harmony as I have mentioned above—ability to harmonize simple melodies, to modulate, and to transpose. There is no practical difficulty in her learning much more of the handicraft. It is a question of beginning earlier, and finding a better path.

Hence, when sound musician like Mr. Goodrich offers us a new text-book in harmony, and especially when he labels it "from the composer's standpoint," he by just so much predisposes the intelligent teacher in his favor, for the composer's standpoint is precisely *not* that of the regulation books in harmony. What then have we received?

The book is a solid and well printed octavo of more than four hundred pages. It looks more like a college textbook, or a monograph than a handy work for intermediate grades. There are seventy chapters grouped into seventeen "Parts," ranging from "the natural intervals of the major scale" to all kinds of dissonances, harmony in many parts, and the root principles of musical form. Evidently, there is little to regret in the way of omission! In Part I, for instance, the student is supposed to learn the natural intervals in the major and minor scales, the formation of major and minor concords, the rearrangement of concords (positions), and harmonization in three parts, such scale tone being illustrated as accompanied by all the fundamental harmonies to which it belongs in the key. In this way the student finds that one of the keys may be harmonized by three chords, I, IV and V; two by II and V; three by I, III and VI; four by II and IV. This is constructed a diagram (in notes) which is to serve a student as a chart in harmonizing the melodic formulas suggested. Here, we certainly have something much more like practical working than the usual methods of the text-books.

Part second takes up harmonic progression. This is taught seriatim, a chapter of the harmonization of melodic skips of a third, melodic skips of a fourth a fifth, etc., and skips of a second last of all. Then come in forbidden progressions, etc.

Throughout the work the language is generally clear, and the musical examples numerous, aggregating more than nine hundred. Occasionally, the use of terms is unfortunate, to not say slovenly. For example, on page 14, we are told apropos of the interval of a

fifth that "the black notes show that five degrees of the staff are involved in ascertaining the numerical distance from C to G. This fact would be very unfortunate for the composer caught out without his staff, if it were true—which it is not. The interval from C to G is a fifth precisely because five tones of the scale are included—and this is why it is written to include five staff degrees. This manner of putting the effect for the cause is universal in musical text-books. We hear all sorts of strange things, such as that a "sharp raises a note" a "flat lowers a note" the second of two tied notes "should be struck"—and various other vague, but no doubt, altruistic cautions, which have nothing whatever to do with music. There is nothing in music which the ear cannot cognize, or the spirit of man understand through the ear. The notation is a mere convenience. The terminology does and ever must rest upon the musical entities themselves, and never, primarily upon the accident of their representation in notation.

There are various other places where the author has been guilty of oversights of this kind—which cannot be justified in an elementary work upon the ground that we habitually speak of the sun as rising and setting. On page 17, speaking of a series of thirds, he says of the third C–E "by raising C or lowering E a minor third will result," which would be the case if E *could* be lowered, or C raised without a tuning hammer. What is meant is that by taking C–E flat or C sharp–E, a minor will result; meanwhile no he slightest violence will have been done to E or C. One of the most important verbal blemishes in the entire work is that of using the term "scale" in place of "key." This is not a question of terms, but of fundamental musical concepts.

What is it, let us ask, to understand harmony? It is to have all that belongs to the following root concepts, which ought to appertain to the very foundation of musical consistency, without them no understanding of music being possible. They are first Tone, Chord, Key (family of chords), Cadence, Modulation, Transposition, Melodious Disonances, Accessory Tones. These are not all, but they are the great harmonic landmarks, which, being understood, render all the subject comparatively clear. Of these, the ruling concept of all is that of Key, which, strange as it may seem, is nowhere explained (or appears to be so) in this work. This is the most fundamental defect of the work, and of the system of working as well. In fact, the present writer believes Mr. Goodrich's principle of classification, upon which the lessons are based, to be vitally defective. As a small illustration notice that an an entire hundred pages of the book are occupied before we come to inversions. Now an inversion is merely a form of a chord, and when once a chord is cognized, all its positions and inversions are equally well cognized, with very slight additional trouble. And the same holds true of the inversions of the seventh chords, and the ninth. When once the fundamental principle of musical nomenclature, the naming of the piano keyboard, and a thousand other anomalies in mu-

sic, is made known to the student, he is able to take many facts, which without this help remain a long time unrelated. This root principle is that of "the equivalents of the octaves." "Octaves are equivalent in music, in all harmonic combinations." This obvious fact, which belongs to the very foundations of music, is not distinctly stated by any elementary text-book that at this moment I happen to recall. It is always taken for granted, but never mentioned. Now, when a student has found the chord of C, it is a very slight additional information that it is liable to appear in any possible position from the bass upwards.

The radical defect of this system and of many others worse than it, is neglect of the most fundamental concept of all in harmony, namely key. Key and Key-Content is the whole story in harmony. All our music takes place in key. Out of key it is unintelligible. Wagner is in key as truly as Mozart. But the term key nowhere engages Mr. Goodrich's attention for purposes of definition. True, it vaguely shows up in connection with "mode" when it is a question of between "major key" and "minor key" or "major mode" and "minor mode," but the key concept is never defined, still less is it put where it belongs as the very head-stone of the corner. In place of key we here find the term "scale." But this is not the same. A scale is a melodic succession of certain regulation oder of steps and half-steps, and in this sense Mr. Goodrich uses it. But in nature there is no such thing as a scale except as an afterthought. A scale is simply the tones of a key arranged in order of pitch.

What then is a key? This is the question which ought to have been answered next after chords had been introduced. A key is a family of chords bearing relation to a central one called a tonic. The simplest method of bringing to the consciousness of the young student the key-concept is that proposed by Hauptmann. A key consists of a central triad (tonic). Upon the uppermost tone of this another triad is superimposed (dominant;) under the lowest tone of the tonic a triad is formed, the tonic being its fifth(subdominant). This is the essence of a key reduced to its lowest terms. A central triad, an under fifth (subdominant) and an over-dominant. The chord changes follow this order, the tonic remaining the tone of repose, leaning below to the subdominant, and back to the tonic, or upwards to the dominant and then back to the tonic. Look at folk-music. Is not this the way it runs?

Suppose, for example, that we teach this to a child. Let it first be taught to form triads; next to add tones' play then indifferent octaves, and the like; then we are ready for key.

Let the child place the left hand upon any chosen tonic triad, near the center of the piano kepboard—suppose D.

Let the left hand remain here through all the remaining process. Now with the right hand form the dominant triad resting upon the upper tone of the triad of D. This gives the triad of A. Again also with the right hand, the left hand still holding the

tonic, play the subdominant triad under the tonic triad. Or with out mentioning such names cause the student to form a traid under that held by the left hand in such manner that the tonic will be the uppermost tone of the traid so formed. Now we are ready for to the naming. The central triad, which the left hand holds, is the Tonic. The one above is the over-dominant, or simply dominant; the one below is the under-dominant, or subdominant. Any child can learn to do this upon the keyboard in a few minutes; provided chords have been constructed before. Make several keys in this manner.

Next direct the student to collect all the tones within one octave. For example. suppose we have been working in C. The left hand has held C-E-G. This is the central triad; the over-dominant has been G-B-D. The underdominant F-A-C. Collecting within the octave, substituting equivalents for those lying outside the octave, we have the scale of C, which is straightway defined as "the tones of a key arranged in regular order of pitch, from the key tone."

Next cause the student to touch with the right hand all the tones belonging to the tones of the tonic element in the key; thus we have C-E-G-C. All the tones of the under-dominant element; thus we have C-F-A-C. Then all those belonging to the over-dominant element; thus we have D-G-B. Right here, if the teacher liked, could be introduced that most common chords, the dominant seventh, making the full dominant element D-F-G-B. This would have been prepared in the begining of chord teaching, by showing that a chord consists of any tone with its third and fifth; or its third, fifth and seventh; or its third, fifth, seventh and ninth. All these should be formed upon the only proper position in the key, namely upon the dominant, but before as yet there is any dominant or the tonic. It costs no more for a young student to take this in at begining upon the keyboard, which makes it concern as one might say, than to recognize a horse (of five letters) within a week after learning cat (of three letters) and rabbit (of six letters.) It is not a question of letters, but having the animals about for identification.

When a student has begun to notic chord successions from the key standpoint. as will necessarily result from this method followed up with analysis applied to the harmonic structure of every piece he studies, the way to modulation and all the rest is greatly shortened.

In this connection I may add that it is by no means a slight omission that these ideas are left out, There are piano students playing cleverly upon the keyboard, who not only cannot explain the chords they "execute," but are not so much as conscious that there *are* chords there. Which is the same as to say that they go on reading words about Africa, Europe, fields, farms, prairies, countries. and the like without attaching to any one of these a definite concept. Not only do they not imagine the animal or entity

named, they are not aware that an entity is intended. This state of things seemes incredible, but that it is true I have satisfied myself in some of my more advanced pupils, whose unintelligent playing accompanied by general mental activity and intelligence in other directions remained for a long time unexplainable. I had to go back (or was it ahead?) and form from the foundation these fundamental ideas, without which "Baby bye, here's a fly" is Greek.

My dissent from Mr. Goodrich's plan, admirable as it is in the care and completeness with which it is carried out, is that it fails to stand square upon these fundamental harmonic ideas; which if duly possessed by the student in his first two grades at the piano would enable him to master everything in this work and much besides within the next two grades. The present is too long a way; and there is at least doubtful whether it arrives.

"LUZETTE." Second Valse Gragieuse. By Adolph Koelling. Ditson.

This pleasing composition, dedicated to Mr: Emil Liebling, is a melodious and well made piece. It suggests the advantage of instrumentation in the variety of smaller ideas which embellish the principal ones; but it lies well for the fingers, nevertheless, and will be found useful. Effective for concert if *very* well played.; 5th grade.

"LE PAPILLON." (Butterfly.) Etude. By Calixa Lavallee. Ditson.

This is a running piece in the perpetual motion style, well laid for the fingers, and useful in the latter part of the 4th or beginning of 5th grade. The usefulness of this, like that of many of the publications of this house, is impaired by the entire omission of fingerings—a reserve due to a desire to remain neutral between the foreign and English fingering. It is too late now for the English fingering. All fingering should be marked 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and never with a cross for the thumb. The large use of imported editions of the classics by all the leading teachers makes this practice the only rational one.

LULLABY. Chester Hatton. Ditson.

Second grade piece, two pages long, key B flat. Melody in bass, accompaniment in right hand.

GRACEFUL DANCER. SCHERZO. By George Lowell Tracy. Ditson.

Key of E, almost in schottisch rhythm, but with piquant catches, pleasing melodic and harmonic turns, and well adapted either for a good reading lesson in the signature of four sharps or a study in very graceful yet sharp and decided rhythms; 4th grade. Also without fingering.

MARCHE POLONAISE. T. H. Rollinson. Ditson.

Key of D. No phrase marks. No fingering. Bright rhythm and not bad melody. Accompaniment very monotonous, not alone from too great insistance upon the fundamental rhythm but even more from the beer-hall style in which it is written.

"P··· 3 OUT WILD BELLS." Words by Tennyson. Music by Mr .bby Hutchinson Patton, of the famous Hutchinson family·)itson. Published in two forms, for solo with string quartette and cornet, and vocal quartette.

Lovers of the unadulterated American Muse will find this about the real thing. It has all the pleasing simplicity of the former days, when as yet the Wagnerian colossus had not bestrode the way to the sweet, the tuneful, and the good.

"RONEY'S PROCESSIONALS." A Collection of Processional and Re_ cessional Hymns composed for the choir of Grace Episcopa] Church, Chicago, by Henry B. Roney, organist and choir master.

This collection now contains twelve numbers, the latest accession being "Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem." These pieces which were first used in manuscript have been so much in demand by choir directors that Mr. Roney has published them at a nominal rate of five to ten cents a copy. They are melodious and pleasing and admirably fill the place for which they were intended.

"THEODORE LACK." 1. Valse Arabesque. 2. Finale Valse, Op. 100. 3. Idilio. Op. 134.

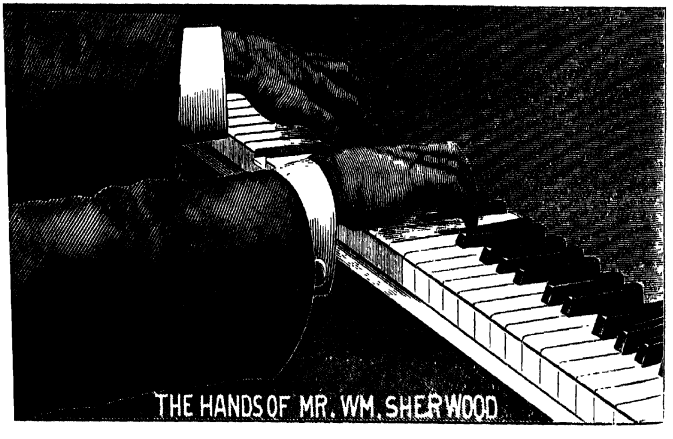
These three belong to the class of pieces which are always in demand among teachers. No. 1 is a brilliant waltz of the earlier fifth grade. It has pleasing running work and several neat bits of melody. Like all the new things the harmonies are out of the old ruts. No. 2 is even more pleasing, and a little easier. Its general style is not unlike that of the former, but the melodies are very taking. No. 3 is a sort of serenade, or short piece with a leading idea afterwards repeated in the relative minor. The rhythm is quasi-Arabian, and it belongs to the same general class of pleasing pieces as the "Moszkowski Serenade," although the sentiment in it is not neither so fine nor so deep.

"THE PEDALS OF THE PIANOFORTE. By Hans Schmitt. Translated by Frederick S. Law, Philadelphia. Theo. Presser, 1893, pp. 99. 8vo. flexible, cloth.

This most exhaustive and philosophic of all books upon the pedals of the pianoforte has now been translated from the latest German edition, and appears in elegant form from the press of Mr. Presser. It is a work for teachers, good players, and intelligent pupils. The entire function of the pedals is traced with great fullness, and while in some parts the explanations are not so clear as could have been wished, on the whole it is a work which no player can study without profit. In the second chapter, where for twenty pages the author traces the phenomena of over-tones and their relation to the pedal, the directions are not perfectly clear as to which tones are to be sounded, and which keys taken without sounding. But the phenomena of over-tones are admirably brought out. The use of the pedal for melodic purposes is almost judiciously treated. This work has nothing so clever for bringing out a practical application of the "two finger exercise" in Venino's work on the pedals noticed in the November number of MUSIC. At the close, however, there is a collection of excellent rules.

A STUDY OF HANDS.





MUSICAL NOVELTIES.

For Sale by All First-Class Music Dealers.

VOCAL.

O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth. Saered Duets with Ocgan Accompaniemant. By C. A. Havenns. E-flat. 4. Price..... 50c

When I Waken from this Dream. Song and Chorus. Words and music by Frank Dumont. G. 3. F. to F. Price.... 40c

The Token. Song. Words by James Russell Lowell. Music by Hllen G. Bigelow. D-flat. 4. D. to F. Price.40c

Dorothy. Waltz Song. Wosds by Frank Preston Smart. Music by W. L. Blumenschein. D. 4. E. to F. Price.... 05c

Twilight Bridge. Ballad. Words by Edith Livingston Crary. Music by W. A. Frederick. E. flat. 3½. E. to E. Price.. 40c

The midshipmite. (Adams.) Arranged as a male quartet by George B. Nevin. F. 3. Octavo. Price... 8c

Ave Maria. By Leandro Campanari. D. 3. a to F. Price.. . 50c

We See Sad Sights Ashose. Sung by Henry Norman in "Sinbad." Words by John D. Gilbert. Music by HSnry Norman. C, 3. B. to D. Portrait title. Price... 40c

"Poh, Poh, Salamale!" ;Pet, pet, I love thee? Neapolitan Gypsy Song. As sung by Signorina Theresina Grazi and pleyed by Signrr Bianculli's Italian Gypsy Ladies' Orchestra at the World's Fair. C. 4. d. to g. Portrait title. Prihe.. 50c

FaisDaffodils. Melodie. For Alto or or'Baritone. By Leandro Campanari. B-flat. 5. C. to F. Price 40c

The Same. For soprana or Tenor. D-flat. 4. E to a. Price.. . 40c

Egyptian Song. From "Ben Hur.,' "I Sigo as I Sing." Lusic by Leandso Campanari. G. Minor and major. 5. c. to g. Price.. 75c

Go, Lovely Rose. Cyntilena. By Leandro Campnnari. F. 4. F. to F. Price 40c

Long Years Ago. Dram- ic Air. By Leandro Campanari. F. 8. F. to F. Price. 40c

We depart from our usual custom to call attention to the works of art which constilute tdd title pages of the Campauari songs, Ntthing on so fine a scale has ever been attempted in this country. or excelled anpwhere. They are water-colors, in nine colors each, and most artisticully designed.

The Sailorls Evening Hymn. Quartet for Meu's Toloes. By George B. Mevin. A-flat. 3. Octavo. Price ...6c

Changed. Song. Words by S. Fanny Houseley. Music by Charles F. Horst. F. 3 C. to E. Price.. .40c

Loove Divine. Duet for Alto and Tenor. By C. A. Havens. E. Jat. 4. Price..... 75o

FOR THE PIANO.

Old Vienna. Alt Wien. March by Hugo Bryk, member of the fourth Austrian Infantry Regiment. A. 4. Price.....50c.

Concert Waltz in A. By Frank H. Colby. A. 5. Price 50 c.

Juanita. Danse Espagnolle. As played by Bellstedt's Military Band. Composed by Hugo Barcher. D minor. 4. Price 50c.

March. Tres Facile. By J. Rummel. No. 2. C 3. Price..... . . 50 c.

Fin de May. End of May, valses. By Paolo F. Campiglio. D. K. 4. Price 75 c.

University March. By Charles. John Richter. G 3. Price 40c.

Achatan Schottische. By Clarence V. Jones. E flat. Price. 75c.

The Modern Schottische. By Helen Madock. E flat 3 1-2. Price.. . . 40c.

Valse Mignonne. By Ernest Lent. C 4. Price . . 50c.

Valse Impromptu. By Ernest Lent. G 4. Price. 60c.

Hallia Schottische. By Sig. S.Schiff. G. 3 1-2. Price.. 40c.

MANDOLIN, GUITAR, ETC.

Juanita. Danse Espagnolle. For Mandolin and Pian. By Hugo Barcher. D minor. 4. Price $1.00

Mazurka del Oro. For mandolin and piano. Salvatore Tomaso. A minor, 4 60c

Marion March. For mandolin and piano. Salvatore Tomaso, E 4. . 80c

Intermezzo. Cavalleria Rusticana. Arranged by Tomaso. F 4. 50c

Juanita. Danse Espagnolle. For guitar and mandolin, by Hugo Barcher. A minor 4 50c

Lost Chord. Sullivan, First and second mandolin and guitar. Arranged by Geo. W. Persley. G 3, ... 50c

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

Air Varie. For violin, with accompaniment for the piano, by Ernest Lent. Op. 16, No. 1. D 4... $1.00

—THE—

A.B.C of Musical Elocution.

BY PROF. E. H BARD.

This is something entirely new, and a proper use of it cannot fail to make the ure of words by singers and speakers clear and distinct

It teaches how to adjust the mouth so as to properly utter consonants and vowels, and how to pronounce words when singing·

It gives a great mass of words, requiring over 2,000 inflections adjusted to the scale and all lts diatonic intervals, and also hints in general, invaluable'to every singer· The music is so arrsnged that cach exercise may be used for the higher or lower voices as may be needed. **Price 75 cents.**

Published by

The John Church Company,

CINCINNATI CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

Announcement.

Mr. Emil Liebling

Accepts Concert Engagements from Musical Societies, Young Ladies' Seminaries, Schools and Conservatories of Music, Managers of Music Stores and Halls, Normal Institutes, etc. Mr. Liebling is prepared to give either Pianoforte Recitals without any assistance, or to take part as Solo Pianist in miscellaneous Concert Programmes. He also gives lectures with practical demonstrations on Piano Playing and Teaching. The educational value of comprehensive Pianoforte Recitals, illustrating different periods of musical composition and the gradual development of the art of Pianoforte Playing, will readily be appreciated, especially in smaller towns where the advantages for hearing good music are naturally more limited. Correspondence is especially invited from Piano Teachers, who may desire Mr. Liebling's co-operation in creating for their classes an opportunity to enjoy a practical illustration of the most important classical and modern works.

For terms, dates, etc., address,

Emil Liebling,

Kimball Hall, 243 Wabash Ave.,

CHICAGO, ILL.

KLAUSER MUSIC INSTITUTE,

MILWAUKEE, - - - - - - - WISCONSIN.

New School of Music Education, founded on the Klauser Principles and Theories, set forth in "The SEPTONATE."

Unity of Theory and Practice in all Departments. Instruction in all Branches of Music.

Klauser's Conceptive Pianoforte System. Music as Idea the Basis of Expression.

Children's Department—Music School in Six Grades—Special and Normal Departments.

☞ Prospectus sent on application. ☜

Novelties by Theo. Presser,

1708 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

METHOD FOR THE PIANO,

By Chas. W. Landon.

Price $1.50.

This work is especially designed to meet the want of the popular student with mediocre ability. It contains all the ideas of recent pianoforte playing. The author is a well-know practical teacher, and author of a similar work for the Reed Organ, which is now generally used for instruction snstrument. It will be well for every teacher to examine this new work, which will be ready in a short time.

School of Reed Organ Playing.

Compiled and annotated by

By Mr. Chas. W. Landon.

A complete school, consisting of a melodious set of Exercises and Studies for each grade, supplemented by a number of appropriate pieces in sheet form, especially composed and arranged for the instrument, Studies and Exercises for each grade.

Price $1.00.

The above school will be found almost as useful for Piano as for the Cabinet Organ. **Grade 1 is now ready.**

ETUDES OF EXPRESSION AND RHYTHM.

By Stephen Heller.

Selected from Opus 125.

Revised by C. B. CADY, with Portrait and Biographical Sketch.

Price $1.00

These studies should precede those of Opus 47, 46, and 45 by the same author. The material in the volume abounds in poetical sentiment. Each study is gem.

WRITING BOOK FOR MUSIC PUPILS.

BY C. W. LANDON.

Price 50 Cents.

This new book is a great advance on anything heretofore published in this line. It abouuds in new and ingenious features to interest the pupil. Every important subject is treated from so may sides, that even the dullest pupil can easily understand the subject under consideration. It is thorough, clear in explanation and helps, and particularly practical in the directness with which it exhausts each fact presented. Any pupil who faithfully works out its exercises will be a correct and rapid reader of music, snstrumental or vocal.

SOMETHING NEW AND REMARKABLE!

MUSICAL DOMINOES.

Invented By C. W. Grimm.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

A game for every home. Desirable by young and old. Excellent for parties. So ingeniously is this game constructed that the musical matter in it is never felt as a burdensome appendage. The instructive and amusing qualities of the game have been so perfectly and harmoniously blended that the Musical Dominoes will form an everlasting source of enjoyment

GOTTSCHALK
LYRIC ⁘ SCHOOL,

24 and 26 ADAMS STREET.

FACULTY:

VOCAL.

L. Gaston Gottschalk, Director.

Mrs. A. Louise Nellis. Miss Helen M. Goodell.

Signor Alessandro Boetti.

PIANO.

August Hyllested, Director,

Wilhelm Middelschulte. Miss Effie E. Murdock.
Henri W. J. Ruifrok. Mrs. Carrie R. Crane
E. Louise Hoadley. E. W. Chaffee.

VIOLIN.

Earl R. Drake, Director. Miss Juna Sparling.

ORGAN.

Wilhelm Middelschulte, Director. Miss Effie E. Murdock.

FRENCH HORN. A. Patricolo.

VIOLONCELLO. L. Amato.

CORNET. C. P. Nielson.

MANDOLIN, GUITAR, BANJO. Mrs. A. F. Swander.

SIGHT READING. A. Patricolo.

HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, COMPOSITION.

Wilhelm Middelschulte. E. W. Chaffee

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

Signor Alfieri

PHYSIOLOGY OF THE VOCAL ORGANS.

George A. Thomson, A. M., M. D.

DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT.

John, Stapleton, Director.

PHYSICAL CULTURE, ELOCUTION.

Miss E. H. Denig.

FENCING. Captain Yates.

DANCING. Signora Timpony.

☞ Send for Catalogue. **L. G. GOTTSCHALK, Director.**

CINCINNATI
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

ESTABLISHED IN 1867.

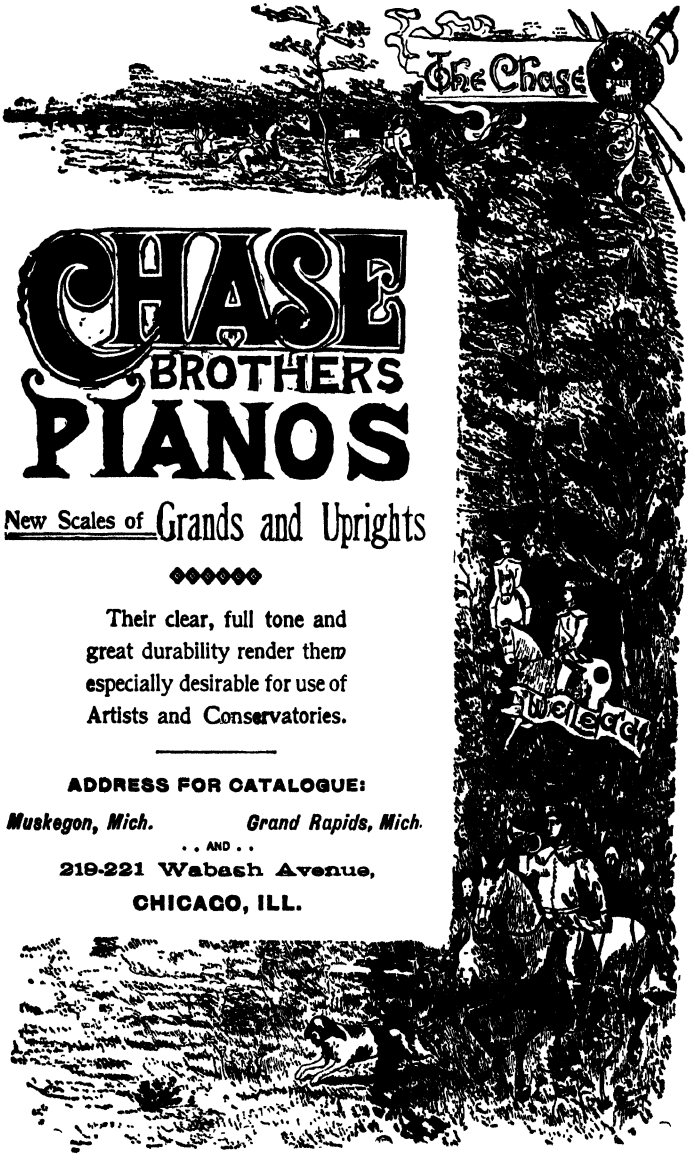
A THOROUGH MUSICAL EDUCATION AFTER THE METHODS OF FOREMOST EUROPEAN CONSERVATORIES.

Students from the city and vicinity, as well as those from abroad, can enter at any time during the SCHOOL YEAR AND SUMMER TERM. Young ladies in the Home department are under the personal supervision of the Directress.

For Catalogue, address

MISS CLARA BAUR,

Fourth and Lawrence Streets, Cincinnati, O.


The Chase
CHASE
BROTHERS
PIANOS
New Scales of Grands and Uprights
Their clear, full tone and
great durability render them
especially desirable for use of
Artists and Conservatories.
ADDRESS FOR CATALOGUE:
Muskegon, Mich.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
. . AND . .
219-221 Wabash Avenue,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Both Diploma and Medal

OF

Highest Honor

AWARDED

The EVERETT PIANO.

Made by the Everett Piano Co., Boston, Mass.

By the World's Columbian Exposition Jury of Awards.

The Text of our Diploma is as follows:

To the Committee of Judges—DEPT. L. LIBERAL ARTS.
No. Card—6798.
Exhibitor—EVERETT PIANO CO., Boston, Mass.
Exhibit—THE EVERETT PIANO.

COMMENTS: I report that this exhibit is worthy of an award. It possesses a **full, sonorous tone** and the **sustaining power is VERY good; the scale is smooth and well balanced** and the **action,** of their own manufacture, **well regulated; the touch is easy and elastic** and has **good repeating quality. In construction the FINEST MATERIAL is used; the workmanship shows great care,** and the **cases are well made.** The **patent action brackets** deserve **special mention,** in saving time in removing and replacing action.

JURY OF AWARDS:
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President Chicago Musical College.

Signed:

V. J. HLAVAC, Piano Mfr., St. Petersburg, Russia.
GEORGE STECK, Piano Mfr., New York City.
E. P. CARPENTER, Organ Mfr., Worcester, Mass.
MAX SCHIEDMAYER, Piano Mfr., Stuttgart, Ger.
DR. HUGH A. CLARKE, University of Penn., Phila.
GEORGE STECK, Judge.
K. BUENZ, President.
J. H. GORE, Secretary.
Board of Judges Dept. of Liberal Arts.

The John Church Company,

GENERAL FACTORS,

CINCINNATI, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.



Dr. F. Ziegfeld, President.

ESTABLISHED 1867.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE,

Central Music Hall,

Corner State and Randolph Streets.

West Side College:

Jackson Boulevard and Lincoln Street.

☞ The Acknowledged Superior Institution,

Unsurpassed Facilities for a thorough Course of

Music and Dramatic Art

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas.
Wm. M. Hoyt.
Gen. Chas. FitzSimons.
Julius Rosenthal.
N. K. Fairbank.
Alfred M. Snydacker.
A. E. Bournique.
Dr. F. Ziegfeld.
Carl Ziegfeld.

MUSICAL DIRECTORS:

Dr. F. Ziegfeld.
Louis Falk.
Bernhardt Listemann.
Hans von Schiller.
William Castle.

New catalogue containing Musical Lexicon, Abridged History of Music, and giving full information, mailed free on application.

CARL ZIEGFELD, Manager Central Music Hall.

The Big Four Route

FROM

Chicago

TO

INDIANAPOLIS,
LA FAYETTE,
DAYTON,
SPRINGFIELD

CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE,
COLUMBUS,
NEW ALBANY.

AND

Washington, D. C., Via C. B. & Q. Ry.

E. O. TUCKER, Gen'l Northern Agent,
234 South Clark Street, Chicago.

E. O. McCORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
CINCINNATI.

D. B. MARTIN,
Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent,
CINCINNATI.



Engraved by J. T. Willmore

SAUMUR

MUSIC

FEBRUARY, 1894.

MODERN HARMONY AND ACQUIRED SENSE-PERCEPTION.

THE present paper is devoted to the consideration of the following four points:

1. That the progress by which modern methods of employing the Harmony of Simultaneous Sounds reached has been very slow, and has extended over wide stretches of time.

2. Progress towards the increasing complexity of modern harmony has been accompanied by an improvement of musical instruments, as to compass, tone-quality, and singing power.

3. There is reason to think that these correlated improvements in tone-combinations, and the instrument representing them, have depended upon the development of an acquired faculty or faculties of sense-perception in the department of hearing.

4. All that we know of the usual method by which the brain is adapted and made ready for the higher order of thought lends color to the idea that such a development of sense-perception underlies our modern appreciation of and enjoyment in the art of tone-painting which we call Music.

We know with some degree of certainty that there was an art of music in use as long ago as the time of the great pyramid; that is to say, in the time of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, or about 4,000 B. C., taking the estimate of Lepsius as authentic. At that time they had harps half the height

Copyright, 1894, by MUSIC MAGAZINE PUB. CO.

of a man, and other instruments of the lyre or guitar kind. The figures on the walls of the tombs lately explored, and repeated in the plates of Champollion, Lepsius, Rosselin, and other works of Egyptologists, show how they used to combine these instruments into bands. They show companies of three or four players upon instruments, together with others who kept time by clapping the hand, some who danced, and yet others who joined in with the voice. We have no knowledge of the tonal contents of this music; the most we can do is to conjecture from the nature of the instruments represented and the traces of heredity in the descendants of the people making use of it, the limits beyond which it can hardly have passed. Later in Egyptian history, at the time of Rameses IV, about the date of the fall of Troy, they had harps as high as a man, and beautifully decorated. The advance of the art since the dates mentioned previously is not to be overlooked. The uses of music among the Egyptians appear to have been much the same as those of the present day. They employed it to emphasize the more solemn moments of life and perhaps used it as a pastime as we do. The great lady during her morning toilet seems to have feasted her ears with the sounds of the harpers, and her eyes with the graceful movements of dancing girls. All the temple services were solemnized by music, just as the worship of the Divinity has been everywhere.

In ancient Greece there was music before the time of Homer. We find the minstrel a prominent object in the Odyssey and the Iliad. He was the immediate supporter of the hero, the rich man, and his voice was a common incident at feasts. He was the historian, journalist, and poet of the day, no less than the sole representative of the art of music. His instrument was the lyre, and his use of it will form the subject of a later paragraph. As early as seven centuries before the Christian era, choral song began to be developed in Greece, and choral contests began to be held in different parts of the country, in which the choirs of the principal cities contested for the prizes due to superiority in spirit or technic of performance. We have no record of the consider-

ations which influenced the awards; if we had we might possibly learn something concerning their tonal contents. Still later the Attic drama was developed, and they had something very like our opera. Upon the stage were one, two, or three principal speakers, or rather singers,—for they did not speak but intoned or cantillated their parts throughout. They may have chosen this form of utterance on account of the impossibility of reaching in any other way the immense mass of spectators, which far surpassed any festivals of modern times. The theatre of Athens held thirty thousand persons, it is said, and they brought their lunches and stayed all day. In the center where now is the parquet was the chorus, which cantillated the choral interludes, and circled around the Dionysian altar in the center. At this part of the development, Music, Drama, and Dance were all in close union; later they separated, each developing itself according to its own laws, but coming together from time to time, with influences of no small significance upon each.

In ancient India they had a development of music not less notable than that of the Greeks. They had numerous instruments, dancers, players, and they used music for all the solemn moments of life, as well as for those festive occasions which they sought to distinguish as being in any way out of the common. Their drama was in part opera, given in a language not understood by the majority of those who heard it. Their dramatic pieces were long, and sometimes in as many as ten acts. A part of them were spoken, and part of other acts were sung. Musical science received great attention in India. They divided the octave into twenty-two equal intervals, and demonstrated the places where frets should be placed upon the finger board in order to play them correctly. In this way they vitiated the musical ears of successive generations, and as no one of their intervals was correct from a harmonic standpoint they retarded the discovery of the harmony of simultaneous sounds.

There was no harmony used in Greece except the consonance of the octave, that synchronism which arises of its own accord whenever men and women or children sing together the

same melody. A few of the Greek mathematicians discovered the proportion of the octave, fifth, fourth, and later in Alexandria the major third. But these discoveries, so often vaunted, were not the discoveries of vibration ratios, but of string-lengths, weights, or tension. About the time of the Christian era they began to "magadise," as it was called from an Asiatic instrument of many strings, in several intervals. They sang the same melody at the same time in several keys, or, which is the same thing, performed it in a parallel motion of fourths, fifths and octaves. This practice appears to have grown out of a question of Aristotle, who in one of his problems asks why they do not magadise in other intervals than unisons and octaves, when other intervals sound nearly as well. Out of this grew the practice of Diaphony which continued to be the only harmony of simultaneous sounds through all southern Europe until some time after the crusades.

Early in the Christian era there apears in northern Europe a new race, the descendants of the Scythes, an Aryan people. These, under the name of Saxons, Goths, and Celts, developed a music of their own, having the harp for their instrument and the minstrel for their historian, teacher, chronicler, and inspirer. Among the Welsh, Irish and Scandinavian descendants of these people was developed an art of music having the ear for its guide, and the principle of heredity for its helper, for the art was handed down by the mintrels from father to son. The harp of these old minstrels had from nine to thirteen strings, and then nineteen. In the tenth century the harp of Sir Brian O'Rohreen had thirteen strings. This was no more than the instruments of the priestly harpers in the time of Rameses IV, but it was a great compass for that day in Europe, where the cithara was still in use in many parts of the country, having only seven strings at most, and no considerable sonority.

The earliest traces we have of anything resembling melody, as we now regard it, resting upon the relation of all the tones to a key note, is in the music of the Welsh minstrels, of whom we have a manuscript purporting to have been begun

in the eleventh century. This shows the existence of melody of the same essential character as that of the Irish airs that have come down to us from later time, and, which is much more important in the present discussion, the melody is supported by chords, triads major and minor, the earliest real and intended chords merely for the sake of chords that we find anywhere. It was not until nearly two centuries later that the continental musicians had melodies of so simple and direct a type, and not for yet longer time that they had chords to accompany them.

On the continent the development of the harmony followed that of Discant, which was the art of extemporizing a second voice to a cantus fermus; it was used in church, and wherever there was need of more than one voice. Out of this art counterpoint and canonic imitation were developed by the Netherlandish composers. Simple melody we do not find in any quantity until the beginning of Italian opera, as an incident in the revival of learning in the sixteenth century and later. It is of course possible that melody may have existed among the people, but there is no very sure reason for supposing so. Tonality did not become master of the resources of counterpoint until about the time of Sebastian Bach, at which time the diatonic contents of the key had been settled, and the order of keys in coherent musical discourse. Since the time of Bach the development of music has mainly tended towards the improvement of melody, under the hands of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; and towards the fuller exploration of the chromatic contents of key by all the writers since. Under Wagner the latter element has come more and more into prominence, and there has been a modification of the order in which keys succeed each other.

In addition to the enriching of the key by the addition or use of the chromatic notes belonging to it, modern music is also vastly more complicated than the ancient, in the wide compass covered by it, the volume of sound, the varied and contrasted colors of the different instruments, and the employment of dissonances to emphasize and accentuate the

harmonic movement, and thereby add to the appealing qualities of music.

* * *

When we go over this history again with reference to the instruments through which different actors in it expressed such musical ideas as they had, we find a complete correspondence beween the instruments and the ideas which from time to time they expressed upon them. Thus, the instruments of the Greeks were of surprisingly small compass, and short and insignificant in tone. The lyre rarely had more than six tones; in the latest times it had seven—never more. The vibration we know to have been short, because the diagrams of the ancient instruments tell us plainly the system of their construction, and we know that their sonority could not possibly have been more than rudimentary. In this fact we find one reason why they did not stumble upon harmony. It does not appear that they had tuning pins, but adjusted the tune of their lyres by sliding the loop in the string along the inclined bar at the upper part of the cithara until it reached the notch cut for it. With such a system of tuning it was imposible to do more than approximately adjust the intonation, for which reason it is not likely that the strings ever presented consonances so nearly correct as to please the ear. Besides we must not forget that the number of consonances in an instrument of four, five, or six strings is very small, and the sense of tonality proportionately feeble.

The importance of the ear in leading the musician to employ several sounds together is plainly indicated in the fact that it was by the Welsh harpers that chords were first employed. These harps were tuned by tuning pins, and the adjustment of the intonation of the strings was a matter of constant necessity, especially in a wet climate like that of England. This art was handed down from father to son, and in this way ears were sharpened until the agreeable nature of consonants was realized. The ear itself was already in sufficiently advanced condition to have realized the consonances of music as long ago as the time when the Aryans

crossed the Himalayah into India. For in the Sanskrit, the oldest of existing dialects, we find a complete vowel apparatus, which would not have been the case if they had not been capable of distinguishing one vowel sound from another. Now since vowel quality is nothing else than a relation of partial tones in the klang, it follows that these early Aryans did unconsiously, in recognizing the vowels of their beautiful language, this which moderns do in recognizing the harmonic relations of music.

Our modern harmony appears to have grown out of the use of two kinds of instruments, the harp and the violin. The effects of the harp has already been indicated. The violin was discovered, or rather the art of inciting the vibration of a string by means of a bow was discovered, by the Hindus, very long ago; it is impossible to tell how long. But the Hindu scale was false, and the bow was used in connection with a fretted finger-board. These two circumstances, together with the small sonority of the Hindu instruments of the bow kind, prevented the players from learning the lessons in harmony which the vibrating strings were ready to have taught them in their subdivisions into partial tones and harmonics, if only the ears had been ready to hear them. It was not until the violin came into Europe, after the crusades, and began to be constructed on a different system, that it began to play its part in the development of the modern musical sense. Quite in harmony with this view is the fact that the earliest discoveries in harmony among the moderns, and particularly the discovery of partial tones and combination tones, were the good luck of violinists, Tartini and Rameau. After Stradivarius had improved and perfected the resonance of the violin at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the progress of musical perception began to be very rapid, and since that time there has been no stop. In the middle ages they had instruments as false as false could be. They had stringed instruments which appear to have been so constructed as to afford only a succession of parallel fifths or fourths, according to the theory of Diaphony and Organum. It is quite in the same line that

the organs of that period had mixtures to use singly, as we now use solo stops. Nothing could more plainly indicate the corruption of musical sense of those who could bring themselves to think that they enjoyed such cacophony. In the same line it is worthy of consideration that this modern time when the chromatic contents of the key have been most explored, is also the time when the pianoforte and tempered instruments generally afford sufficiently accurate suggestions of the value and relation of the different chromatic tones.

* * *

It is a fair conclusion from the fact that there was no harmony for so many centuries, and no tonality, nor any use of dissonance in the intelligent or harmonic way in which we employ it, that a sense-perception has been educated or developed for taking account of the complicated relations of modern harmony. There is reason to think that a melody which depends for its effects upon the relation of tones in key requires the ear to take into account not only the tones one after another as they fall upon the ear, but also of all other tones which might belong with them. This is seen in the ability to write down a melody from hearing it, where we know not only the pitch of the tones we hear, but the place of every tone in key. The later knowledge implies the subconscious comparison of all tones with each other, and with all the other tones of the same family.

According to the general conclusions of modern psychologists, the brain undergoes a development in order to register and retain sense impressions appertaining to each new subject mastered by it. The cortex, or outer coating, of the brain, they say, is composed of myriads upon myriads of undeveloped cells. Perhaps before the beginning of conscious life the aptitudes latent in some of these undeveloped cells are called into exercise. Thus the infant cries upon the incitation of air received with his first breath; and thus he clings with his hand to the first object which comes in contact with it; and thus with appreciation he receives the first offering of what Mr. Micawber calls the "maternal font." Incitation awakens response, the nerve system thrills and

muscles are put in action in directions where experience had done nothing for their education or preparation. We call it instinct, or heredity; but we do not understand it. As the child gets older he learns to see, call persons by name, and becomes fond of some while he avoids others. He studies, and each new branch involves the awaking of new departments of the brain to retain and manage this which he learns; or the enlarging of departments already in operation, for the complete understanding of this new matter. Sometimes the new additions are too extensive for the immediate means of the contractor or builder, and the new tenant has to wait some time before his house is ready. This is what happens when a subject too difficult at one period of study is laid aside for a time, and later taken up and found sufficiently easy. The child has grown, "matured" we say, but the point of his maturity which enables him now to receive and assimilate a knowledge which formerly was too difficult, lies solely in the completion or the state of practical forwardness of the brain apparatus, capable of containing it, and of correlating it with the knowledges previously acquired. For we can at once see that mere age has nothing to do with the greater readiness of the child in this new direction, since the world is full of people much older to whom such a knowledge is still a sealed book, forever unintelligible—nay not alone unintelligible, but undesired. Whatever the attractive aspect under which the teacher attempts to present it to such an one, his mind returns no quickened response. In this direction his mind is dead.

* * *

Here again we happen upon one of the most central and instructive, and at the same time, difficult phases of this entire problem. It is only at *desire* that the mind awakens. In other words *we select our environment.* Out of the myriads of incitations which address us in all waking hours, we listen to some, and they enter into our development; others remain forever ineffective, and we might as well have lived in a world where they were not known. Thus it is in our most advanced states of society; a portion of the members

are moved by the incitation to virtue and brotherhood, and continually advance in refinement and nobility. Another portion, having practically the same environment, are not incited towards virtue and education, but towards vice and perhaps crime. Prisoners of sensuality, they grovel through life amid all the light of civilization, oblivious to every part of the nobler incitation which would awaken them out of their stupor.

Thus the question of development in musical sense, and particularly of the general development of moral quality and of the higher motives, turns upon a condition antecedent to the operation of incitation and environment,—namely *intention*, desire, *will*. The man who learns is he who *desires* to learn; and the one who improves from year to year is he who *desires* to improve, and as our Presbyterian friends say has an "effectual call" to improve.

But particularly in all this musical development the question of desire cuts an operative figure, for it is only by hearing music and thinking upon it that these remote relations of tones become apparent to the mind. So that the question comes to us finally in this very incisive and difficult form: How does it happen that an individual who had never heard tone relations beyond those of the instruments of his immediate use, has such a desire for something beyond that he *creates* the new instrument having these added capacities? And, to mention the very latest phase of the problem (which is one of the most central ones in art) how does it happen, for instance, that a savage who has never heard a good tone with its proper partials in it, creates or discovers his melodies along harmonic lines? This question I cannot answer. Nor do I know any one who can. Yet Prof. Fillmore's observations and inductions appear to establish it beyond controversy.

* * *

When we examine again the story of the progress sketched in the historical summary, we are struck immediately with the extremely slow rate of the advance from one

step to another. As already stated, we have no definite knowledge of the tonal contents of Egyptian music; concerning that of ancient Hellas and Rome, however, our information is more definite. The tonal contents were so meagre, and the relations so meagre, not to say indeterminate, that only a beginning towards the development of the higher musical aptitudes could be made. The so-called discoveries of the consonant tonal relations by Pythagoras and the Alexandrian mathematicians, are also misleading to a considerable degree. There was no instrument of music in Greece, India, or in southern Europe, before the introduction of the harp, capable of responding to any desire for the harmony of simultaneous sounds, had it been ever so active in the musician's mind. It was only among the northern bards, scalds and minstrels that such an apparatus existed; and in hands with an innate fondness for musical combinations, strengthened by heredity, refined by practice and sentiment. Besides, the intellectual movement in general was more vigorous in these parts of Europe from the sixth to the fourteenth centuries. The land of the bards was that which in the seventh century produced a Venerable Bede, and an Alquin, the teacher and friend of Charlemagne; it was the land which produced an Alfred, and the genius of a civil and religious liberty. Though conquered by William the Norman, English constitutional liberty, English ideas and English language asserted themselves. Later, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, England produced a Duns Scotus, who anticipated European metaphysics of three centuries; a Wickliffe, who held Luther's protestantism and a Bible in the common tongue, three centuries before the German Reformation; and a Roger Bacon, who anticipated the most important of all the positions in the *Novum Organum* of his smaller namesake, three centuries later. A country capable of shining in these three great directions must already have come far upon the road of progress. Hence, it does not surprise us to find, in the wellknown catch: "Summer is a cumin in," of the 12th century, the earliest piece of harmonized music of which we have any ac-

count. The Welsh bards, moreover, appear to have been the first to express their musical ideas in well tonalized melodies, resting upon an accompaniment of chords.

All this has been done primarily by musical or artistic intuition. The artist has selected and rejected by ear; he has used, according to his inner sense of the relation which every combination and succession bears to feeling. Science has followed long way behind—only to confirm, with tardy conclusions, the selections already made upon intuitive grounds.

* * *

The particulars of the development of brain according to this view are not yet fully mastered, I imagine, even by the best psychologists. There is a wide margin of uncertainty as to how much physical basis there may be for what we know as hereditary aptitude. The probability seems to be that in cases where there is a heredity in some particular direction, the brain itself is already provided with a part at least of the apparatus required by the specialty in question. How far this may be the case we do not know, and perhaps may never know, for in the nature of the case the opportunity of induction by the actual examination of facts is hard to come by, if not impossible. But from the difference of time involved between learning music or anything else by one who has an aptitude for it, and one who simply does it as a matter of work, we are justified, I think, in concluding that the brain itself must have been more complete as an apparatus for this particular use, with those who learn so easily. In the second place, we do not know the precise relation between the environment and this development of germ cells in the substance of the brain. For while at first sight the environment would seem to be one of the most powerful factors in the business, if not indeed the chief one, there are many cases where the individual has gone so far beyond his environment as to place him not only above it, but several centuries beyond it. Bach, Beethoven, and the old Italian painters, are cases in point. Still, on the other hand, it is not so certain that these men were so far beyond their environment

as to the actual substance of what they heard or saw. For if we examine their work closely in its relation to that of their contemporaries, we find that what they did different from the others of their own generation was to relate their art more closely to feeling and sentiment; but that their actual modification of the substance of music itself, its chords, its melodic progression, was comparatively little. This was so with Bach and Beethoven both, and has been the case with all, scarcely excepting those who, like Schumann, have most influenced the current of musical discourse. The same is true in painting. Many contemporaries drew and colored as well as Raphael and Michael Angelo, yet these two alone were the great masters.

But it is also easy to see that in the earlies states of the progress the interdependence between the inner clearly formed desire and expression of it in music must have been much closer. For it is not until the relation of tones had plenty of time to clear itself up, that the mind becomes able to go on and make music in its phantasy, as Beethoven did after he had become deaf, without any help whatever from the outside world, that the deeper work of intuition begins. It must have been long after the ear had become formed to the effect of tones in key, and thereby the ground laid out for all sorts of melodic gratification, that the finer effects of orchestration began to be sought for. This took place only after the instruments had been invented and the sound of them had been recognized by the listening ear of the artist as adapted to artistic expression. It was the same with harmony. Every new chord that has been introduced has had to go through a process of a "survival of the fittest." It has had to be heard and heard again, and used correctly until at length it has fallen upon the ear of an artist with the insight to use it according to its real inner meaning. Here is evidently a reaction between the environment and the organism. We may be quite sure that the first formation or development of a sense-apparatus, such as the capacity of coordinating and referring to unity a tone or a chord previously unheard, must have depended upon the incitation of

sense-perception. Unless the tones were actually heard and found to be intelligible, they have never come into common use. Commonly they have had to be heard many times before the inner bond of unity has been found. It is only after particular uses of a certain combination have been accepted that the ear goes on and generalizes, and the chord may be used by any who like. This is the true explanation of the great lapse of time involved in the development of music to the very limited extent that it was developed before the sixteenth century. It is also the reason why the progress has been so rapid since a heredity has been formed for all the elementary perceptions, and a hereditary perception of the meanings belonging to them. New instruments come to the experienced ears of the whole race, and their powers are immediately perceived and recognized. It is the same with chords, modulations, and all the rest. The entire stock in trade is larger than it used to be and every new element that is added to it is immediately appraised at a fairer value.

* *
*

This hypothesis of the operation of the brain in thinking, and particularly of the interdependence of a progressive development upon *desire* and *environment*, carries with it several important corollaries, which we may note in passing.

It shows, for instance, the vital interdependence between nobility of motive and progress. The mechanical genius who has invented a new musical instrument, realizing a more perfect concord of sweet sounds, has done so only in pursuit of the ideal; and the same is true of the artist who first successfully introduces its novel resources into musical discourse of such gravity and weight as to fully illustrate its value as means of expression.

It gives a point to the interdependence between the growth of taste and the habitual use of fine musical instruments, over those of imperfect powers. The properly related and finished tones of the good instrument exert upon the ear a continually refining influence, thereby not only placing the musical incitations upon the highest possible plane, but also

working in harmony with all other refining influences operating upon the individual. The chance of a good musical taste developing itself in a student is much greater when the practicing is carried on upon fine instruments (especially if intelligently directed to the full realization of the fine effects,) since thereby the effects are more truly and more convincingly presented to consciousness.

Since everything depends upon the desire for improvement, much turns upon various extra or side influences of an intellectually musical kind, such as the lives of composers, the range of their works, and general history of music and of art in general. All these things tend to broaden the mind, and to make it appreciative of the finer distinctions between nobility and commonness. Moreover, aside from the education of taste derived from accessory studies of this kind properly directed, there is the very important further advantage of keeping the mind in what we might call an ideal state—a state in which the claims of the ideal appear paramount, and merely external and pleasing elements of art are relegated to the lower planes where they properly belong.

Again, since the higher taste in music depends vitally upon nobility of purpose associated with grasp of mind, the development of the latter must receive attention from the very earliest beginning of musical education, and attention to it must never be allowed to lapse. This involves the constant presence, as subject of study and appreciative enjoyment, of works by the very best composers, in whom nobility of aim and breadth of imagination are greatest. Works of this character exert a quickening influence upon the mind of the student. Every work of art has in it the personality of the composer, aside from the melodic and harmonic qualities of his music, in so far as criticism can recognize them and describe their peculiarities. This element of personality influences those who come in contact with it. Thus the study of Bach and Schumann conduces to quickness of musical perception and sincerity, and the works of these composers are never prized by students not gifted with similar elements of character. The music of Beethoven predisposes towards

breadth and depth of feeling; that of Rossini to mere empty pleasing of sense. And while criticism is able to define the qualities in the music of these composers which operate in educating the musical taste in the directions already specified, it is not altogether able to point out the means through which the deeper character of the composer comes to expression. All that we can say is that it is there, and sensitive persons feel it.

Yet at this point grave educational mistakes are made by those who undertake to prepare for these great composers through the operation of compositions which have been imitated from their style by smaller composers. Imitations are always imitations, and they always miss the incisive element of the original. Minds which have not force enough to create in their own style have not force enough to operate upon growing tastes and appreciations.

Moreover, there is again that mysterious element of *desire;* there must be the element of pleasure in the work of the student, else his mind falls into a negative and passive state, and the study ceases to develop him. Hence while a certain proportion of the study must be directed to these higher aspects of music, there must always be another proportion in which the student is to find positive enjoyment, and it is the very delicate problem of the educator to combine these two ends; to offer vital enjoyment and yet at the same time not lead away from the noble goal of the ideal. And to do this in a sense-pleasing and somewhat external generation.

But granted the habitual use of material meeting the preceding conditions, and the incitation growing out of the accessory aids of study mentioned above (the lives of composers, etc.), and the practice of hearing the very best available music as often as possible, and with as many repetitions of the same work as possible, the development of an appreciation of the higher art of music is sure. The same causes which have operated in the race as a whole to refine the sense of hearing, extend the corelations of auditory impressions and find for them far-away principles of unity,

and to deepen the feelings, ennoble the mind and the moral character, will operate with equal reliability and vastly greater rapidity upon the individual. Whereby, at length, the individual musician will realize in himself the force of the maxim that nothing human (of musical kind) is foreign to him. This is the end proposed by musical education; and this is the manner in which the race has attained its present position along the scale of musical development.

Development is the order of the universe.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

A VALENTINE.

"How many years have we been happy, Love?"
"Two or more ago;
And bliss the angels tell each other of
In heaven above, my dear,
Has come to earth below,
Is it not so?"

"How many years will we be happy, Love?"
"Ah! that we cannot know;
But though we die, Death is less strong than Love
In heaven above, my dear,
And must on earth below
Be always so."

JULIA LOIS CARUTHERS.

SHARPS AND FLATS, OR THE MODULATIONS OF A CHURCH SINGER'S CAREER.

"THEY do such things and they see strange things" is very true of that large class of people who, desiring to turn their musical talent to some profitable account, lead the musical service in the temple of Zion.

To a man who is in close contact with such people and possesses some literary talent, it would not be a difficult matter to write a series of highly entertaining "Character Sketches;" for who has a better opportunity to observe the individualities of the vocalists, the organists, clergymen and prominent members of the congregations with whom it has been his lot to associate?

Some choirs are mutual admiration societies, while others are in a constant state of civil war: some are under-paid and others are paid "not wisely but too well." Here is a choir in which the "tenor" is violently in love with the "soprano," and there is one where the "soprano" and "tenor" do not speak as they pass by, but in church delight their audiences by singing with pathos and tenderness "Children pray this love to cherish;" then there is the choir where the basso is in the habit of singing "flat," the "natural" result of which is that he receives a "sharp" reprimand from the others; he then claims that it was the organist's fault. The poor organist has to bear all the blame for any mistake that the choir may make; did you ever notice that when a soloist makes a false note or anything of that sort, the commission of the error is followed by an indignant gaze at the said functionary, who, in turn, pulls viciously at a "stop" or kicks a pedal violently, wishing in his soul, that these poor dumb things were quartette singers? The organist's position is similar to that of the coxswain of a college crew—if the race is won, the crew receives all the credit, if a hitch occurs the coxswain gets all the blame—if the musical service is good, the choir is praised, if not, the organist is criticised.

It is a strange thing that no matter how attractive the program is that has been prepared for some special occasion, the musical part of the service is generally ignored by that awe inspiring and omnipotent personage, the newspaper reporter: he will invariably write up the sermon, no matter how poor it may have been, but so far as he is concerned, the soloists have "wasted their sweetness on the desert air," although, owing to their usual prominence in the sacred edifice, they are not "born to blush unseen" as some of the congregation would very much desire. This cruel indifference, however, on the part of the reporter, is better than the following comments on a church choir, in an English town: "The singing was indeed superb, and was a foretaste of the joys above: the organist, Miss Smith, presided at the organ with her usual ability and grace." This brings to mind a rather severe criticism on a choir whose members were not over-scrupulous in regard to tempo; they were singing an old anthem "Praise the Lord," and the choir, becoming enthusiastic in their work, hurried the time despite the efforts of the organist to hold them back. The leading paper of the city, in speaking of the service, said:—The music reminded us of the ancient biblical methods of "Praising the Lord," when we are told that "the singers went before, the players on instruments followed after." This is perhaps equalled by the following cruel criticism on a contralto voice of a rather masculine nature:—"Miss Anne Dante sang "Calvary" in a manner which displayed the rich melody of her fine *baritone* voice." The aforesaid lady has now dropped "Calvary" out of her repertoire.

So much for criticisms. But there are many little points which are unnoticed by the average critic and by the congregation, and are observed only by the soloists themselves, sometimes with consternation, sometimes with amusement. Of the former class could be mentioned a chorus who sang a well-known hymn delightfully, in the minor key, as it was written, while the organist who was evidently not in the same sombre condition of mind, accompanied them in the major key. This is equalled by a blunder which was made

by one of the finest chorus choirs in the West, some time ago, when they got completely mixed or musically speaking "rattled" on the tempo of that old hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand." The mortification and annoyance which this caused to the leader and to the choir generally was extreme, and was not lessened by the opening words of the clergymen's sermon which ran thus: "In the language of that beautiful hymn which the choir has just sung so gloriously" etc. As may be imagined, the mental condition of the choir was not suggestive of Greenland's icy mountains, inasmuch as they regarded their work as a "choral strand."

However annoying this kind of an incident may be to a chorus, it is much worse for a soloist who stands unaided and alone, and has no partners in distress. Imagine a soloist who, having delighted an audience for years by her artistic and finished singing, becomes suddenly nervous and "frightened" as she would express it, in the rendition of "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" yet such is the admission of a leading soprano; at the end of a certain phrase in this aria, the theme is renewed but in another key; to the consternation and dismay of this fair songstress and her accompanyist, she started off in the original key: to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous,—"there are moments when one wants to be alone, and this is one of them."

But choir-singing has its amusing incidents to vary the monotony, incidents pertaining to the choir, the clergymen and the congregation; sometimes it is the utter unsuitability of the anthem or solo to the sermon which has just preceded it, sometimes singularities of the clergymen and often the criticisms of the music committee or the congregation of which it forms a part.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be on a music committee, and it is a striking fact that most of the committees appointed to provide the musical attractions of the church are the most unmusical people in the congregation. This is exemplified by the following remarkable criticism which emanated from the chairman of a certain committee in a western

church. The choir had taken up a very musicianly anthem and had rendered it well: but unfortunately the piece was written *á la fugue*, the basso beginning the theme which was then taken up by the tenor who, in turn gave it to the contralto to hand over to the soprano; imagine the feelings of the quartette when they were requested to "give a little more time to their rehearsals, so that they could all begin together and not come straggling in one after another."

Caustic, but uncalled for! A similar instance is that of a certain clergyman who occupied a prominent pulpit but was not, as is easily seen, an Episcopalian. The choir had given for the opening number of several successive morning services, the "Te Deum" arranged, of course, by different composers, and they were requested by the pastor of the church to change the programme; he said that he had noticed carefully and had discovered that they had been singing the same piece for several Sunday mornings in succession: he believed that the opening words of the piece were "We praise thee, O Lord." He was incredulous when he was told that in the Episcopal Church they sang that piece almost all the year round. His choir had revenge on the following Sunday evening, when the clergyman delivered a wearisome and an exhaustive oration which was followed by the offertory solo "It is enough, now let me go unto my fathers" from the "Elijah."

Choirs, as a rule, attend church by compulsion rather than by choice, as it often occurs that they are obliged to listen to the same sermon with variations Sunday after Sunday, but occasionally an amusing incident brightens it up. Incongruous or inappropriate texts, and singular utterances in prayers will always attract the attention of this necessary evil, the choir.

There is a story told about a country parson who had preached a sermon from the text "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me" and in his prayer after the sermon, he prayed that the Lord would keep him poor and humble; the lay brother whose prayer followed, amended this petition in the following practical manner: "We pray thee, keep thy servant, our pastor, humble, O Lord, and we will

try and keep him poor."

Apropos of the incongruity of texts, there is an incident related of a very brilliant clergyman of the present day who was to deliver the Sunday school sermon in a church not many miles from here; his morning text was "Ye are of your father, the devil, for his works ye do," and in the evening he startled these children of Satan by preaching from the words "Children, obey your parents."

It was a Methodist preacher who electrified his audience by choosing as an opening hymn, on the Sunday morning after his marriage, "Come on, my partners, in distress, Ye travelers through this wilderness "etc. It is related of this man that he was so pious and so ultra-religious that he refused to eat "devilled ham."

Speaking of his satanic majesty brings to mind a certain old divine who always amended the grammar of the Bible when he repeated that text about our adversary, the devil, in this way: "For your adversary, the devil, walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour somebody."

But the choir gallery is not devoid of such little gleams of humor. Some Omaha musicians can tell of a chorus choir, who in rendering that anthem "The pillars of the earth are the Lord's," sang in full voice, "The pillows of the earth are the Lord's;" and of a popular and charming soprano who changed cardinal Newman's words "And in the morn these angel faces smile" to "those angel footsteps smile." It was at the evening service, and in the eve those earthly faces smiled. A tenor who is also in the foremost ranks of Church soloists found it difficult to sing the words "Watched their flocks" in the Christmas anthem, and the words which reached the ears of the choir were "The shepherds washed their frocks by night."

Ye earthly choirs, full chorus, or quartette,
We love to hear your joyous strains, but yet
A strange disquietude doth cloud the way,
We wonder where we'll raise your monthly pay.
How can we cut expenses? Ah, 't is sad
That we have not the wealth that once we had!
Soprano first: well doubtless she is "high"

But we must have her or the choir will die.
Alto is "low," but then she's very dear
And choral work without her would be queer.
The Tenor we might try, but then they're scarce
Without him there's no reason to rehearse:
The Bass won't let us cut his little bill
He "smiles and smiles and is the villain still."
Not one can we reduce upon the list,
Except the hard-worked, weary organist:
He sits upon his seat, and fills his pipe
With air from out the bellows: a true type
Of what he'd live on, if we cut his pay.
His bread would be unbuttered day by day.
We cannot let them leave us yet awhile
Send the collection baskets up the aisle,
And we'll deny ourselves a "fancy roast",
So that our choir can have some buttered toast.
And we will not support a traveling troupe
And leave our local talent in the "Soup."

OMAHA, NEB. THOS. J. KELLEY

A WORD TO THE AMERICAN AUDIENCE.

THE coldness of the audiences here in America has become proverbial and it seems, at times, almost as though they had come to look on it as somehow a good quality. One cannot help wondering in what frame of mind our people go to their entertainments. Is it with real love for the music they are to hear? It must be, since they patronize our artists very satisfactorily from a financial standpoint; and we never pay money for what we do not like. Yet, at the same time they encourage in one way, they destroy two-thirds of the good effect by their failure to give that recognition which is of absolute necessity to the performer, applause. For everything that has been said to the contrary, notwithstanding, the artist is not primarily a mercenary being. He may become so after due experience with the buffets of the world, but when he begins his career, and while he is laying the foundations of whatever eminence he may attain, he is working for art, not money. Do people realize what it means to become an artist? Does the audience that sits enraptured by the beauty of some great performance have any real conception of the years spent in unflagging study and undeviating devotion to high ideals in art, in spite of all the discouragements with which the "struggling genius" has to contend? Or do they think that this art is merely a gift for which the performer is in no way responsible; that the song rolls from his lips or from his fingers without effort or thought on his part? If they think so it is comprehensible why they might not feel it incumbent on them to applaud the vehicle of expression. But the performer is not a mere vehicle. He received the talent, it is true, but he had the choice of folding it up in the napkin or turning it into ten. After the divine fire has been given, the difference between the undeveloped talent and the full power of the ripened artist who has labored, thought

and suffered for his art, is as great as between the gray of dawn and the blaze of noonday.

A man devotes himself to one of the arts because he has something in him that "will not down" and which demands expression, not because of the money he may make. This something within the man that spurs him on to years of study, and strengthens his courage to strive untiringly for that place to which he knows his ability entitles him, must be in its first manifestations crude and unformed. Its development is like all growth, very dependent on environment. The hardy plants will survive the frosts and be all the stronger, but how many delicate organizations that might have given exquisite pleasure have had the life crushed out of them almost before they began to grow.

The artist who comes before you has nothing to hope for except what you give him then and there. He can leave nothing in permanent form. The fruit of all his labor is gone as the song dies away from his lips. He cannot solace himself with the consciousness that it was good, and will one day receive its recognition. No. It must be on the instant or never. If the incentive of heartily expressed approval be denied, in time he loses his courage for public work; then he, indeed, grows mercenary. He finds that he can make as much or more money by teaching and gives up the struggle; yet, not for the money, but because he can stand it no longer to work, study, and live under the nervous strain of public life without the one reward that fortifies his strength and satisfies his ambition. Granted that, with what enthusiasm does he not ransack the forgotten beauties of bygone days, or eagerly search for all that is good in the new, anxious only to do something worthy of his art, and more than content when his audience shows that it is pleased. And what hopeless chill when all his labor only wins the pitiful, perfunctory "recall." It is not enough that the hall be full and money plentiful in the box-office. Money cannot buy what the true artist does so willingly for friendly appreciation. There are many artists to-day whose absence from the concert hall and stage is mourned by that

same public that is responsible for it, who would gladly take half what they are now earning in the studio, if for the other half they could have the reward and stimulant of hearty, generous applause.

It is not true that our audiences are incapable of enthusiasm. If it were, then we would resign ourselves to the inevitable and do our best. But we all remember to have assistance at scenes of wild excitement, over some of the great foreign artists, such as Italy itself could scarce surpass. We welcomed those moments with keen joy and were proud to have part in the recognition given their great talent; but where we have poured forth our praise with such prodigality on our visitors, should we not give proportionate meed to our own people? Surely, in a year of such overwhelming republican victories we ought to begin to recognize the principle of protection for home industries.

"Comparisons," as has been justly observed by Mrs. Malaprop "are odorous," still, I cannot refrain from noting the different attitude of German and Italian audiences toward foreign and native artists. They very much prefer to hear their own people, and when a stranger comes they demand that he win his spurs before he wears them. Here it seems as though we were willing to grant a foreigner his position simply on the strength of his being a foreigner, while we demand a long, and many times, discouraging apprenticing of our own artists. There has been, and still is, much justice in this, but things are rapidly changing. There is growing up a class of young American musicians worthy to rank with any, and let them but leave the environments of friendly interest and encouragement that they would have were they Europeans, and we shall see great things. We spend money for our music as no other nation dreams of spending it. Let us now drop some of our vaunted Anglo-Saxon self-containedness, and when we are pleased send out a few ringing bravos for our native artists as well as for our visitors and the effect will be magical. The grain will not ripen without the sun, nor will the artist, without the warmth of enthusiasm; and there is never any danger of drought from too much enthusiasm.

KARLETON HACKETT.

THE STORY OF A PIANO.

DID any one ever hear the story of a piano told by itself? Perhaps not, but something unusual is always happening, so why not accept the fact of a piano writing a story?

It is five years ago to-day since I came to this place, and I have stood in the same corner all these five years, excepting when I have been moved out at house-cleaning time, and then have only been rolled out of my place for a few hours.

Nellie is thirteen to-day; I was a birthday present to her the day she was eight years old. I love to have her play upon me for I know that under her loving touch my real sôul can speak.

I remember five years ago last night, as the darkness settled down upon the great piano wareroom, where I stood for the last time among my companions, the uprights and the baby grands. I had had the last polish given to my beautiful case, and had been carefully tuned, so that I was quite ready to start the next morniug. If any of you have ever been in a piano wareroom you can imagine how the shadows must settle in the corners as night comes on, and how strange and uncanny the place must be, so still too; but with all those instruments that *could* make so much sound if touched. I had been bought as a birthday gift for a little girl, named Nellie Clifford, and the next morning I was to be carefully wrapped in a rubber blanket, and taken to my new home.

Perhaps I sighed so that I could be heard, for an old second-hand piano standing in the corner near me, spoke, "So you are sold, well, I wish you success, and hope that you will not be ruined before two years are past." "Why," said I, "you speak as if your life had not been a happy one; but, then, poor thing, you are old and have no tone." "No

tone! indeed; I, too, was once new and beautiful, but I have been pounded upon by those who said they could play, and have had children allowed to amuse themselves by strumming upon me, and, in fact, have been so ill-treated that life has ceased to be beautiful to me; but I hoped for so much when I was young, ah me!" and with this last ejaculation, uttered in a sorrowful tone, it ceased speaking. But it had said enough to cause me to think rather anxiously upon my future, and I wondered what my new home would be like and how I should fare when I started out in life.

For you must know that we are truly alive, with a beautiful life ready to give itself to any one capable of calling it forth, and with the power of bestowing happiness on those who love the real art of music. If we could only choose those who are to use us, and also those who are to *teach* us, how happy we should be. But I will try to tell you a few things about my life, and endeavor to express some of the feelings that we pianos are endowed with; perhaps some little helpful thing may be said to some one who reads this story, that will show them how different the same things can become under different handling. Saturday morning dawned clear and bright, and at nine o'clock the men came to me, and wrapped me carefully up, and I was carried out and put on the cart. It seemed a long ride to me; but I really cannot tell you where I went, as I could see nothing, and when at last the cart stood still, and the cover was taken off, I found we had stopped before a large, plain house with a pleasant home-like look. On the wide piazza stood a little girl with sunny hair and bright eyes, who watched with breathless interest the process of my unloading. At last I was safely set upon my legs, and had time to recover somewhat and look about me. Certainly the room I was in was a pleasant place to call home. It had the look that comes from real refinement, the culture of mind that influences whatever comes in contact with it. The books and pictures, and the furniture even, all tell of the charm of its presence.

Mrs. Clifford came to me, and raised the lid that covered my beautiful ivory keys, and touched me softly, and although

she said she could not play, I felt quite sure she understood me, and knew what I was capable of.

Nellie seemed almost awed to think that I really belonged to her, she said over and over that I was "too lovely." I must tell you that I am a baby grand; the upright pianos are very handsome, and often of very fine tone; but a baby grand, when it is both sweet and rich in its tone, has rare qualities for the interpretation of music. But please do not think I am putting the least slight upon my cousins—the upright pianos. Mrs. Clifford told Nellie that she must never abuse me in any way; but remember that while I was for her use and pleasure, I still had claims and rights of my own." "Abuse the piano!" "Why, mama, how can I do that, it cannot feel, it is not alive?" "My dear little girl," replied her mother, "I want that you should look upon this piano, that papa and mama have given you, for your very own, as a dear friend and companion, and one that can be to you a great happiness if you understand how to make it speak to you. This world is full of beautiful and interesting things which, if we only use aright, we can endow with life; but it depends upon ourselves whether they show us their real meaning. I want you, dear, to look at everything with the thought of how I can learn to understand all there is in this. The best in me must go forth to draw forth the real good from it, and to make its meaning clear. You do not comprehend this yet, but you will as you grow older. Begin by *loving* your piano, for if you *love* it you will be pretty sure to treat it rightly."

You can imagine how deeply interested I was in this conversation. Well, that afternoon a young lady came to give Nellie her first music lesson. Shall I ever forget Miss Douglas? She talked to Nellie about the study of music, all new to her, with all its beautiful possibilities, and tried to make her feel that each step she was to take would have its own particular interest according to the way she learned to understand it. So many little girls only think of study as a task, it is often greatly the fault of their teachers. We pianos have reason to feel proud of the great intellects we

have called into play, and when we know what grand sweet thoughts can come from us, it is terrible to be used by those who can never feel the music they play. Like some exquisite flowers that are blighted by cold winds, or refuse to grow in certain soils, so we do not yield to a rough touch the melody that within us lies. Try to make friends with whatever you are doing. Even five finger exercises and scales, can become interesting, if one only thinks of what they will lead to. Play them with a sweet touch, each day trying to hear the tone becoming clearer, smoother and more musical, and in time they will cease to seem stupid. For out of their use will grow the power and skill to interpret Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, and many others, who have left beautiful gardens for us to gather rare flowers of sound from. There are lovely blossoms of every hue, and every variety, so that all can be satisfied; but many of these flowers never bloom for those who play, because they tread upon the roots and crush out the life that gives them color and fragrance.

I have reason to be fond of Nellie for we soon became dear friends. I cheerfully submitted to the scales and exercises, for as Miss Douglas never allowed careless work, Nellie was well taught from the beginning, so that all she did she learned to do right from the very first. And of course it was much less tiresome on that account. She was not by any means a perfect little girl; but with a wise mother, and a teacher who loved her work for its own dear sake, she was guided step by step, until she learned to know and realize the beauty of perfect work. She learned to play with her head as well as her fingers. The use of the brain is too often left out of sight while studying music.

Like all children, Nellie was sometimes carried away by the desire to play fast, and would try to reach a place before she had traveled far enough to be able to get there, she would grow quite cross with me, and with her music because she could not make it sound as she wanted it to. How could I give the pure clear tones, or express any feeling when she scrambled over the keys, often striking two at

a time in her hurry, while rhythm and expression were quite gone. But as each month passed by, Nellie steadily improved, and now it is a delight to have her sit down to me, and make me speak, either to herself or to her friends. For I know that the exquisite beauty of her touch will bring out each lovely tone color.

Nellie began to play for others as soon as she had learned her first simple melody, so that now she looks upon it as a matter of course, and her music gives much pleasure to others. She forgets herself entirely, so that those who hear her only think of the music they are listening to. I have another thing to thank Nellie for, she never wears either rings or bangles while she is playing. It is very trying to our sensitive nerves to have those hard things striking us, and spoiling the melody we want to produce.

People do not seem to know that we can understand and *feel* about things as well as they do, but they look upon us as so much wood, ivory and steel. True art always has about it a certain kind of simplicity; real gems show their true value in a plain setting. I wish that I could tell you more about Nellie, and about the way she studies, and about her father and mother, both such true friends to her, and both so interested in, and so full of sympathy for what their little daughter is doing. She has neither brothers nor sisters, but I do not think she will be spoiled, because her parents show her how to develop all sides of her character, so as to make the scales of her disposition balance evenly. I could also say much more about Miss Douglas, so true a teacher, so earnest for what is the best and right for her calling, which has so many possibilities within its reach. She feels that no one ought to teach music without loving it for its own sake, and then he should leave no means untried of making the work interesting and the art lovely to those who are studying. She, herself, is with a master whose devotion to his art is being felt by many, and his influence reaches far out to places he knows not of, and it will go on growing with the coming years, for it can never die.

I have finished my story, the night is over, the tall old

clock in the hall is striking six, and I hear Katie coming downstairs, she will come in here to raise the shades, and open the windows; but she will never even think of such a thing as my having told a story, or of it being possible for me to have one to tell. It was not my portion to be the friend and companion of an artist in his studio, or to stand in the concert hall to hold an audience spellbound while listening to the magic touch of Paderewski; but wherever our sphere may be, there we must remain. We have to accept the subtle influences of our surroundings, and from what *they* are, *we* become, either a mere article of furniture or the interpretation of what is grand and beautiful. So true it is, that the power of character makes or mars whatever it comes in contact with. The best is always to be found somewhere in everything if only it is called forth. I have long wanted to speak, hoping by so doing, to awaken the thought in the mind of others that we pianos are alive, and to start them to thinking of what we are capable of becoming if rightly used and understood by those who really love music for its own sake."

E. Orange, N. J. Florence Coggeshall.

A WOMAN'S LOVE-SONG.

THE sea was wonderful. Ahead of us there were reaches of pearl and silver and green melting into a fog of rose and grey. Behind us, on the wharf, lounged a group of sailors in white duck. Sailing vessels dotted the bosom of the bay. Above the dark ramparts of the fortress hung a globe of fire, the day's hot heart. Yearning for the Chesapeake's cooling silver, it leaned from its height to the waves. One felt the breath of the night. I drew my wrap close about my throat—a pair of strong white hands hastened to assist me.

"Talk to me at your peril," I cried to their owner, without turning my head. I was in no mood for conversation with Noel Hume. The deck was deserted except for us, and I should have chatted with almost any one else gaily enough, but something about my sister's friend incited me to perverseness. On we sped in silence. A line of undulating gold still crossed our white trail, and the south western sky grew a soft saffron. All around us the shimmering waters quivered with in-born restlessness, and in our immediate wake they seethed in salty rage. A strange copper after-glow flushed sea and sky for a few seconds and died out—the shore line darkened and greyness enveloped us. It was a weird, swift change. Phantom in the half light, the sailing vessels passed us, dim, gigantic shapes like sheeted ghosts! Lonely coast lights came out one by one. "Darkness was upon the face of the deep." I uttered the words aloud.

"Did you ever consider how exact the Scriptures are," I queried of Mr. Hume. "This change, this darkness affects the *face* of the deep. Would you not like to know what is beneath when the mere surface is so eerie? Look at our trail, how ghastly the crests of those waves and what fantastic motions they make! They are uncanny." I shivered

"What an imaginative creature you are," he said to me, and at something in his tone I became irritated immediately. He noticed my displeasure, as I had meant he should, and added "I did not mean to offend you, Miss Dobree, I was only thinking what marvelous emotional capacity you must have, how you could suffer and enjoy." He gave me a searching look, as tho' deciding something. It was a little embarrassing.

"Suppose we go in," I suggested with a glance towards the salon lights. He gave me his arm across the deck, and I went straight to my state room. I had it to myself. Annette was somewhere with her friends, and I felt positively eerie; the glamour had passed from the bay with the sun. The vessel shivered, as well as I. It was no fancy. I could feel it after the cabin walls shut me in from the vast moving blackness outside.

Mrs. Huyler, (Annette) was taking me to Washington for a peep at the great world. Fresh from my books and from companionship with two scholarly old men, I was eager for the new phase of life to be shown me. I had small knowledge of humanity, and believed honestly that—

"Worldly wise was but half-witted at its highest praise."

As Annette and I had hardly a taste in common, it was an experiment to uproot me from my quiet country life, and launch me into her conventional set for a whole season, but she had suddenly conceived the idea that it was needful, and father too awoke to my nineteen years, and the fact that they had been monotonously spent. I had not seen Annette for eight years, when she visited us unexpectedly and persuaded father to let me be carried away. We disagreed most civilly at the very outset. For instance, she pronounced Noel Hume perfection—certainly there was something wonderfully white and symmetrical and faultless about him. If there had been any nobility in his face, he would have been superb—as it was, there was grandeur in his physique—*but*, the conjunction headed a host of small, wordless, anti-Hume fancies! Well, I had known him only two weeks! When my sister came in for the night, it was to

sleep. She did it instantly; I envied her. She was in no whit moved by the journey, the sea, the sunset, while I was never farther from rest. As the moon rose over the Potomac, a man's voice, rather harsh and yet vibrant with feeling, began to sing somewhere to a guitar— "Last Night"— bits of the melody reached me and fitted themselves to the swirl of the waters and the rhythm of the boat. The whole night was like a dream, and the dawn showed in the near distance, a white shaft, a fringe of masts, a dome —Washington!

THEME:
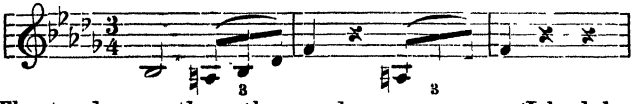
1ST PERIOD.

Lieut. Huyler was of the Navy. Of course, I met the clan, Army and Navy. Bright men and women were the rule, and I found them much to my liking. Especially was this true of Admiral Borne's wife. At her receptions there were always interesting people and good music. I had nice perceptions of beauty, and music, from inclination and training, attracted me strongly. My father's greatest friend was a Russian exile who had lived in the house with us many years. He was musical in every fibre of his being, and from him I had had excellent training—better still, I had imbibed worship of his art. I loved it with passionate sincerity. So, although I was interested in everything I saw in Washington, the throngs of beautiful women in their beautiful robes, the glitter, the gaiety; although the contrast between this life and my hither too secluded one made me exult in its swiftly changing phase—I liked nothing about it as I did Mrs. Borne's evenings. Often I coaxed Annette to take me there and leave me. She was equal to five or six receptions in the same evening, but I was not.
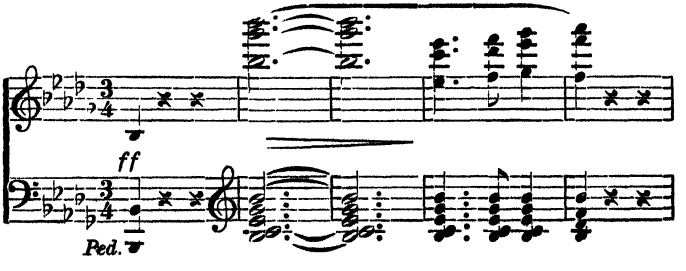
One evening I found few there, and made up my mind that the opportunity had come to do something I had longed for—to try her Steinway. Annette's piano was a pretty upright, with thin tone. I disliked to play on it, and Mrs. Borne's Steinway was inviting. I had heard it. Seizing the time when the rooms were almost empty, I sat down to

it, and with an access of timidity put my foot on the soft pedal and began a little aimless pianissimo modulation. Hardly had I played a dozen bars before I saw Noel Hume enter the room and seat himself near Mrs. Borne. I had seen him sundry times since our trip up the Chesapeake. Annette had dined and tead him occasionally and we had met at many houses. I cannot say our acquaintance had progressed. I could not read him at all—he wore his face like a mask, yet, at times, I caught a curiously uncomforted expression in his eyes which bespoke a soul, and a soul that despite its life of the world had a hunger. Now, as I had felt since early girlhood a strenuous reaching out and upward for something nameless and unattained, I felt drawn to any pair of eyes which said to mine, "I suffer, I desire, I do not attain." I felt strong impulse to speak to him with my fingers, as I had never dared with my lips. Questioning, timid, almost irresolute, Schuman's "Warum" slipped from my impulse to the keys—the magic gleaming keys. I glanced at his face, it looked white and tired. Burning, fragmentary bits fell from my fingers. It was no tale of passion I was telling him, only the story of a lonely girlhood, and the veiled hopes that had come with the casting of my eyes out over life.

His glance kindled. With exultation I took the response.



The tender restless theme drew nearer. (I had known it would). He came and leaned against a window just near the curve of the Grand, and shaded his face with his hand.



I felt his sympathy—half deliriously the ecstacy of expression grew on me. After all, what is there like the on-sweep of a crescendo, that rising on mighty pinions, sweeps upward to the stars and breaks against the portals of that Eden from which humanity is debarred?

I came to myself to find Annette and others listening half curiously at me. It did not need Mrs. Borne's thanks or Noel Hume's silent pressure of my hand as he placed me in sister's carriage to assure me I had played well; I *knew* it. I knew, too, that henceforth there would be no doubtful "but" in my thoughts of one listener. Our acquaintance was now welded into an interest. Each felt there were possibilities in the other.

EXTENDED PERIOD.

Spring found Annette run down. Lieutenant Huyler determined that we should go to the Tennessee Mountains. Annette was well pleased, as a number of her Washington friends were going. I felt that the peace of the mountains would be strengthening and accompanied her. Mrs. Borne was in our party—a fact that added much to my enjoyment. Mr. Hume expressed a courteous and conventional hope that we might meet again in the season to come, as he bade us adieu. I will confess to some disappointment at this, because we had grown to be such fast friends that I hardly understood his letting me slip away without a word of sincere leave-taking. Music was the key to both of our hearts. We had gotten wonderfully in tune with each other since that night at Mrs. Borne's.

We took a cottage, so did Mrs. Borne. The rest of the party domiciled themselves at the hotel. Mrs. Borne was across a ravine from us, I often spent my evenings with her. Once, possibly a month after our arrival, I was at my friend's. The evening was warm, and so perfect that nobody who loved nature could stay indoors. After tea we came out, and sat on the porch and steps. The forest about us was full of strange, restless quiverings, and from out its shadows the white cottages gleamed in the moon's light.

There was a nameless sadness in the night, that only an imaginative heart—a lonely young heart with unconfessed longings in it—can know. Lead by voices, some one came slowly through the trees, across the tiny branch, and up the shadow-darkened hill path. Not until he came out into the moonlight near the porch did I know him.

"Mr. Hume!" I exclaimed, with more astonishment than courtesy. "You!"

"Why not?" he said, smiling, the moonlight making the most of his fair comeliness—and lifting his hat with a gallant gesture. "The hills drew me. I was tired of Washington, and ran down unexpectedly to get a whiff of this glorious air. Your sister sent me for you, you have guests," he said, after he had greeted the Bornes.

Our adieux made, we turned homeward into the path he had just travelled.

"What a night!" he exclaimed, "and what air!"

"It is magical," I answered, "but why did you come so unexpectedly, Mr. Hume?"

"A sudden longing seized me to see you," he answered. "I have no excuse. Have I a welcome?" There was a ring in his voice I had not heard before, and my eyes drooped with a strange constraint as I answered "Yes."

The path turned out of the hillside into the road, a hundred yards of white, rain-hardened sand, on its one side the ferns and grasses of the branch; on the other, the rise of a second hill with its oaks, gums, hickories and flickering moonbeams. Serene, mystic, the moon rode the heavens, kissing into ecstasy the solemn beating heart of nature.

"Hilda," said he, suddenly leaning toward me, "little one!" The cry came from him despite himself, mighty with yearning. All needs of his great nature struggled into life at the cry. All the tenderness of the protector, all the Godhood, the fatherhood of the man lent itself to those whispered words "little one." The cry went sounding out upon the night, and the forest silences, the soul's call. Through my listening heart it echoed, piercing to its holiest recesses. The hungry, uncomforted, compelling prayer;

all of tenderness, of strength, of humility and pride, of hope, of joy, of endurance and trust in my heart rose at the call, rose strong for ministry, for sacrament and sacrifice—spoke in the luminous truth of conquered eyes—lo! Master, here am I!

My guests had come to confer about an excursion for the following day. They stayed until nearly eleven, chatting and laughing merrily.

"Play for us, Hilda," they begged before leaving. And though I showed my sunburned hands, and pleaded how rusty they were, I was their hostess, and courtesy forced me to the piano. They sat on the porch. The piano was just inside the open door. What could I play befitting this moonlight night and my heart's sweet tumult? "Gretchen am Spinrad." Soft and low the whirr of the wheel and the love-burdened theme of Gretchen rising into ecstasy—"Oh! his kiss!" Did I not understand the wonder of it? Was not my heart tender now with the proud peace that had come as his strong arms had imprisoned me, his fair head bent low above my dark one, and he kissed me? I had been a proud girl, and heart and lips were pure for the sacrament. Such moments—when heart touching heart breaks into holy fire that weld the two in one forever—beggar description. Outside they ask for "more, more." Swift on the night air falls the tender tribute of Beethoven to his unattainable love—Adelaide! My heart, flashing electric through my fingers, charged the asthmatic mountain piano with a tender sympathy of interpretation, it had never before felt. I held high communion with those lovers of my tone world—those mighty hearts now at rest, that had used their applicative strength to make eternally beautiful their offerings of tenderness to their beloveds. Ah! I had seized hold on life at last. Deep, vital, immortal grasp! As art to life, so is religion to heaven—a type, a shadowing. Up, up, my soul pierced to heights divine. God, I neared—I saw life and love—a service. Outside, they commented: "How she

plays to-night!" said Annette; "she is half crazy about music."

My lover stood near the door with his face in the shadow, but I could catch that it was white with repressed feeling. He did not speak. I could play no longer. I ceased, came to the door, received the good-nights of my friends. My soul, serene, erect, God-touched, looked out of my happy eyes upon my lover. My lover, my strength to lean on, my height to grow to, my glory to enwrap in, my truth to trust—aye, and being most womanly, my humanity to minister to!

CODA.

Mrs. Borne left the mountains late in the summer. She was to winter in New York. Annette wished to remain out of town until her fall wardrobe was complete. I acquiesced, being happy where I was. I loved the quiet mountain scenes, and when I returned to Washington there would be an end of my girlhood. In November I was to marry Noel Hume. What his love and companionship and letters were to me could not be expressed. In September, when the woods had taken on their scarlet, purple and gold, Annette read me a letter from Mrs. Borne, postmarked Washington that——words are very vain. I know what I have agonized through, yet I can only express it in a few cold letters. Mere faint shadows of emotion. I heard Annette read it and heard my own voice say "too bad, isn't it?" Then I walked away from her to find some quiet spot to think it out in. The tale in the letter needed a few words for a setting. Noel was a rascal—that was all. All Washington was ringing with a revived scandal concerning him. He could not marry—all the time he had been wooing me, he had had a wife. He had abandoned her. A half remembrance came to me of a fisherman of Galilee, who used to seek the solitudes to pray in when despitefully used. I had religious instincts, and love had brought me near to the God of Love, but with the loss of that love, my vision dimmed, faith was shattered, I had no religion. There was a place at the

mountain's edge where we used to sit and talk and plan our future. Mechanically I sought it and sat there for hours—silent, still—asking of my soul the reason and meaning of life and loss, and finding within no answer. Every word, every action of my whole acquaintance with Noel Hume passed clearly before me then. His strong form, his fascination, the little tendernesses of his actions towards me. Nothing was spared. I knew then I should write and ask him for the truth, but I knew full well I was in possession of it. No tears came to me—I had none. Annette seemed relieved to find that I accepted the matter without ado. Perhaps I was proud—she may have thought cold. We did not refer to the subject at all. I could not. My love had been a sacrament, but what had I deified? I could have lain in the dust and cried, "Unclean, unclean?" I could never play again as I once had—the soul of song is youth and joy and love—he had cost me these. Annette looks at me curiously sometimes. My light-hearted sister does not understand. I feel a desperate need of something to lean on in this bitter way I am treading—a mother or a religion, or something to teach me the meaning of pain. I wither under this silent endurance. I shall never play Chopin or Schumann again—both are too human, too full of some individual want I suffer. I need peace and strength, to be lifted up and comforted. It seems years since I was in touch with Chopin. His little tender themes, so full of coquetry, so loving, are too frail for the baptism of grief and weakness he gives them—and Schumann is mad with unrest—it is Beethoven I must find my solace in. What is there so clean, so strong, so broad and so holy as his thoughts?

LIDIE AVIRETT RIVERS.

THE PIANO WORKS OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.
III.

SCHUMANN, though often complex and involved in his music and the presentation of ideas, was a clear thinker and trenchant writer, and exerted great influence by his critical acumen; of great value are the practical notes preceding his arrangements of the Paganini Studies, which, like those by Moscheles (to Op. 70) are unfortunately often omitted in recent editions.

His fame was of comparatively slow growth; he was quite well known in Southern Germany and the Rhenish Provinces, before his reputation spread to Berlin and other capitals; he felt this himself very poignantly and often expresses his disappointment in that regard in his letters.

Musical taste has not advanced as much as the optimists would make us believe; there has always been a limited circle of genuine music lovers, but I doubt whether it has ever been enlarged to a very perceptible degree; the day has not yet passed when such songs as the "Burning Ship, the Sexton and the Maniac" please an audience; the public is a lazy body; having taken the trouble to become acquainted with a few pieces, it feels that it has done its duty nobly, and shirks the trouble of investigating other musical works; this accounts for the success of many selections, which, though hackneyed, are always welcome guests; it is almost safe to predict an age of renaissance in music, when the masters who antedate the present crash of the cymbals and blare of the trumpets, will once more dominate; even discriminating audiences do not seem to rush with avidity to attend concerts made up of selections by the extreme modern school.

Schumann was master of all tricks of the trade. We find clever imitations, canons, mystic labyrinths and new harmonic effects in profusion; the Toccata incidentally

brings quite a clever fugato; in the 2nd Romance we find canonic entrances; in the 3rd Kreisleriana and Arabesque he at times seems to wander aimlessly, but always arrives at a happy conclusion; in the 8th Novellette the chromatic scale is beautifully harmonized; in the 2nd Nachtstück peculiar pedal and sound effects are created; often we meet sequences and suspended chords of rare beauty, as in the 6th Novellette with its singular empty fifths at the close, and again a mixture of rhythms, as in the D minor Romance, which is as difficult to master as a similar episode in Liszt's A flat Etude (one of three, published by Kistner, Leipsic); in the first Novellette he introduces long sustained notes in the melody part, while the other voices shift and change the harmony; in short a constant departure from the old routine and striving for new and, in the majority of cases, successful effects. Very often he introduces an entirely independent new theme at the very close, as in the 7th Kreisleriana and the 1st movement of the B flat major Symphony, following Beethoven's example, set at the close of the Variations in the Sonata Op. 26.

It is somewhat difficult to account for the popularity some pieces enjoy; often it is due to their introduction by a popular artist, then again to a certain musical jingle, catchy rhythm, or easily remembered phrase; sometimes a practical availability for concert and teaching purposes is the cause. Thus the Träumerei, whose pronunciation has equalled the variety of its interpretation, has enjoyed an exceptional popularity far beyond its merit; some artists have endeavored to infuse into it an interpretation far beyond its meaning, but invariably with poor success; the piece is so simple that any attempt to meddle with its obvious intent is absurd; but let one leading pianist place a number on his program and the rest will follow.

Ritter's "Chant du Braconnier" and "Les Courriers" would never have been played, had he not introduced them personally; Leschetitzky's compositions, among them conspicuously "Les Deux Alouettes" owe their success entirely to Mme. Essipoff; Vogrich's Staccato Caprice was effectively started

by Mme. Carreno, and Godard's Second Mazurka by Aus Der Ohe; Rubinstein's Melody and some smaller pieces by Schytte and Moszkowski have the merit of genuine melody, but how can one account for the phenomenal success of such pieces as "The Maiden's Prayer," "Silvery Waves" and others of that class? Even the "Monastery Bells," "L'Argentine" and "La Pluie de Perles" rank immeasurably higher. But the public is complacent and likes pretty much the same food all the year around; this is one reason why Chopin's shallow Nocturne Op. 9 No. 2 is played oftener than all the rest put together, and why we only hear Liszt's Second Rhapsody to the exclusion of the other fourteen.

Of course the difficulty of a composition has something to do with its popularity; sometimes it rests with the piece and then again with the pianist; in the Chopin Polonaise Op. 53, for instance, the difficulty is inherent to the technical problems presented therein, while in a Mozart Sonata it would be with the pianist, who perchance has never realized the difficulty of mastering that peculiar shuffle of the thumbs which makes the C major scale a holy terror; anyway pieces do not sound as written; let anyone purchase a copy of compositions performed by a great artist and look them over, and the music will suggest very little of the possibilities of effect; of course there are certain traditions worthy of consideration and respect, but after all the artist's individuality must assert itself in order to gain attention.

Among Schumann's works are a number of minor importance and adaptability for practical purposes; among these I would class the Variations Op. 1, the Studies Op. 3 and 10, Intermezzi Op. 4, the Impromptus Op. 5, in which he closely follows Beethoven's introduction to the 15 Variations and Fugue Op. 35, the Allegros Op. 8 and 134, "Davidsbündler Tänze," Op. 6, which foreshadow the Carnival, Marches Op. 76, and Sonatas Op. 118. Schumann could not write a good march; the nearest approach to a healthy march rhythm is the beginning of the second movement in the Fantasie Op. 17; there are very few genuine marches in the whole realm of musical literature, such as Mendelssohn's

Wedding March, the Tannhäuser March, the Marches from Aida and Faust, Lachner's March from the Orchestral Suite in D minor and the Marseillaise; the March movements from Moszkowski's "Boabdil" and "Jeanne d'Arc" are also pompous and effective. Meyerbeer wrote a fine march in the "Prophet" and Raff exhibited his rare versatility in the March movement from the Lenore Symphony; Hollaender's March in D flat and Gottschalk's Marche de Nuit also have the genuine march character; almost all other marches partake of the character of a Polka, Galop or Quickstep. Of the Sonatas Op. 118, the second in D is interesting in spots; they are misnamed "for children."

In the Papillons Op. 2 there is much poetry; they require however very subtle treatment in order to fascinate an audience; the Toccata Op. 7 is a splendid exercise, and ingenuously worked out; there are only few works which approach it in sustained difficulty; among them are Schytte's Staccato Etude, Schloezer's Etude Op. 1 No. 1 and Rubinstein's E flat Etude (dedicated to D'Albert.) The Carnival Op. 9 like the Papillons presents, as Schumann himself puts it, "masks and faces." A slender thread runs through it, visible only to the initiated. The last movement, a March in 3-4 time, like Bargiel's "Marcia Fantastica," requires a certain movement from the left arm to bring out the proper effect of the bass; I found that the arm in that one part is raised over 1000 times in quick succession; in the Toccata the 4th and 5th fingers of the right hand are similarly maltreated; very few outsiders realize how much hard work a pianist does while playing a long program; it is an open question whether that amount of manual labor could not often be better applied to more useful purposes.

The Sonatas Op. 11 and 22 vary in interest; the Romance and Scherzo from the first mentioned work are very available, likewise the Andante and Scherzo from Op. 14, also entitled Concerto Sans Orchestre; the theme for this Andante was suggested by Clara Wieck, and the following Variations deserve the serious attention of all musical students. The finales of all three Sonatas are rather weak

and incongruous. The Sonata Op. 22 is deservedly the most popular; it is concise in form, and very brilliant; he composed several finales for this work before deciding upon the present one. The Etudes Symphoniques Op. 13 are tremendously difficult, and performances of this work, which should properly be confined to the study and classroom are often forced upon the public by immature pianists, whose ambition or conceit far exceeds their judgment. The Fantasy Pieces Op. 12 are in Schumann's happiest vein. Contrary to public opinion he named his pieces after he wrote them and not before, deeming it wise to count and name his chickens after they were hatched. He considered the "Des Abends" and "Traumeswirren" excellent for concert purposes, while deeming "In der Nacht" too long. The eight numbers are without exception interesting and effective.

The "Kinderleben" Op. 15 and "Jugend Album" Op. 68 are neither childlike nor bland; they are not easy to play or comprehend; in fact Schumann, like Bach, could not write elementary music. Bach's easiest two part invention in F represents already a combination of difficulties which requires quite an advanced performer, and the same is the case with Schumann's easier pieces; Clementi presents the anomaly of a great master who could successfully write easy music, as exemplified by his Sonatines Op. 36. In the "Kreisleriana" Op. 16 Schumann is at his best again; the proper study of this important work will include much careful thematic analysis. He ascends great heights in the Fantasie Op. 17, which also should be severely let alone by the smaller fry.

Of a more graceful salon character are the Arabesque Op. 18, and portions of the Humoreske Op. 20, while the Novellettes Op. 21 must rank among his choicest inspirations; in this work many rhythmic problems are presented; unless clearly worked out by the performer the audience is completely at sea and consequently sick; where Schumann employs old rhythms he uses new accents, always creating new material.

Weird creations are the Nachtstücke Op. 23; Schumann

himself furnishes a key to the first, and sees corpses stalking about in it; in No. 2 he introduces many absolutely new pedal and sound effects; the 3rd is a brilliant movement, and the 4th has enjoyed a singular popularity, completely overshadowing the other and much more important three numbers; it presents a beautiful melody, finely harmonized and yet simple enough to appeal to everyone; a curious fault was noticeable in its presentation here by several famous artists, who in the long skips, where the melody note is supposed to come last, made sure of the same by taking it first, and then leisurely played the rest of the chord. The "Faschingsschwank Op. 26 has justly been a favorite with concert pianists, although the last two movements do not equal the first two. Of the three Romances Op. 28 the second is the most popular, although the third is far more important. Op. 32 contains a brilliant Romance in D minor and a little Fugue, which is as cute and inimitable as Mozart's Fugato at the beginning of the Magic Flute Overture.

Never was the *Leit-Motif* put to more noble uses than in the Concerto Op. 54. In this work Schumann reaches the apex of his piano works, and a fully satisfactory performance is vouchsafed only to a few rare geniuses. Schumann added the Finale four years after writing the first movement, and yet it seems an integral part of the whole. Clara Schumann first gave it to the world at the Gewandhaus on New Year's night 1849, performing similar service for the highly colored Introduction and Allegro Appassionato Op. 92 on the 14th of February 1850.

Teachers will find useful material in the Fugues Op. 72 and Fughettas Op. 126; in the former work Nos. 1 and 2 will be found especially available.

From now on we approach that last unfortunate period, where the great master, the victim of morbid hallucinations, became more diffuse in his musical utterances; the directness of purpose and former conciseness are lacking; the mood is morbid; inventiveness labored and without purpose; we meet a few returns to the former happy vein, a few examples of real creativeness, such as the Bird as Prophet and "Jagd-

stück" from the Forest Scenes Op. 82, and that charming Novellette from the "Bunte Blätter" Op. 99; the remainder are, with the exception of the Slumber Song from the Albumblätter Op. 124, a faint reflex of former greatness; yet one can read with interest the three Fantasie pieces Op. 111, with the turbulent first movement, the suggestion of Schubert's A flat Impromptu in the second, and the passionate feeling of the third contrasted with a noble middle episode.

Schumann, like Chopin and Mendelssohn, had done his life's work—the posthumous compositions would better have remained unprinted.

This Review would be incomplete without urging a close acquaintance with the Piano parts of the Quartet, Op. 47 Quintet Op. 44 and D minor Trio Op. 63, which every pianist should know; the Andante and Variations Op. 46 for two pianos is a noble and dignified work, and an arrangement of the B minor Canon from the Studies for pedal piano by Joseffy, for piano alone, is highly commendable.

In Schumann a certain phase of German mystic romanticism found its expression and musical outlet—unfortunately the medium had to suffer for it.

THE END.

EMIL LIEBLING.

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

PART VI.

CHAPTER XVI.

"We perceive in every man's life the maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor, the struggle of Right and Wrong, in which the strong often succumb, and the swift fail.' He had marred, at its outset, what might have been a brilliant career. And if Pen felt the wrong which he had done to others, are we to suppose that a young gentleman of his vanity did not feel still more keenly the shame he had brought upon himself? Let us be assured that there is no more cruel remorse than that; and no groans more piteous than those of wounded self-love." THACKERAY.

CARL raved through days of burning fever and nights of torturing sleeplessness, but thanks to the unceasing care and watchfulness of Cleo and Mr. Crosby, he was at last able to take up the thread of life once more; and what a tangled skien he found it! Cleo at their first meeting had pronounced him weak; but instead of weakness, a sublime carelessness regarding everything save music had come to be second nature to him. Having been unusually fortunate as a young man, blessed with sufficient money and leisure to pursue his musical studies, he never thought of his life as anything *but* music, surrounded by a few social acts and obligations. He naturally fulfilled these as he was of a companionable disposition and one who needed friends.

Though he had undoubtedly made a mistake in marrying a woman whom he had failed to make happy, and who looked with contempt upon the cherished hopes and aspirations of his whole life, it did not occur to him that in giving such ready consent to Millie's plans he was doing anything that could really concern anyone save themselves.

The morning paper containing an account of the accident to the young musician, had also printed half a column of

scarcely veiled abuse; for everything pertaining to his existence public or private, from his youth up, became common property the moment he was so unfortunate as to become the victim of an accident. Mr. Crosby had taken care the paper should not fall into his hands, and when the *Times* brought to him a knowledge of the view others might take concerning his conduct, he was utterly overwhelmed. That any one could consider him, of all men, a dangerous companion for their daughters, when they had been only welcome or disagreeable pupils according to their talent for and appreciation of music, seemed incredible. This was his first experience of the malevolence with which society often looks upon one whom, but yesterday, it welcomed with open arms. He understood now why his friends held aloof. They accepted all this ill-natured gossip for truth, when for months they had met him day after day, and knew no wrong of him. There was no reason for the turning of public opinion against him, unless it might be because he led a life so much more pure than the ones who were loudest in his dispraise.

Diderot said: "It needs much attention, much modesty, much skill, to wring from others pardon for our superiority," and Carl was learning to believe it.

When the fever at last subsided, and he began to think again of the various circumstances and strange happenings of the last year, it seemed useless to attempt anything farther. He had been deeply humiliated by Millie's treatment, and her practical view of the case convinced him that he was neither as attractive nor amiable as the average man; for if he were his matrimonial venture must have turned out differently.

Another thought presented itself as he grew stronger and able to walk about. He *was* to blame; for had he not believed the whole world made for music, instead of music for the millions? He had married as he had gone to Germany to study; because it was the regular thing to do, and one must have some one who will be a little more to them than the rest of humanity, but that a home was a necessity, that no one *could* be a real wife or husband unless loved and loving

with the whole strength of their nature, this had been, to him, a sealed book.

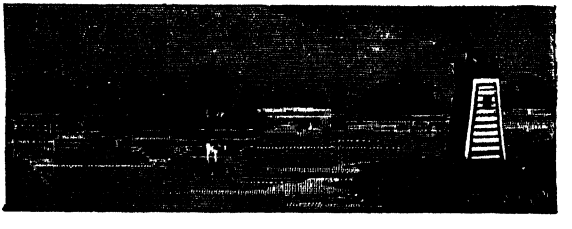
He now asked himself what had caused this late awakening, and the answering fear that Cleo was becoming dearer to him each day, that she already occupied a far larger share of his thoughts than was compatible with good sense, made him restless and anxious to be gone. She had been with him almost constantly during the weeks of fever and delirium, when a word from her lips would quiet him; for the love that was becoming a part of his life was stronger than reason, and held sovereign sway when that monitress had abdicated her throne.

Mr. Crosby, as careful of the reputation of his favorite as if she were his own child, shared her vigils, and when compelled to absent himself from the sick-room, his place was filled by Mrs. Crosby, a woman who had been all to him of good that ever poet sung or artist portrayed.

When Carl became convalescent, his old friend asked him one day if he intended to leave America without giving him any idea of his reasons for doing so; and received in reply a full statement of the facts in the case. No blame was attached to Millie as the husband now understood how greatly he had been to blame in taking so serious a responsibility upon his shoulders with so little thought of its possible consequences to others as well as himself. When he finished the recital, Mr. Crosby said: "It's the best thing that could happen to you, my boy, and your wife too, for the matter of that. I saw from the beginning your marriage was all wrong but hoped for the best. Though Millie is a sweet, pretty woman, she is what most people are who have only prettiness, amiable when she has all that she desires, and extremely hard to live with when she hasn't. If you are to succeed in your profession you need help instead of hindrance. There's no doubt you are seriously to blame, in so risking the happiness of a young woman who knew absolutely nothing of the world and its ways. Had she loved you only a little with the disposition she has, you would have been miserable for life. You never *could* have been

happy together, even if each had given up their full share, for your tastes are too dissimilar. I must be going now and let me congratulate you on the turn affairs have taken for they might be so much worse you know. My advice to you is: Be wary in all matters where it is so much easier to get *into* trouble than to get *out*."

Carl thanked him, and promised to profit by his counsels. Mr. Crosby then trudged homeward with a heavy weight removed from his heart; for now Carl was free he felt sure he would do something worth while in music. But Mr. Crosby failed, as most of us do in laying plans for the future, to take into consideration the most important factor in the knotty problem of possibilities. Millie had, through selfishness and irresponsibility, determined to be free; but the old man with all his worldly wisdom had forgotten that "one could never tell what she would do next."



CHAPTER XVII.

"There seems to be no interval between greatness and meanness. When the spirit is not master of the world, then it is its dupe. Yet the little man takes the hoax so innocently, works in it so headlong and believing, is born red, and dies gray, arranging his toilet, attending to his own health, laying traps for sweet food and strong wine, setting his heart on a horse or a rifle, made happy with a little gossip or a little praise, that the great soul cannot choose but laugh at such earnest nonsense."

EMERSON.

Mrs. Cleugh was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. She had heard vague whispers concerning the Hausens, but so far had found no one who could or would give her the facts in the case. Rumor declared in one instance that the young musician was of so violent a temper his wife had fled to her parents for protection. Another story had it that he was in the habit of shaking and beating the innocent Millie, for the servant had seen him on one occasion grasp the unoffending wife by the arm and drag her clear across the room where he locked the door that his cruelties might have no witnesses. Still another version was that Millie was headstrong and violent and spent her evenings in all sorts of low places having absolutely ran away from the house one night, stayed until all sorts of hours, when her husband had forbidden her to indulge in these nocturnal rambles.

What was Mrs. Cleugh to believe in the face of such conflicting reports? She seldom read the papers, but every word about Carl was perused and discussed at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. She was unfortunate in having no one with whom she could argue the pro's and cons of the case, for Lily was her only companion at meals; and she was obliged to be content with an occasional, "I suppose so," or "no doubt," from that young lady. Her curiosity whetted by this lack both of opposition and reliable information, was at a climax when she met Ralph Wilder one morning but a few steps from her own door.

"Dear me, Ralph! is it really you?" she exclaimed.

"Me, and no mistake, Mrs. Cleugh." "You're the very

man I want to see. Come right in; you were coming to lunch with us, weren't you?"

"N-no, I wasn't, exactly, but—"

"But you can stop, and I've so much to say it'll take every minute."

"Go in and make yourself comfortable while I lay aside my things; Lily's gone to Hastings to-day, so I'm alone."

"Alone? I didn't know that ever happened here. Where are all the small fry?"

"The children? Upstairs and at school; but they don't count, you know."

"Singular idea," murmured Ralph as he seated himself to await the return of his hostess. "I've been here when I'd have sworn there was twenty of'em, and she says they don't count. But she's got her bonnet off, and I'll wager she's wound up to talk a steady stream for two hours at the very least. Woe's me! What evil genius sent me up this street this morning, instead of one where there wasn't any Mrs. Cleugh, I should like to know?" That lady now bustled into the room, and seating herself next to the unfortunate Ralph, leaned back complacently, saying:

"Now tell me all about it."

"Tell you all about what?"

"The Hausens, to be sure; you know well enough what I mean."

"Why the poor fellow was knocked down by a grip car, while accomplishing a very charitable deed, had a run of brain fever afterward, and now he intends to go abroad or somewhere."

"Bah! I know all that, and so does everyone else. I want to know the facts in the case."

"Aren't these facts?"

"Ralph you *are* the most provoking creature! Have they separated, and are they going to have a divorce, Carl and his wife?"

"I really know absolutely nothing."

"But you've heard——"

"Yes, I've heard that they intend separating for good, t know how true it is."

"She wasn't here while he was sick, was she?"

"No, I believe not."

"Curious; but there's another thing; I heard that Mrs. Coleman was there night and day. They say it was altogether scandalous, and any other woman would have been talked about more than a little, if they'd forget what was due to society in such a reckless fashion."

"Society! it's enough to sicken one of living! I suppose Mrs. Coleman would have earned the approbation of her dear four hundred friends by stopping quietly at home, and sending a servant once a day to inquire after Mr. Hausen, while he was allowed to die for lack of propercare."

"Don't go into heroics, Ralph! I presume there *are* trained nurses who know how to take care of sick folks almost as well as Mrs. Coleman can."

"You're wasting your satire. There's no nurse on earth that can do for a person sick in body and mind, what a faithful friend can. Beside, I don't see what there was to talk of; either Mr. or Mrs. Crosby were there all of the time beside the woman from the hospital. Any one that knows Mrs. Coleman——"

"Yes, there you go; if she wasn't as handsome as a heathen and as freezing as the frigid zone——"

"Are all heathen handsome?"

"I don't know or care! it's my opinion that Dr. Coleman bettter be watching his wife though."

"Really, a strange coincidence; for I was thinking as I came along she'd better be watching him."

Mrs. Cleugh scented a fresh scandal and drew her chair a little closer to the speaker, forgetting the Hausens and their differences in the hope of something better.

"Have you heard anything!" she asked.

"A word or two; he's been having a row with a fellow somewhere in Handsome Flats."

"You don't say so! How did it happen?"

"Well, I ain't sure, but can give you the story as I heard it."

"Yes, to be sure; go on."

"I'm going to. "There's a very pretty woman lives there—always a woman in the case when there's any devilment abroad, you know."

"Well?"

"It seems that the husband was a poor but honest laborer earning his bread by the sweat of his brow and——"

"Oh, Ralph! Do get to the story."

"How can I, when you interrupt me continually? Well, while the husband was toiling and moiling from early morning till late at night, the wife listened to soft speeches from the wily doctor, they compared notes concerning heartaches, heart breaks, and such like——"

"I'm not going to listen if you don't stop that nonsense!"

"Very well; if my way of telling news doesn't suit you, find some one else that'll do better."

"You know I'm dying of curiosity, so finish the story."

"I oughtn't to, but I'm naturally of a forgiving disposition, so I'll proceed. One afternoon last week when the poor but honest husband was unexpectedly granted a half holiday, he came home to announce the joyful tidings and found his wife and the doctor in too close communion to suit his ideas of propriety—these people that work for a living are disgustingly prudish you know, not at all liberal like those in our set—and he threatened to kill them both, and raved around like a madman."

"For pity's sake! and what did Dr. Coleman do?"

"Exactly what might have been expected. He called in the police, swore the fellow was drunk—he had absorbed a glass of beer to celebrate the occasion—and had threatened to kill his wife, a badly abused woman whom he—the doctor—had attended professionally for some time. They bundled the husband off to the station, the doctor appeared against him the next morning, and the poor, but honest man was sent up for six months, for he wouldn't agree to keep the peace. This all goes to prove that poverty and honesty are decidedly criminal qualities, and should be tabooed among people who think anything of themselves."

"Well, that *is* news. How does Mrs. Coleman bear it?"

"I've no idea; haven't seen her lately, but fancy she knows nothing of it."

"Maybe it'll teach the doctor a lesson, and he'll be wise enough to keep away from those flats in future."

"Not a bit; he's got rid of the husband for six months and can call as often as he pleases now. Probably the woman'll move and the scandal soon be forgotten for some fresher one."

"Well, in my opinion he's more to be pitied than blamed. If he had the right kind of a wife——"

"Yes, one of the sort we read of that use a rolling pin or a broom-stick as a playful persuader, I think that might be good medicine for him."

"Nonsense; he's a man in a million—"

"I believe you implicitly."

"Do be quiet till I say what I started to. If he had a quiet, loving, peaceable sort of woman——"

"He'd abuse her like a brute."

"I don't believe it!"

I *do;* but we won't quarrel. There's the luncheon bell and the sound is a welcome one, I'm starved from talking so constantly."

Ralph was well repaid for waiting by the bountiful mea and the anxiety of his hostess that he should do justice to the appetizing viands placed before him. He left Mrs. Cleugh positively happy in the possession of this bit of news, and she at once set about devising ways and means of communicating all she had heard to Cleo. There would be a real satisfaction, she fancied, in seeing the proud woman blush for the husband who had tried to hoodwink the public into believing that he worshiped his wife; and it might take Dr. Coleman down a peg or two as well if Cleo was to tel him one of his very best paying families was aware of his irregular goings on. She must be careful none of this reached Lily's ears; and, by the way, if it were true that Carl and his wife were going to be divorced, there might be a chance of securing him for a son-in-law yet. If Lily would only make the least effort to win him; but she was so

utterly lacking in tact. Good management might bring matters out to her satisfaction however, she'd hope for the best; and in the meantime she'd just drop over to Mrs. Layton's and see if she'd heard of the Handsome Flat affair; wouldn't she be surprised if she hadn't?

CHAPTER XVIII.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

BAILEY.

Hernani. "Oh! my heart—its very life. Thou art! The glowing hearth whence all warmth comes art Thou. Wilt thou, then blame me that I fly from thee, adored one?"

Dona Sol. "No, I blame thee not, only I know that I shall die of it."

HUGO.

Once more Carl promised himself that the morrow should be the date of his departure, and at dusk he set out for the residence of Dr. Coleman, in the hope of a few minutes' chat and a hearty "God speed" from Cleo. He was ushered into the familiar parlor by a servant, who said Mrs. Coleman and the doctor had just stepped into the garden, but they would, doubtless, be in soon. He waited some little time, then passed through the back parlor into the library thinking to while away the time with a book. One side of the room overlooked a secluded portion of the grounds, and he was surprised to hear voices directly beneath the window near which he had seated himself. He paid no attention to them thinking some of the servants had strolled into the vicinity, and was soon deeply interested in an article on "Nervous Prostration" in a medical journal he had picked up at random. He was brought to a consciousness of his surroundings by hearing his own name spoken in a loud voice by one of the persons outside.

"I suppose that precious musician, Carl Hausen, has been advising you," were the first words he could distinguish, and Dr. Coleman was the speaker. Cleo's clear voice answered:

"No; I have sought advice from no one, but I'll never help you in any such scheme. If you want your hospital, get it if you can, but leave my name out of the matter. If you were working for any real good 't would be different, but a money-making speculation with the cloak of charity to cover its underhand dealings, no, I'd sooner work by the day for my living."

"Yes; you're a likely looking person to apply for work at seventy-five cents a day; and that's more than you could earn. Let me tell you it'll be a wonder if you're not beggared yet. You'll have to listen to reason. My affairs are in anything but a prosperous condition. May be you'd like to live as we did five years ago."

"You do well to remind me of that time when, had there been but a vestige of truth or manhood in your nature, it must have prompted you to act a little better than a brute. How I worked! How I tried to persuade you to work at your profession, and let speculation and cheating alone; and what reward did I receive? Every ill usage excepting blows, and you know as well as I that overwork and abuse were the cause of our baby's death."

"Blessed good thing for the child," remarked the doctor.

"I agree with you; we are neither of us fitted for the care of little children."

"No; you wouldn't have sufficient time to attend upon crippled young musicians."

"Don't say such things to me," she said in a low tone, I *can't* bear it. I make the best of my life, and do all I can to hide the skeleton that is forever staring at me; and I don't deserve any added contempt."

"And you're determined you won't sign those papers?"

"I am determined."

"Then out of my house you go—and stay "

"Out of *your* house?"

"Yes, out of *my* house! You're no wife of mine. A pretty piece of femininity like a picture one is cheated into buying at a fancy price. You don't love me, and one must have some affection to work for in this world."

"No, I *don't* love you," she answered slowly," but whose fault is it? I did not love any one else when I became your wife, and what an easy matter 't would have been to gain my affection. But now, knowing you as I do, how can I love you? I have eaten the bread you gave me for years, but you know the reason. Had you not constantly threatened me with pursuit and the certainty of your hateful presence wherever I might go, or however I might try to earn a living, I'd have gone long ago. But it isn't too late. I will leave you now as you so kindly suggest, and you may do your worst. There doesn't happen to be enough of the cur about me to allow me to fawn upon the person who beats me. I'll leave your house— —"

"With the musician, I suppose. I know you love *him* though your heart has been locked against me."

The words were spoken in a tone of bitterest hatred, and Carl waited breathlessly for the reply.

"You may know what you please. This much I will tell you: I believe Carl Hausen to be the truest man I know. He is an honorable man, and would never stoop to the petty scheming you make use of to make money for your own dishonest uses. No! he is not to be named in the same breath with men like you!"

"Your candor is refreshing."

"Call it what you will; it is the truth. I think we understand each other. Since the time, three years ago, when I agreed to remain under your roof, so long as you treated me with civility, I have done my very best to fulfill my part of the contract. The world has been fooled sufficiently to satisfy even you, and though everyone knows you are all that is bad, they do not even guess how I have hated and despised you for years. I go willingly, and would be thankful to die, if by that means I might never be tortured with your deceit and meanness again!"

A minute's silence, in which the doctor stood motionless, while Cleo hurried toward the front of the house; then he called after her:

"Cleo; one moment!"

She returned. Dr. Coleman hesitated an instant, then said:

"I was hasty; I'll admit that much. You mustn't leave the house; 't would ruin me just now. Never mind the papers, I'll manage some other way. If you've stood things as they are so long, you can longer; and you'd better go to your room and act like a sensible woman."

"A sensible woman! Yes, I *will* act for once like a sensible woman. I'll let the people who talk so much of the elegant, handsome Dr. Coleman know what a beast of prey he really is; how thoroughly insignificant and low-minded so polished a gentleman *can* be!"

"And who'll believe you? You're reckoning without your host. The chain you've riveted about your own neck will gall if you draw back too quickly. You are so good an actress all the world thinks you a loved and worshiped wife. After your recent goings on what'll people say but that your head is turned over Carl Hausen? Don't speak! I'm going down street; should have been gone an hour ago. I don't know what idiotic thing you may take it into your head to do, so listen: My door will be open to you until midnight, should you be foolish enough to go away and repent immediately, as you undoubtedly would; but after twelve o'clock there'll be no admittance to a woman who loves another man and tells me so to my face."

The doctor strode through the grounds to the stables, while Cleo hurried upstairs, straight to her room. And Carl? What a host of contending emotions beset him! He was well aware he ought not to listen; had read as many books as most of us have where the hero invariably steps forth and has a bout at fisticuffs with the first person he meets, rather than listen, and after he is locked up for disorderly conduct cries "Mad fool that I was!" and wonders continuously what they were saying about him; but no thought of leaving the place occurred to Carl. I know it was altogether unusual; but I paint my hero exactly as he *was;* not as he *should* be. To say that he would have liked to strangle the doctor would be giving a mild idea of his murderous desire

to kill the man, and rid the earth of such a scoundrel. But more powerful even than hatred was the intense joy, the absolute happiness he experienced, as he recalled Cleo's words of praise. He felt certain she cared for him; that the doctor was right and like a picture the future stood out before him, so dark, lonely and full of misery the cup of joy was dashed from his lips ere he had quaffed the coveted nectar. What would become of the woman he was now conscious of loving with all the strength of his passionate nature? She could never be more to him than the merest acquaintance, unless.——Then the soul of the man was torn by a terrible temptation. Why should she not go with him? Her own husband had suggested it. What did either of them care for the opinion of the world?—and life would be so complete, they would live so utterly for each other. Carl rose and paced the room unmindful of place or people, feeling that he should be unable to think if he remained still another instant. He was master of himself once more and arguing on the other side directly. He had once heard Cleo say: "All real love makes one better," and how real could be his love if it led one or both of them to wrong and dishonor? Then came a vision of the studio on the morning that seemed so long ago, when Mr. Crosby had said:

"A man may love a grand, good woman, but he is surely unworthy her lightest thought, if he would be guilty of a base deed, or forget her duty or his own to win her."

The words of his old friend were like a plank thrown to a drowning man. Mingled with the memory of the odor of lilacs came also a recollection of what he was then—an honest man at all events, though only awakening to the fact that he had made an irrevocable mistake. At this instant a light footstep passed down the hall, there was rustle of woman's garments, and he realized that Cleo was leaving her husband's house. Without a thought of what he should say to account for his presence there, he followed her down the moonlit walk. As she heard the crunch of the gravel beneath his quick tread she turned half frightened, then

stopped, looking at him in wild-eyed astonishment. She was dressed in black from head to foot, and her face looked ghastly in the uncertain light, framed by the heavy folds of the thick veil she had thrown back upon recognizing Carl.

"You came to say good bye," she murmured, scarcely realizing the import of her own words.

"Yes; but where are you going?"

"Only for a block or two——"

"Cleo!"

His tone of pained surprise brought a vivid blush to her cheek as he continued:

"I thought you considered me your friend."

"I do," she answered quickly, "and you wonder why I should tell you a falsehood. Well then, I am leaving Dr. Coleman's house, and shall breathe more freely when I have looked upon it for the last time. Don't be too shocked. You and Millie are not the only mismatched people in the world. It is the fate of all mortals with a vestige of heart to live without affection, you know." Her tone was so mocking, her manner so wild he feared to question her, and stood silently wondering what he could say that should convince her of the folly of leaving her husband's house.

"I envy you," she went on. "If I were a man I shouldn't be leaving my home like a thief in the dark, and the world would respect me, no matter what I might do!"

"Are you sure?" Carl asked quickly. "Has it meted out any such delectable measure to me? I had injured Millie and myself perhaps, but no one else. You are mistaken; the world doesn't judge one by what they do but according to its need of sensation. But I am forgetting my errand. I came to say good bye, and you must go back to the house; I cannot leave you here."

In his anxiety to hide his love and despair from her, his tone had assumed an unnatural coldness and she looked up at him in a bewildered fashion, saying:

"You think I should go back?"

"Certainly, it is almost twelve——"

Carl saw his mistake too late, for she started back exclaiming:

"And you heard——"

"All, Cleo, unfortunately. I know the terrible things he has said to you, and can imagine something of the horrors of your every-day existence; but it is the only course for you to pursue." She leaned heavily against a tree for support for she was trembling from head to foot, while her dark eyes were quenched by fast falling tears.

"You are like all the rest," she moaned, "and I thought you knew me better." Had she stormed, or taken refuge in bitter sarcasm, Carl might have remained firm, but to see the woman whose pride had always stood like an impregnable wall between her real self and the outer world so completely broken-spirited and subdued, was more than he could bear. "I *do* know you as I believe no one else does or ever will," he said, "and for this reason I say you must go back to your husband's house."

"He would be surprised to hear the despised musician giving me such sensible advice," she replied scornfully.

"Cleo, do you want to drive me mad?" You know I love you more than life, more than my own honor, I fear, but the avowal of that love can bring only bitterness to us both. What am I?—a man whose wife has, of her own wish and will left him; disgraced, outcast. And you with your beauty, your pride, the position you have always held in society. Would it be any proof of the honesty of my affection to ask you to leave all this to become the companion of a man like me? I love you, Cleo! God alone knows how dearly, but your own words shall be my law. 'All real love makes one better," and though you may not forgive my presumption you shall never blush to think me capable of making your loneliness and outraged womanhood the excuse for leading you into lifelong disgrace. You will forgive me when I am gone for requiting your kindness with a declaration, which, under any other circumstances could but bring the blush of shame to your cheek. But I will go now." He turned abruptly away, almost overcome by the temptation to beg her to leave all and go with him, for he was fighting the demon in his own heart that so per-

sistently urged him to this course, but she cried in a voice so fraught with despairing agony, it seemed far away like one from another world:

"Carl, come back to me! I'll go to the house, presently, because I love you I will obey you, dear. But what will life be to me when you are gone? What can I do? How shall I live?"

She was trembling like a leaf, and Carl drew the loving heart close to his own, as he murmured:

"Thank heaven you love me, dear, and remember, as long as we live, come what will, your place in my heart will be ever the same. Human laws may separate us, but the Divine law of Love has bound us as no other can. I shall not forget that you are another man's wife; but neither shall I forget that his own negligence and cruelty has forfeited his right to the love of the noblest heart on earth; nor cease to be grateful that the priceless gift is mine. You will be brave, Cleo, for my sake, for every heartache you endure finds an answering vibration in the soul that suffers with you. You shall be my inspiration dear, and the love I may not say in words, I may confide to you in sweetest music. You understand now why I advise you so?"

"Yes; and I honor you for it, Carl."

"And now dear, I *must* say farewell. I need not bid you remember me. Go now, Cleo, and Heaven help us!"

"Oh, Carl, I *cannot* leave you! you are more than all else to me. I *cannot* go!"

"Then I must leave you, my own love! Reverently he pressed his lips to the fair white brow, then to the drooping lids wet with tears. One last long embrace, then he put her gently from him, and hurried from the grounds blinded by pain and almost suffocated with the agonized heart-throbs that would not be stilled.

ERATO.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. ABBEY'S CHESTNUT TREE.

ONE of the great events in American musical experience is now transpiring in New York. A grand opera company, composed of the finest artists to be found in the world, is playing in one of the most magnificent theaters in the world, to audiences composed of the most cultured and appreciative inhabitants of one of the greatest cities in the world. So far, everything is of the greatest. It might be further said that these inhabitants are paying the greatest prices in the world for all this other greatness; but to say it is unnecessary—instead let it only be said that this greatest company was formed in Europe of European artists; anyone with that information can guess about the prices. The fact that some of these artists were born and reared in America does not make them less appreciative of the American dollar, or the Europeanness of name necessary to ensnare the aforesaid.

Given all these "greatests" in the premise, what is the conclusion? Great performances, very likely; but of what? The middle term is an important matter in this philosophy. So far "Faust," "Philemon et Baucis," and "Romeo and Juliet," represent Gounod; "Lohengrin" stands for Wagner "Cavalleria Rusticana" is the revelation granted of the talent possessed by Mascagni, "Lucia" is again brought forward to keep Donizetti's memory green. Others on the list are "The Huguenots," "Carmen," "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," "Orfeo," "Hamlet" by Thomas, and "I Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo. In all this array of musical and dramatic works there is not one that is new to the American stage; not one that has not been given repeatedly in New York. It is impossible to suppress the desire to inquire why this is so.

Are "great artists" too lazy to learn new parts, or are great managers afraid to add to their repertory works that

have not been repeatedly tried and found at least safe? Or is it more expensive to produce new works than old ones, even though "the scenery and costumes are all new." London, Paris, Berlin. Milan, Munich, and twenty other European cities, are invited. occasionally, to hear a new work; one written during the lifetime of at least a small portion of the audience. But America must be forever fed on straw that has been so many times threshed out that even the primeval gloss is all worn off—not to say anything about there being any wheat left.

We Americans ought, I suppose, to be taught veneration for the old; we should, perhaps, be *forced* to admire—may be to love—that which our forefathers admired and loved; but must we, in order that this commendable result may be accomplished for us, live wholly in the past? Will the result be admiration and love if we are always fed upon dry bread and stale coffee? We are, above all else, a nation of progress. We live more in the future than in the present, and the past is like a dream, indistinct and hardly worth recalling unless it can help us to make our future. To force us forever into the past will make us hate it; will close our eyes and ears to its real value, because we are longing for the future, we want to know the present, we cannot bear to be behind everybody else in a knowledge of what the world is doing. It is but natural that we should wish to hear the operas that the men of to-day are composing.

Why is it that with all this array of talent at his command, Mr. Abbey continues to give "Lucia" and "Rigoletto?" Why so much Meyerbeer and Gounod when French blood is still running warm with musical passion, and new works are being presented every year?

Why is it that Massénet is not represented by one or more of his operas, that he may show us the musical feeling of the France of to-day?

"Herodiade" and "Le Cid" contain as good music, and are much more consistent, dramatically, than "Lucia." Dramatic consistency is a necessity to the audience that is abreast of the times; "Lucia" is a long step backward; to

hear "Herodiade" is to take a step forward in a knowledge of the world's music. There is another point of interest connected with these two operas. The brothers de Reszke have already sung the leading parts in them, at their first production in Paris, and it would hardly be uninteresting to us Americans—to us who have no operas or operatic composers of our own—to see and hear how French artists interpret the works of French composers under the composers' own instruction and direction.

How many readers of MUSIC know that there is a great opera called "Sigurd," and a renowned composer named Reyer? Why is this opera not in the repertory, that Americans may behold how a Frenchman has treated the legend made immortal by Wagner in his "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung?" No one can say that it is not good music; no one can deny to it the fire that warms us in a great drama. How easy it would have been for Mr. Abbey to find two sopranos in his company for the two glorious soprano parts of Hilda and Brynhilda. Lassalle has already sung Gunther—at the first production in Paris in 1885—and Jean de Reszke would have made a grand Sigurd and his brother a perfect Hagen. Then the "Huguenots" might have been spared another massacre. Another Frenchman has written an opera called "Gwendolene"—Chabrier—which deals with the early days of British-Isle history, when the Norsemen came over and took possession of the country. It gives a graphic picture of the power a noble woman can exercise over a barbarian who, until he knew her, was a stranger to any but brutal impulses. There are glorious soprano and baritone parts, gorgeous orchestration, strong dramatic situations, new and beautiful scenes, heroic choruses—everything that is needed to make a real musical drama. Why not substitute "Otello" for "Rigoletto" if we must have Verdi; Boito's "Mephistopheles" for "Faust" if we must have the devil; Ponchiell'is "Gioconda" for "Lucia," and one of the later operas by Mascagni for "Cavalleria Rusticana." "Boabdil" by Moszkowski contains beautiful music, strong dramatic

situations, brilliant scenes and costumes, and a ballet that would fill the front row for many a night with the most brilliant reflectors of artistic appreciation.

America has no opera of its own and no resident grand opera company. It is doubtful if there are qualified singers enough between New York and San Francisco to give a grand opera properly. The question arises: Why is this? There are plenty of good voices. A tour of inspection through our principal cities will reveal plenty of young men and women singing in church and taking lessons off and on, with voices fully good enough to sing in opera with success. Yet no one even hears of them, and why? For the very same reason that you cannot grow celery in a sand-heap. There is no opportunity, no encouragement, no object in view, that shall make it worth while for a singer to labor years to become an opera singer. And that is not all. There is no atmosphere, no musical influence to help along his growth. In his own city he may have one week of second-rate operatic performances each year, he is fortunate if he has more. He never heard an opera given as it was meant to be given when it was written. He is not brought up to *feel* dramatically and musically. Music has to soak in. It won't do to whitewash one over with a pale hue of it, and then expect him to thrill the world as a Lohengrin. So, as we have nothing of our own, who ever comes can say "take this or nothing;" and since we take nothing the most of the time, we sit down meekly in our three dollar seat, and listen to the falling of the crumbs from the European table, and when it is all over carry away with us tender memories of how it used to be when we were boys, and Patti and Nillson and Gerster and Campanini were in their glory, and we used to enjoy going out for nuts that were not chestnuts.

HOMER MOORE.

PITTSBURGH,

ART GENIUS AND ART TALENT.

Poeta nasitur orator fit.
HORATIO.

IN every one of the artistic branches there exists a great difference between the various ways by which to represent them in their separate condition.

This marked difference is only the purest result of natural brain and soul constitution, although not very noticeable to the public at large, which, satisfied with pleasing results, does not care to analyze anything; nevertheless, this same public feels instinctively the great difference existing between two artists singing the same song or playing the same melody.

In fact, suppose two stage artists or two piano performers, both of an established reputation, singing or playing the same song or piece of music, you will hear the spectators expressing their opinion, almost always correctly, about their individualities, because the same *cantata* or melody gets from each a quite marked interpretation and expression.

The coloring and shading of each have a particular strength and attraction, a peculiar way and power of transmission; the one speaks to the heart, and he is admired; the other speaks to the mind, and he is appreciated. The former is a born genius; the latter is a born talent.

As regards musicians and singers going to Italy for music or stage purposes, be it to study art or to perfect themselves in art, it is absolutely a useless thing.

If some one wants to study art in its materiality, as painting and sculpturing, a trip to Italy or, better so, a sojourn there of some months, if no more, will be undoubtedly very important and beneficial to a student; because, that country being the cradle of arts and the

center of all art's antiquities and superior models for study, a rising artist or a student of art can acquire there better than elsewhere the artistic taste so necessary, and choose one of the various branches into which painting and sculpturing may be divided, imitating or forming a style of his own.

But, as regards music and song, two so subjective *aerial* arts, imitation would be a disgusting, or, better so, a ridiculous plagiarism, and the intended results completely negative.

At this point somebody will remark, perhaps, that Italy forms the *gusto* (taste) of both musicians and singers.

Without denying the influence of an artistic atmosphere, and with our reader's permission, we can state that as *gusto* (taste) is the principal constituent of genius and talent, and a way of distinguishing between the two, the Italian sky cannot afford any bettering by living there or staying at home; and one can only be subservient to his own nature.

But you will insist by saying that Italy has the best teachers and professors in all arts. This opinion is the leading mistake, because as a genius does not analyze, he can also not teach; and Italian artists, endowed as they are in general with such a gift of intuitiveness, they are also the worst teachers and professors of all.

If in your own country there is not any possibility of fishing out a talented teacher, go to France, go to Germany, anywhere, but never to the sunny land; and about this truth we can afford as a very valuable one the following illustration:

Adelina Patti never went to Italy to study music and song. When scarcely a ten year old girl she began to sing in concerts at St. Louis, Mo. (America), with promising success. The only Italian master she got in New York was Mariano Manzacchi; but, being endowed with genius, the teaching of Manzacchi had nothing to do with her spontaneity and natural gifts, which allowed her to reach the summit of glory, honor and wealth.

Besides, genius is altogether intolerant, disliking to decompose and analyze the constituents of every unity.

As a student, Napoleon the Great has never been an exceptional scholar; he could never write during his lifetime without orthographical blunders; but, nevertheless, with his mathematical intuition he would put to sleep all his predecessors in the art of fighting and calculation.

Where did he study political economy and law? But, nevertheless, he could give the necessary hints by which to compose a code, which was, and is still, a model of legislation adopted all over the world.

What means all this? Genius, a spark fallen from God's glorious crown upon man's head to prove His divine existence and awaken from slumber the human mind. We can, therefore, establish the difference between genius and talent by saying that genius is intuitive, whilst talent is analytic.

More so, we also assert that if genius would investigate and analyze as talent does, it would lose almost entirely its beauty and splendor.

Does not the man study to perfect his brains and spirit? If genius is already born comparatively perfect, the same kind of study and application indispensable to talent would resolve genius to hesitancy, uncertainty, disgust and impotence.

How many blanks among men on account of such a misinterpretation! Speaking of the stage art, we observe a marked difference between the various countries, a certain specialty of its own, which can serve to measure and mark the existing diversity of the same on account of opposite material and moral conditions.

Investigating the Italian art, we can admire the precious gifts of nature, the spontaneous comic or dramatic expressions, the plastic results of man's forming, the pliability of spirit, the strength of human feelings, the aptness for transmission, the purity of that silvery language, and, above all, the exceptional beauty and splendor of mighty voices; but all that is not sufficient nowadays. They have

studied music, of course, but in a rude, incomplete manner, scarcely what is indispensable to their vocation.

Italian singers, as almost everywhere, are coming from a less happy social class; no study, no culture, no intercourse with well educated people; nevertheless they succeed and are appreciated, because their voices can mask the many faults attributable to a total lack of a preparatory education.

Whilst we believe that, if they were a little cultured in relation to their art, they could also perfect themselves in all those requisites which art pretends; we are also sure that they would lose a great deal if put in contact with the analysis of their difficult profession, of which they know nothing. Besides, it seems that the career of genius ought to be a short and eventful one, because its amazing splendor continued would tire the spirit of man, whose nature is inclined to variety, ready to forget what has been for what it is, if still inferior.

Everybody at Rome had enough of Divus Cæsar; he was killed, and nobody thought any longer of him. Everyone was tired of Bonaparte, so that after Waterloo, he lost besides the prestige of his glory, almost all his friends, undergoing the humiliations of pitying admirers.

Undoubtedly, nowadays, the world is no more so sanguine about Italians. Stage genius and the voice must submit to the exigencies which are an imperative *sine qua non* in relation to our present times and customs. Details, and a strict analytic description of everything with great accuracy and fidelity, is altogether an indispensable necessity, and this belongs to talent. Such a thing has been proven by the fact that in the land of art, there was probably an artist of genius but not of talent to perform "Falstaff" in Verdi's Opera, and they were obliged to engage the French baritone, Faur, an artist void of genius, with a poor voice, but of a great stage ability and talent. That histrionic talent is going to prevail also in Italy, is proven amply by the fact, that the largest number of Italian stage artists is composed now of people of foreign nationalities, whose

women are better cultured and appropriate to our modern views in lyric performances, and men more progressive.

Italians, as a rule, are too conservative in their arts, they care more for the introduction of the antique, than for the invention of the modern, which is a great drawback, fighting against progress. While we can assert and are able to support our opinion by facts, and while, undoubtedly, the fatherland of genius in every art is Italy, we must also confess that our times are not quick at all; we like tangible results, still in our imaginary capacity.

Suppose two theatres performing the one "Somnambula," that dainty idylle of love, and the other "Faust," that spirited conception of Goethe, which will the public prefer. Faust? The world don't like anymore the innocence of love, but the sin of love; not a young, poetical man full of generous feelings, but an old sinner, invoking the devil to rejuvenate him, to sin again.

I trust that no one of our readers can deny such facts, as everybody can go persuaded by himself any time he cares to.

After Italy, the most artistic nation is certainly France, because also deriving from the same Latin race, but the former nearer to Greece, located in a more poetical country, allowing to the latter only the possibility to follow her steps; consequently, we can call France the land of talent.

French lyric art is a vivid representation of study, spirit, constancy and boldness. There is no possibility of comparison, between an Italian and French artist.

The voice of the latter is a composition of guttural and nasal sounds, the language fatty and shortened by the accumulation of unchiselled words, shadowed by squeaking or drum-like resonances, and taken all in all, a very unmusical one.

To avoid the consequences of such unfavorable conditions, the French lyric stage came to a definite conclusion, by adopting a kind of Italian pronunciation, and form of spelling, uttering and sounding all vowels and ending consonants. To this scope, the declamation became the only

and indispensable grammar of the art, and a great care and time are devoted to this important branch.

When the word is prepared, sounding its word-music, the artist goes on by singing, adding to it the tones of the music, and the perfect combination of both complete the required rendition of melody and poetry.

The rules of aspiration and inspiration are traced down by the accuracy of the poet and composer, by way of marking the exact punctuation, almost in writing periods.

The way of posing or plastics, are very carefully observed, and always in relation with the person intended to be represented.

Stage dressings are strictly according to times, costumes and uses, and the scenery of a remarkable variety. The songs and music are both rendered with scrupulous faithfulness, and the performances at the Grand Opera of Paris are almost of a surprising nature, on account of the most perfect combination of all parts and details in one unity, so indispensable to the dramatic expression, impressiveness and power of interpretation.

Genius and talent do not agree together; their ways are quite different as also their results. The former is selfish and secluded, the latter is human and sociable. If genius dares to enter the abode of talent, failure is the consequence.

We remember when years ago, the great tenor, Mario, performed at the French Opera House in "Il Trovatore," how great a failure he was, while at "Les Italiens," one would only admire him.

Following France comes Germany, with her military exactness in every branch of human activity. The correctness of German stage performances have the only fault of being too stiff and pedantic, and the diversity of voices too great. Baritones are scarce. The basso and basso cantante prevail. Sopranos are good and many are splendid, but tenors are very poor, and in quartets and sextets, almost incompetent to form unity. Nevertheless, the German stage artists possess a great deal of dramatic power, on account of their energetic, incisive, resolute language, so that, when

the action reaches its climax, the audience feels itself amazingly attracted by the *ensemble.* On this account "Wilhelm Tell" is better performed in Berlin than in Milan or Paris, with the only exception of those operas in which Meyerbeer tried to imitate Italian and French styles as in the "Huguenottes," which is rendered better at the Grand Opera than elsewhere.

Summing up, we shall say that a foreigner does a great deal better by studying his art in his own country than in Italy, whilst his genius or talent, his voice gifts, and possibilities for stage purpose can be appreciated nowadays, if not better, certainly more honestly than in the sunny land, where stage tricks, envy and calumny prevail. The results and the possibility for glory and wealth will be, at any rate, more substantial in a foreign country, where early or late every stage singer tries to get a foothold.

PROF. CHARLES C. BILLIANI.

LULLABY.
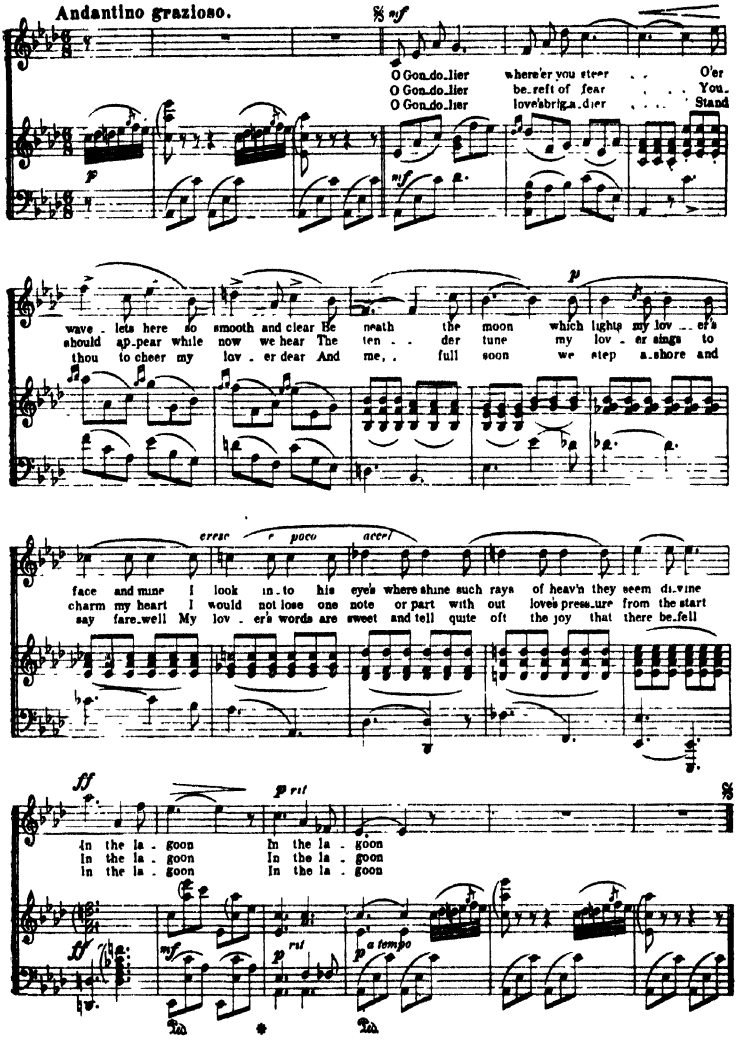
Listen, baby blue-eyes!
Now out in the dew-rise,
 Flowers droop their pretty heads,
 Butterflies have sought their beds,
 Where the rose its perfume sheds.
You must do like flowers,
In these sweet moon hours;
 In your cradle snugly lie
 Lullaby—lullaby.
In the moon-beams glancing
Now are fairies dancing;
 Little babes must go to sleep,
 If the fairies see them peep,
 Out of sight they're sure to creep;
So let's let the fairy
In the moon-light tarry;
 In your cradle snugly lie
 Lullaby—lullaby.

LA CROSSE, WIS. JESSIE WILSON MCKEE.

In the Lagoon.

Words and Music *by Philoma's*

Andantino grazioso.



DR. WILLIAM MASON ON BEETHOVEN PLAYING.

"The following communication is here reprinted from the *Musical Courier* in revised and corrected form, on account of its permanent value.—ED. MUSIC.

WHENEVER a pianist makes his first appearance in public as a Beethoven player he is at once subjected to strictures on all sides by numerous critics who seem to have been lying in wait for this particular occasion, and there immediately arise two parties, each holding positive opinions, of which the one in the negative is usually the more numerous. This is by no means a new fad, but quite an old fashion, dating back at least as far as the writer's experience goes, something over forty years, and probably much further. The reason for this is certainly a very interesting and useful question for the consideration of students and lovers of piano playing, and a few suggestions here given may prepare the way for a more detailed investigation.

Is the difference between Beethoven playing and that of compositions by other composers anywise akin to the dissimilarity in various styles of architecture which enables a traveler passing through a strange city to immediately distinguish the churches from other public edifices? Or is it, in any degree, analogous to the nice distinction so carefully observed by all composers of true musical insinct, between the so-called ecclesiastical harmonies and those which are secular, of which the opening scene in the "Meistersinger" presents such an admirable illustration? This scene is thoroughly familiar to the New York public, which has enjoyed so many opportunities for observing the tact and skill with which Wagner has treated the subject. The by-play pantomime and musical dialogue between the lovers proceed simultaneously with the church service, and the musical setting and accompaniments of these are uniformly characteristic. Indeed the contrast between the two styles

sacred and secular, is so distinctly marked, and the distinguishing features of each so faithfully observed and consistently carried out by the composer, that the music itself—aside from the scenery—gives the musical hearer who has learned how to listen an intelligent idea of the situation.

These are very nice and subtle distinctions—and they are real and not imaginary—substantial and not fanciful. But is the ideal Beethoven player a myth or does he really exist? If so, who is he and where is he to be found? In short, are we not looking for something that is much in the imagination? Or perhaps, be it said with due reverence, are not the compositions themselves responsible in part for this mystified state of things? Forty years ago my teachers, Moscheles, afterward Dreyschock and finally Liszt, used to say that Beethoven's piano compositions were not "*klaviermässig.*" This word has no precise English equivalent, but might be translated "pianoforteable or idiomatic." In other words they are not written in conformity with the nature of the instrument. Musicians have generally all along agreed on this point. Beethoven's musical thoughts were symphonic, so to speak, and require the orchestra for adequate expression. Many of his piano passages lie most awkwardly under the fingers, and certainly would never have been written by a skilled virtuoso who was simply a pianist *per se.*

Moscheles has always been an acknowledged authority as to Beethoven, and he told me once during a lesson that he considered Liszt an ideal, or perhaps his words were a "great" Beethoven player. As is generally known, Liszt had a prevailing tendency in his piano playing to seek after orchestral effects and thus found himself all the more naturally at home in these compositions. But when has the world ever found another player of Liszt's magnificent calibre, who could so intelligently and ably adapt himself as an interpreter of all kinds of music, who was always and ever master of his resources and who never fell into the error of anticipating his climax? Or, if perchance he found himself in the least danger of such an event he would readily arrange and develop a new climax, so that at the conclusio

of his performance he was always sure to have worked his audience up to a state of almost crazy excitement and unbounded enthusiasm. He was at this time— 1853—forty-two years old and at his best estate. But even Liszt, who possessed in such an unexampled degree all of the faculties which in the aggregate make up the equipment of a perfect and even phenomenal player, had his limitations in certain directions and details. His touch was not so musically emotional as it might have been, and other pianists, notably Henselt, Chopin, Tausig, Rubinstein and now Paderewski and some others, excel him in the art of producing beautiful and varied tone colors, together with sympathetic and singing quality of tone.

Karl Klindworth told me that during one of the lessons at which I was not present Liszt said, having reference to the subject of touch: "Boys, you may imitate my playing if you will, but do not copy my touch." He went on to explain that instead of patiently working for a normal and orderly development of his touch he had, in his eagerness to reach immediate results, adopted methods of his own without proper reflection, and had taken "short cuts," so to speak in order the more quickly to reach the goal, and in this way had acquired objectionable habits of touch, which fact he now much regretted. Speaking of a piano touch which is not from the foundation thoroughly supple, flexible and elastic, it is significant that Anton Rubinstein, when in this country in 1873, advised Theodore Thomas, who up to that time had not met Liszt, to make haste to do so and hear him play for, he added, "he is already beginning to break up and his technic is no longer what it was." It seems to me that in this matter of touch Paderewski is as near perfection, or perhaps more so than any pianist I ever heard, while in other respects he stands more nearly on a plane with Liszt than any other virtuoso since Tausig. His conception of Be ethoven combines the emotional with the intellectual in ad mirable poise and proportion; thus he plays with a big warm heart as well as with a clear, calm and discriminative head, hence a thoroughly satisfactory result. Those who

prefer an austere, arbitrary and rigidly rhythmical and ex cathedra style will not be pleased.

Without going closely into detail, there are certain mat ters concerning Paderewski's mechanical work which deserve the attention of students and others interested in piano technic. In many passages, without altering a note from the original, he ingeniously manages to bring out the full rhythmic and metrical effect, also the emphasis necessary to discriminative phrasing, by means of a change of fingering, effected by either interlocking the hands or by dividing different portions of the runs and arpeggios between them. In this way the accents and emphasis come out distinctly and precisely where they belong, and all of the composite tones are clean cut, while at the same time a perfect legato is preserved. His pedal effects are invariably managed with consummate skill and in a thoroughly musical way, which results in exquisite tonal effects in all grades and varieties of light and shade. In musical conception he is so objective a player as to be faithful, true and loving to his author, but withal he has a spice of the subjective which imparts to his performance just the right amount of his own individuality. This lifts his work out of an arbitrary rut, so to speak, and distinguishes his playing from that of other artists.

The glissando octave passages near the end of the C major sonata, Op. 53, he performs as originally designed by Beethoven and with the desired effect, notwithstanding Dr. Hans von Bülow's assertion that this method of execution is impossible on our modern pianos, on account of their heavy and stiff action. Paderewski, however, has the secret of a thoroughly supple and flexible touch, resulting from a perfectly elastic condition of shoulder, elbow, arm and wrist, together with the power of giving certain muscles, either singly or collectively as may be desired, just the right degree of contraction, while all of the others are "devitalized" to a point which would delight the heart of a disciple of Delsarte.

As to Paderewski's playing of the compositions of Chopin, as well as those of other authors, his transcendant ability in

this direction is generally conceded. It may be added, however, in conclusion, that his playing of the E minor concerto by Chopin is significant, fully demonstrating as it does the beautiful effects of this composition as originally written by the composer, notwithstanding the non-polyphonic treatment of the long orchestral tutti between the piano solos. Without disrespect to Tausig or disparagement of his work, and fully recognizing the merit of his orchestration and conceding the brilliant and startling effect of his concluding octave passage, Paderewski's performance shows that Chopin has a climax in another way fully as effective and more in accordance with his own personality.

WILLIAM MASON.



THE LEADING MUSICAL CENTERS OF CHICAGO.

I. THE MUSICAL COLLEGE.

THE musical life of a large city is energized from a number of leading centers or aggregations of active musicians, each group generally taking on a distinct phase of color from the preponderance of some leading personality in it. In Chicago, for instance, there is the Musical College, the Chicago Conservatory, the Gottschalk School, the Liebling cult, and the Kimball hall generally, Chickering hall, etc. In each of these gatherings there are musicians of the first importance, and their activities in the public ministry of art reach a large number of students and friends. They serve as educators, and cultivate a taste for musical performances, and to a degree establish a standard before the student learns to choose for himself in the great unprotected world of art which is for all the people. Each of these centers will come up for treatment in turn, but the aggregation at the Musical College claims the first place from the fact of its having been the first organized, and also from the fact of its having inaugurated the custom of giving faculty concerts as the best means of illustrating the standard proposed to be maintained.

At the head of the Musical College stands the commanding figure of Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, who made a modest beginning of what he called his musical academy as long ago as 1867. Perhaps it was still before the great Chicago fire that the name of the institution was changed to its present more ambitious title. The former term was more proper for what was actually done; the latter for what was intended. Strictly speaking, however, all so-called colleges of music are still mainly preparatory schools, with small graduate and post-graduate departments. The great bulk of the teaching



DR. F. ZIEGFELD.

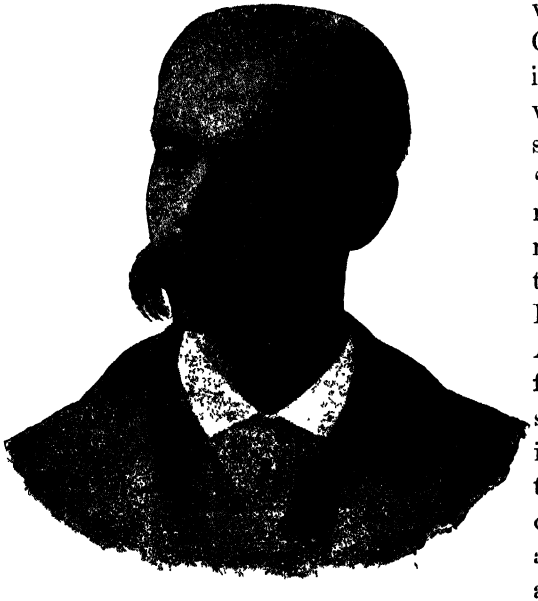
is done by assistant teachers, and in the lower grades. This will be so until some college boldly establishes its preparatory school in a department by itself, refusing to admit to the graduate department without strict conditions and examinations.

Dr. Ziegfeld was educated at Leipsic, and his musical status may therefore be taken for granted. If not it is surely rather late in the day to question it, considering that for nearly twenty-seven years he has been ths successful head of a large and constantly growing school of music, which in these latter years has reached probably the largest attendance on record—or if not absolutely the largest at least one of the two or three largest in the world. Dr. Ziegfeld himself is a piano teacher, and has figured in the college concerts as a musical conductor. All the advanced pupils pass through his hands, but generally for but very short lessons. He is the head of all the concerts and the general inspirer of all the public exhibitions of the college. Associated with him as piano teachers there is Mr. Hans von Schiller, whose playing is mentioned as brilliant and his teaching as good; and several lady teachers. At the head of the list of the latter should be mentioned the name of Mrs. Clare Osborne Reid, who for several years was Dr. Ziegfeld's immediate assistant, carrying out his directions, and supplementing them by many thorough proceedings of her own. Lately Mrs. Reid studied in Berlin with Raff, and in Vienna with Leschetitzky. Her experiences with the latter were not altogether according to American standards—the manners, not to say habits, of the "old Turk," as he is sometimes called, being of a somewhat too pronounced character. Still she thinks him the best teacher for concert players, not so much from his having a system, as from the value and insight of his criticisms upon the playing and the interpretations from a musical standpoint. Mrs. Reid is herself a fine player, and as a teacher of technique she established a high reputation before her European experiences. Other teachers in this department are Miss Matilda Wilkins, Miss Stumpf and the German pianist, Miss Clara Krause.



LISTEMANN-STRING QUARTETTE—BERNHARD LISTEMANN.
BRUNO KLEIN—Second Violin. EUGENE BOEGNER—Viola.
BRUNO STEINEL—'Cello.

At the head of the vocal department is the veteran tenor, Mr. William Castle, whose name has been so long and honorably associated with English opera in America. Away back in 1864 or thereabouts there was an English opera company in which Castle and Campbell were the leading singers. Then both artists were with Parepa-Rosa in 1869 and later, when a very large repertory was taken up, including such standards as "Oberon," "Der Freyschütz," "Somnambula," "Norma," "Trovatore," Mozart's "Figaro's Hochzeit" and the like—an extremely honorable record. Still later Mr. Castle was with the late Caroline Richings - Bernard, when they "did" such operas as "Les Huguenottes" and many other of the heaviest Italian works All of these performances had strong elements in them, although the orchestral, choral and costume appointments left much to be desired. Among the associates of Castle was Henry Drayton, then an old man, but incomparable in dramatic ability, and in "Traviata" as the older Germont, he was one of the best that has been seen. After the death of Richings-Bernard, Castle drifted into the company of the late Emma Abbott, where he became a victim of the celebrated Abbott kiss, and remained with the company until the death of the singer In this company the rôles were generally of a lighter char-



MR. LOUIS FALK.

acter, but occasionally some of the old standard operas were given. Castle has an enormous repertory, knowing more than seventy operas, including all the leading ones. From his long stage experience and association with leading singers of all sorts, no less than from his own attainments, his knowledge of operatic singing should be of commanding value.

Among the associates in this department is Mrs. O. L. Fox, wife of the prosperous proprietor of the *Chicago Indicator*. Mrs. Fox has been with the College for many years now. She was formerly a church and oratorio soprano, pupil of Mrs. J. H. Long of Boston, and other good teachers Since her coming to Chicago she has many times been heard in oratorio, and her pupils occupy many leading positions, and carry off their full share of college honors.



MRS. L. CLARE OSBORNE REID.

In no department has the growth of the College been more manifest than in that of theoretical study. Formerly musical theory was shunned by the American student, as something wholly one side the main issue. He was purely practical—by which he meant that he practiced five or six hours a day without understanding one thing of that which he practiced. But the College has changed all this within its boundaries, for the examinations in musical history and harmony have been very thorough and searching. At the

head of this department is the celebrated organist, Mr. Louis Falk, who for more than twentyfive years has occupied the position of organist and musical director at Union Park church. At the present time aside from many out of town organ concerts, where his work as virtuoso is in demand, Mr. Falk devotes all his time to theory, teaching harmony and counterpoint.



MR. H. V. SCHILLER.

In the department of free composition Mr. A. B. Koelling is at the head, and an example of the kind of work done in his classes will be given in a later number of MUSIC.

The violin department was formerly under the direction of Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn, but last year there came a change and Mr. Bernhard Listemann was brought here from Boston. Mr. Listemann was formerly first violin and solo artist with the Thomas orchestra, when it was upon the road; later he taught in Boston, and conducted symphony concerts for several years. He had also a string quartette there, and produced a wide range of music in this department. He has now organized a new quartette, taking the celebrated, cellist, Mr. Bruno Klein.



MRS. O. L. FOX.

This quartette has given one concert when their playing was generally admired. They are open to out of town engagements, and the intention is to compete with the other strong organization of the kind for the honor of making known to the musical public the very best works in this line.

This is also a very large dramatic department under the direction of Mrs. Laura J. Tisdale. Here many exhibitions are given and the entire art of stage preparation is covered. This, however, is somewhat one-sided. The catalogue thus made is far from exhausting the list of musical attraction at the college, while the literary associates are not even mentioned. Naturally these have nothing to do with

the case. But such departments as those for the mandolin and guitar are under celebrated players, and attract large numbers of pupils. The literary artists are teachers of languages, literature, lecturers, and the like. For about five years Mr. W. S. B. Mathews lectured upon musical history. His "Popular History of Music" was the outgrowth of his work in this college.



MR. WM. CASTLE.

It is easy to see that the association of so large a number of representative workers for a series of years, under a head so well calculated to divine the best methods of attracting attention as Dr. Ziegfeld, cannot but exert a large influence and come in time to possess an authority which is something more than that of any one of the individuals separately. It is thus that a musical center forms itself in a large city, and it is thus that precisely similar centers have formed themselves around other heads, and are in process of forming.

EGBERT SWAYNE.

THE FUTURE OF THE M. T. N. A.

FROM New York comes word that certain of the officers of the Music Teacher's National Association have been holding a meeting, and are presently to hold another in order to decide whether the association shall reorganize and become a delegated body, or disband. At the head of this meeting was President Bowman, who certainly ought to be enough master of corporate law to know that the only thing for the association to do legally is to go on and hold its regular meeting in July, and bring up whatever new matters properly come before it. The immediate cause of this late gathering in New York was the resignation of Mr. Louis Lombard from the chairmanship of the executive committee, to which place he was appointed in order to carry the association to Utica this year. It now appears that proper local backing is wanting, and a successful meeting cannot well be held there. So Mr. Lombard resigns.

The question being open, it is time to say a few things concerning the national association and to say them forcibly without fear or favor. It is now eighteen years since the association was organized at Delaware, Ohio, the most active promoter being that indefatigable well-wisher of music teachers, Mr. Theodore Presser. At first the association had rather a hard time. It could give no plausible reason for being. Membership was voluntary and transient. There was no *esprit de corps*, and the voters of one year had for the most part no previous knowledge of the requirements of the association.

But by a process of evolution the association found a mission. It undertook the production of American works, and by degrees the meetings assumed the range of a National Musical Festival. In this way quite a number of important American works came to performance, and the ideals of the association received more and more attention, and the membership grew correspondingly.

In spite of the expense the system proved profitable, also. After three days in which the expenses aggregated anywhere from four to seven thousand dollars the association usually found itself with a surplus of funds in the treasury sufficient to pay current expenses until the next meeting. Such being the state of the case, the question arises why the society should suddenly find itself in so desperate a strait as the New York meeting would indicate.

To this there are two answers: First, the appearance of apathy in the affairs of the association is largely superficial and misleading. Underneath the surface there is still a strong feeling for the national association. Second, the association has lost prestige through several important mistakes. One of these was postponing the meetings from every year to every other year. This permits enthusiasm to die away. Experience shows that the society cannot safely trust its wind beneath the waters of oblivion for more than one year at a time. The most important loss of prestige has been through the predominance of light-weight counsels in the affairs of the society. This led to glaring mistakes in connection with the meetings at Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland. At the latter an official invitation to meet in Chicago, in connection with the World's Fair congresses, was ignored in the mania for assuring a certain clique of officers their positions until after the Utica meeting. The result we now see. The meeting that was held here was merely a special without official authsrity.

The proposition now under consideration is to make the national association a delegated body from the State societies. To this there are several objections. In the first place the immediate result would be to send up to the national body merely the office-holding and politician class—who as a rule are without operative influence upon the currents of progress. It is one kind of man who gets elected to offices, and as a rule quite another kind of man who makes a mark as thinker and progressive educator or artist. So much is this the case that for several years the upper stratum of the musical profession, as represented in the American College

of Musicians, has been almost unrepresented in the counsels of the national association. A delegated body would have nothing to do in the way of legislation, and in the nature of the case it would be no more inspiring in general influence than the present body.

The question at bottom is as to the proper value and function of an association of this kind. Many have cherished the idea that it might ultimately be made a censor for improving the general standard of qualification in music teachers, either by having an entrance examination or by requiring one elsewhere as prerequisite of admission. This in the nature of the case cannot be. The standard of qualification is being improved all along the line, but the national association has not had anything to do with it, except incidentally by awakening interest in American works and better methods.

When it was seen that the national association could not do this work, the American College of Musicians was formed, in the hope that it would become national and the final authority in questions of qualification. This, however, remains a small affair, not likely to grow to any very great proportions. Its standards which were originally sufficiently high, are now and have been for some time administered in such a way as to be below rather than up to the general standard of piano playing. Moreover the narrow minded and short-sighted counsels in the College that expect musicians of established reputation to come forward for examination and admission to the ranks of other musicians no more eminent than themselves, has a tendency to place the College in opposition to the profession at large. Indeed foolishness has reached such a point within the College itself as to lead to the suggestion that the original charter members now resign and enter again through examination at the hands of the youngsters whom they had prepared and admitted to the College ranks. When there is such a fool spirit as this in a society, its provincial and narrow character is not to be wondered at. In the nature of the case it can have no future.

The most important service that the national association of music teachers can now render to the music teaching profession in this country is that which the current of evolution has forced it into—namely, the encouragement of the better grade of American composers, and incidentally, through the natural effect of festival performances and the essays upon important technical points, awakening fellowship among teachers and a better appreciation for the profession in the community as a whole. Experience shows that this is the natural influence of the meetings of the association. The yearly meeting is much better than the two yearly; and the general freedom of membership better than restriction to delegates. For in the nature of the case the chief value of the festivals upon the rank and file of the local profession lies in gathering them in as actual members, whereby they become a part of the affair. There ought indeed to be a restriction of the franchise to those who are permanent members as opposed to the yearly local members. The latter might participate in the discussions, but should not be permitted to vote. Had the franchise been restricted in this manner the most important mistakes made at the last four meetings would not have been made.

At one point it looks as if certain of the officers of the Association and the College were in pursuit of a chimera. The idea seems to haunt them that it would be a good thing (for them) if they could control the standard of qualification for music teachers, and have the power of deciding who is and who is not fit for admission to the ranks of the profession. This is neither possible nor desirable. The country is too large and there are now too many really competent music schools to permit the final veto to be placed in the hands of any small côterie of musicians, however pure in aims. And the easiest method of giving proof of the actual purity of their aims is in so defining their tests and conditions as to admit to the ranks, upon payment of a very small fee, all applicants who are accredited from schools or private teachers of approved solidity. This is the only way in which the College of Musicians or the National Association can

become the general affiliation-home of music teachers of the whole country.

Hence the conclusion is urged that the best thing for the country at large is for the National Association of Music Teachers to go on in the way of the past, with the modification of meeting every year, electing the best men to office, and laboring to promote professional fellowship and progress and to create and foster as much as possible a spirit of recognition for the American composer, who in consequence of the foreign personnel of our musical conductors and teachers is still doomed to have rather a hard time.

But to disband will be merely to immediately organize another association along the same or very similar lines.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

FOR THE MEZZA-VOCE.

The Judas-kiss of the dawn, my own,
Fawns on my woe-worn lid
Enticing mine eyes to appeal to the dome
Where thou, where thou art hid.

With noon-blue splendor the sun, my sweet,
Menaces every mere
That we, only-loved, with thy hand curled in mine,
Had learned to so revere.

The velvet paw of the gloaming, dear,
Conquers my loyal lid
That fain would appeal to the permanent blue
Where thou, where thou art hid.

The kindly key of a rendless night
Turns on my pulseless lid.
Awearied invoking celestial expanse—
I go where thou art hid.

MAE ST. JOHN-BRAMHALL

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE Chicago Apollo Musical Club opened its season with a "Messiah" performance in the Auditorium, Thursday evening. Dec. 28, Mr. Tomlins, as usual, at the bâton. The chorus numbered about four hundred and fifty, and the orchestra was made up out of the Chicago orchestra. Of the latter it deserves to be said that the playing was but little above mediocre—as is too often the case when these players undertake anything antique without the restraining hand of Mr. Thomas. The chorus sang extremely well, and the usual points of merit were shown. The vocal technic, as has several times been said in MUSIC, was of an order altogether rare, the running work being done with lightness, elasticity, and perfect unity, despite the large number of singers co-operating. But the great excellence of the work of the club is in what might be called the personal element, the feeling of sympathetic intelligence which permeates the singing, and which in the climaxes brings out the idea with overwhelming power. It is not a question of a little more or a little less than the work of other singing clubs, but, so far as I have heard, a totally different sort of thing. If the hearer is accustomed to listen to chorus singing intelligently, he is first struck by the evenness and finish of the work, and especially by the musical quality of the tone, and the cultivated sound of it, indicating either a rare quality of the material itself composing the chorus, or a still rarer quality of training. But when one listens more carefully the conviction grows upon him that mere vocal finish cuts but a small figure in producing the delight which one of these best performance gives. There is something better than outside excellence. There is an inner light, a sympathetic intelligence, and a unity of spirit which makes the runs so light and pleasant, the words so clear and heartfelt, and the climaxes so thrilling. It is the direct something which comes out from

the singers to the hearers, having in it the thrilling power of the "still small voice," greater than the whirlwind or the earthquake; or the actinic rays of the spectrum, not seen nor felt as heat, but having in them the power to impress an image upon material comparatively insensible. To hear the "Messiah" sung as the Apollo Club generally does it once a year, is a musical education in itself, since it brings out all the freshness and musical cleverness, not to say inspiration, of this greatest and most lasting of choral works.

* * *

For while we may at times choose to speak of the Bach "Passion Music" in terms of superiority, it still stands below the level of the "Messiah" in several important particulars. It is not well placed for the voices, and therefore can be sung by the greatest artists with good effect, only with great difficulty and pains. The choruses are contrapuntal exercises of rare beauty and musical interest, but they never rise to a genuine climax, the only apparent exception being in the "thunder and lighting" chorus. The orchestra has little to do above the meditative province of chamber music. In fact the "Passion Music" is a devotional exercise; whereas the "Messiah" is something more; it has in it the elements of a great public function, in which the meditative element finds place, as in the lovely recitatives for alto and soprano, the beautiful aria "Oh thou that tellest", (unfortunately omitted by Mr. Tomlins of late years), and "Come unto Him." But also many great climaxes, having in them not alone the splendor due to a poetic conception of rare and thrilling power, but the additional element of effect due to the demands of a great and solemn feast. Such a place we get in the close of the first chorus. "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," and still more at the "Wonderful, Councellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace;" and still again at the lovely choral passage concluding the too lively "sheep" business, "And the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all." Still more we have this element throughout the "Hallelujah" and in

"Worthy is the Lamb." All of these are musical effects of rare power, poetically placed, and having in them that something which makes them equal to the demands of any possible occasion of splendor or solemnity. Then for a purely musical piece of deep pathos, there is nothing better than "Surely He hath borne our griefs"—which, as the Apollo Club sings it in its best moments, is worthy to rank with the latest climaxes of musical and poetic expression. This, to be sure, is not often felt by the audience at its full value; but it is nevertheless one of the most artistic moments of the whole work.

* * *

The Apollo Club is a very trying body of singers for a solo artist to compete with. The charm of a solo artist lies in the voice, the poetic and sympathetic expression, and the intensity of personality, which after all is the main element in making one an artist—since this element is the one which touches the audience. But the club is much larger than the solo artist, and as already mentioned possesses all these merits previously attributable to the solo artist alone. Hence in all the performances of works which the club really knows, and especially in all the "Messiah" performances, the club carries off the honors. The solo artists may do more or less creditably, but it is the singing of the club which thrills more than that of the solos. This is due to all the excellencies combined, as noticed above, and to the artistic power of Mr. Tomlins himself, who like all of us having had to do with music for many years, has studied the "Messiah" so thoroughly as never to exhaust its beauties, and never to find them anything else than fresh with each new study. All this that the club does, and does so beautifully, is after all but a part of what Mr. Tomlins dreams of and hopes to get some time. The solo artist, however, sings the "Messiah" along with any other oratorio which the contract may call for, makes a point of doing it well, no doubt, but does it without real affection, and wholly without that inner thrill of soul which is the one thing needful in an artist who would bring the sublime or the deeply beautiful to the consciou

ness of an indifferent public. On the present occasion all these shortcomings of the solo artists appear to have been emphasized. Miss Juch, who had the soprano rôle, was not in good voice, nor was she in good mood. The alto was Miss Clary, from Louisville, who has a beautiful voice, but not the temperament which will make the voice the minister of a great soul. The tenor, Mr. T. Rieger was but medium in excellence, and the bass, Dr. Carl Dufft was but a *success d'estime.*

* * *

The house was crowded in every part, and the audience was an enthusiastic one, which, containing perhaps a thousand chorus singers familiar with the work, put in the applause with more discrimination than sometimes happens. If only there were some other work so good, and another work which the club could sing so well, how fine it would be! Perhaps this may happen some time. Who knows?

* * *

The Chicago orchestra is giving some very fine programs. Those for the last three concerts previous to the date of this issue, are the following:

December 30.

SOLOIST, MR. MAX BENDIX, VIOLINIST.

Fugue, for Strings, in A minor, - - - - - *Bach*
Arranged by Helmesberger.

Symphony, No. 3, in E flat, Op. 97 (Rhenish), *Schumann*
I. Lively (E flat major).
II. Scherzo: Very moderately (C major).
III. Not fast (A flat major).
IV. Solemnly (E flat minor).
V. Lively (E flat major).

Concerto, for Violin and Orchestra, No. 1, in E, *Vieuxtemps*
Allegro moderato.
MR. BENDIX.

Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini," - - - *Berlioz*

January 13.

March, Overture, Notturno, Scherzo, } "Midsummer Night's Dream" *Mendelssohn*

Chorus of Spirits Spirit Dance,	"Merlin."	*Goldmark*
Vorspiel "Lohengrin."		*Wagner*
Symphonic Poem, "My Fatherland."		*Smetana*
Prelude to "Gwendoline,"		*Chabrier*
Waltz,		*Strauss*
Ballet Music, "Nero,"		*Rubinstein*

January 20.

SOLOIST, HENRI MARTEAU, VIOLINIST.

Overture "Prometheus,"	*Goldmark*
Concerto for Violin, Op. 77,	*Brahms*

HENRI MARTEAU.

Symphony "Lenore,"	*Raff*

* * *

The effect of the Bach fugue was delightful. A great fugue of Bach transcribed for orchestra reveals beauties of counterpoint, and especially of rhythm, which few observers ever find in the organ or pianoforte performances. Merely in the matter of rhythm Bach was perhaps the greatest of masters. There is not one of his works which is not worthy of study in this respect. The movement is so decided, the principal themes so clear cut, and the livelier rhythms resulting from the working out are so fresh and inspiring, as to make one of these works always pleasing. Then there is always more or less of the emotional element, and a harmonic movement which is masterly in the extreme. Nothing starts a concert so well. Nor is it a grace before meat. Bach had the real thing-in-itself, as Schopenhauer and the other philosophers call it.

Schumann's symphony, like all of his long pieces, is made up of short ones. His instrumentation is clever in parts, especially clever when one remembers that instrumentation was foreign to him and had to be acquired. And many parts of the work are of great beauty. It contains suggestions which probably influenced later composers. Wagner's "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" owes something to this work. And while nowhere in Schumann a single chord is dwelt upon to the extent of sixty measures, there is nevertheless in the introduction to the "Rhinegold" something which is an echo of this. The work was well played.

The solo attraction was Mr. Max Bendix, an artist of altogether unusual excellence. His tone is sweet, clear and true, and his technic abundant. The orchestra accompanied him sympathetically, and the audience was delighted, as well it might have been. Mr. Bendix introduced a cadenza of his own, which also was well done, both as to composition and performance. There are few artists upon the stage who would have entertained or pleased better.

The closing number was that delightful work of Berlioz, the overture to "Benvenuto Cellini." This work composed as long ago as 1836, one year before the Degremont "Requiem," has not yet had its just dues. It is beautiful in idea and in instrumentation. The opera itself, to which this forms the introduction, may some time have its day. But this will be some time later than the present.

* * *

No operatic work of the first magnitude stands the slightest chance of adequate performance at the present time, unless its author is prepared to make it his life work to bring it about—not through solicitations and pleadings, but by organizing, as Wagner did in forming the Bayreuth festival field. Even this has fallen into a low estate since Wagner died, and in place of serving, as Wagner himself originally intended, for bringing out precisely such undeservedly neglected works as "Benvenuto Cellini," has become merely a machine for keeping alive the "Wagner Cult." If we look at the progress of the present operatic season in New York, where some of the greatest artists now are upon the stage, the general fact of staleness is very striking. In fact considering the uncertainty of the public and the press, an impresario is quite excusable for neglecting works not tried. When he takes up one which has been neglected, it is due to an accident likely to lessen his risks. For example, suppose one of the prima donnas happens to have a good part in such a work, perhaps he may bring it out for once or twice. But to bring out a work of so much originality as this of Berlioz is quite another matter—even though he happen to have in his company artists perfectly suited for the chief rôles.

Such an undertaking would succeed providing, (1) the work had in it the quality of impressing after several hearings, (2) artists in the leading rôles making them a joy and a pleasure, and (3) money enough to make it a matter of indifference whether the public joined its forces at the first or the twentieth performance. These conditions are never fulfilled with popular impresarios, and never will be in the case of really great works.

The same elements of discouragement appertain to the production of new works by unknown writers. If one could afford to go on playing to papered houses until the work had been pruned of its excrescences, the performance brought into perfect running form, and the public opinion educated to appreciation—*then* the young composer, able to create something above the common, might have a fair chance. And even the American composer might sooner or later get his recognition.

* * *

But to return to the Chicago orchestra. The programs contain matter relating to the works. These comments on the works of the first program above were as follows: Concerning the Fugue:

"The music dictionaries tell us that a fugue is 'a regular piece of music developed from given subjects according to strict contrapuntal rules, involving the various artifices of imitation, canon and double counterpoint and constructed according to a certain fixed plan.' While the fugue form antedates Bach, it was he who gave it new dignity and character. The fugue chosen by Joseph Hellmesberger—a famous violin teacher and musician, late of Vienna—for orchestral delineation is one of the most celebrated of the many Bach wrote.

Schumann said of Bach: Music owes him almost as great a debt as a religion owes its founder.

Concerning Schumann's work:

"It was Schumann's habit to change suddenly from one form of composition to another, and to pursue the new for awhile with great vigor. Thus, in 1841, we find him for

the first time essaying the symphonic. Years before, when a student a Heidelberg, undecided between the professions of law and music, Schumann wrote to Wieck, his former pianoforte teacher and future father-in-law: 'I detest theory pure and simple, as you know, as I have been living very quietly, improvising a good deal, but not playing much from notes. I have begun many a symphony, but finished nothing, and every now and then have managed to edge in a Schubert waltz between Roman law and the pandects, etc.' Schumann's first published symphony, (B-flat,) notwithstanding 'lovely imperfections,' marked in him a great advance in the technique of composition. It was immediately followed by the Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Op. 52,—which is a symphony without a slow movement,—and the one in D minor. The E-flat symphony, though marked third, is really the last of Schumann's four. It was composed between the 2d November and 9th December, 1850, and therefore very shortly after its author had entered on his office as Director at Düsseldorf, of which he first discharged the public function on the 24th of the preceding October. The symphony is known as "Rhenish," probably because Schumann was in the habit of saying that the first impulse toward its composition had been produced on his mind by the sight of the Cathedral at Cologne, and strengthened by the grand ceremonial of the installation there of the Archbishop as Cardinal, which he witnessed while engaged on it. The impression which the ceremony referred to made on his mind he has recorded in the fourth movement or introduction to the *finale*, which in the MS. score is entitled "*Im Character der Begleitung einer feierlichen Ceremonie.*" "As if to accompany a religious ceremonial." The other portions of his work Schumann used to say were intended to have a popular or national (*volksthümlich*) cast, which is most perceptible in the second (answering to the usual *scherzo or minuet*) and the last movements, and is probably also implied in the German headings to the movements substituted for the usual Italian ones.

Concerning Vieuxtemps:

"Henri Vieuxtemps was born at Verviers, in Belgium, on February 20, 1820, and died at Mustapha, in Algiers, on June 6, 1881. He first studied the violin under his father, who was a musical instrument-maker and tuner, a pupil of Lecloux, and who took him on a concert tour when he was only eight years old. Later he studied under Charles-Auguste de Bériot. In 1830 he played with immense success in Paris, but soon returned to Verviers to study. In 1833 he went to Vienna, where he studied harmony under Simon Sechter. In 1834 he was in London, and in 1835 in Paris, where he studied composition under Antoine Reicha. From 1836 to 1839 he made a series of long concert tours, returning to Brussels and Antwerp in 1840. He made a brilliant appearance in Paris in 1841, and visited the United States in the season of 1844-45. In 1846 he was appointed solo violinist to the Emperor of Russia, under ten years' contract, but resigned in 1852. He made a second visit to America in 1856, and a third, in company with Christine Nillson and Marie Krebs, the pianist, in 1870. In 1871 he was made first professor of the violin at the Brussels Conservatoire. In 1873 paralysis of the arm forced him to give up playing. He retired to his estate, where, and in Paris, he devoted himself to composition, until driven by ill-health to try the climate of Algiers. Vieuxtemps, as has been said by another, was one of the really great violinists. He represented, in a measure, the connecting link between the brilliant virtuoso salon-player of the first third of the present century and the classical player of later times. He was admirable in all departments of violin playing; and his performance was notable for grace, warmth of expression, purity of style, and a peculiar personal charm. The movement from the E major concerto played to-day is an admirable example of the grace, charm and effectiveness of Vieuxtemps' writing for violin solo. The performance to-day is made interesting by the introduction of an original cadenza by Mr. Bendix.

And concerning Berlioz (is it?) the following:

Benvenuto Cellini, an Italian goldsmith, flourished during the years 1500-1570. He was also distinguished as a sculptor, and by his engraving in metal, coins, medals, and the like. His career was exciting. Now a frequenter of courts, and now an exile, his life was one of constant adventure. The most celebrated specimens of his handicraft are a richly ornamented salt-cellar in the imperial gallery at Vienna, and a magnificent shield at Windsor Castle. Of his large works, the bronze group of Perseus and the Head of Medusa are to be found at Florence. Cellini's father wished to make him a musician, but the son hated music. The father of Berlioz wanted his son to study medicine, but the composer of the opera of "Benvenuto Cellini," hated physics. Of the "brilliant failure" of his opera "Benvenuto Cellini," on the occasion of its production in Paris in 1836, and in London in 1853, Berlioz has given most amusing accounts in his *Mémoires*. He sums up the Paris account by saying: "At last the opera was played. The overture received exaggerated applause, and the rest was hissed with admirable energy and unanimity. Nevertheless it was given three times, after which Duprez threw up the rôle of Benvenuto, and the work disappeared from the bills, not to appear till long afterwards, when A. Dupont spent *five whole months* in studying the part, which he was frantic in not having taken in the first instance." Subsequent revivals of the opera—at Weimar under Liszt (1852); at Hanover, von Bülow, conductor (1879); at Leipzig, Nikisch, conductor (1883); and at Carlsruhe, Mottl, conductor(1886) have gone far to reverse the unfavorable verdict of Paris and London, though they have not yet secured for it the popularity of a standard work. The overture is based upon themes from the opera, the opening and dominating one, the "Cellini motif" representing the bold and daring spirit of the hero."

* * *

These comments taken together very properly raise the question as to what should be the scope and character of an analytical program for concerts like these, which are intended

to be largely educational. If we turn again to the extracts above and begin with Bach, we find a definition of fugue which does not define; a fugue discussed without telling what fugue it is, or for what instrument or instruments originally written, and in fact nothing at all about it. Of the literary style I say nothing—though it is at least a fair question as to what the term "for orchestral delineation" refers to—whether to the clause before the parenthesis or to the natural adaption of the fugue for this kind treatment.

Take now the comments upon Schumann. Observe the rôle of the scrap-book. Note the total absence of anything like sympathy with Schumann or with this work.

* * *

For a complete contrast in the whole tone of treating a great composer, let the reader who happens to have the *Century Magazine* for January 1894 turn to the article upon Schumann by Edouard Grieg. Here we have something altogether different. Every line breathes a spirit of intelligent sympathy with the ideals of a great tone-poet, and a recognition of the very patent fact that no other master excepting Bach has been so influential upon the present generation of musicians. Schumann's day has come, and it is *his* ideals, his thought, and to a large extent his methods which influence our leading composers. Piano-playing Schumann *made*—so radical are his innovations in the art. Without Schumann and Berlioz, Richard Wagner could not have been.

* * *

Vieuxtemps being a great virtuoso, figures largely in the scrap-book, and figures correspondingly upon the program. But it is in the last paragraph, where the work of Berlioz is in question, that the annotations distinguish themselves. What was this concert? A biographical study? A historical study? Or a study in tone-poetry? Undoubtedly if Mr. Thomas were to break his rule of silence he would say the latter. Certain beautiful tone-poems were brought together, carefully prepared by one of the best conductors now living, and here performed twice before an audience desirous of

better understanding them. First desirous of knowing them; then of enjoying them; later of remembering them; and, last of all, of understanding them in their mutual relations and relative beauties.

What aid is it possible for program annotations to afford in such directions as these? Let us consider.

Take the Bach fugue. The first thing the hearer wants to hear is the subject. Why not give this upon the programme, as a reminder to the unaccustomed ear? Somewhere along in the fugue there are clever bits of treatment. Why not print one or two short excerpts upon the program? And by all means tell the origin of the work—i. e. where it is to be found in the Bach works in its original form.

Take the symphony. Here we have not one piece but five, and each one with several subjects. All of the subjects ought to be given, and a few of the most important rarities of treatment. Then the discussion ought to specify the points generally conceded to be more beautiful than other works. Why not? This is not to prejudge the case. I am as far from desiring to furnish hearers opinions ready made as Mr. Thomas is. But suppose our hearer is now listening to the work for the first time. Most of it is lost upon him. Beauties reveal themselves to him in passing, but the impressions do not linger, and at the end he cannot recall a single one of the subjects. Here the program might help him, and *ought* to help him. Then suppose our listener hears the work four times in succession. At the third and fourth he notices quite a number of beauties which he missed entirely at the first hearing. Why might not the program have helped him to notice these at least in passing, at the very first hearing?

Or take the concerto. This work is for the violin solo, illustrating the characteristic technique of the greatest of French violinists. Why not give its subjects and indicate the peculiarities of technique making it different from other violin concertos. Then there was Mr. Bendix's cadenza. Why not give the opening measure of it, and indicate the peculiarities of technique illustrated by it, and the cleverness

of treatment of ideas, if you please. In short, talk about it exactly as Mr. Bendix would talk about it, for example, in explaining his work to the teacher, Mr. Jacobsohn. What the program ought to do is to place the reader as nearly as possible upon the standpoint of the musical connoisseur—not the *blasé* veteran "who has seen this moon before;" but the ever young old child, who finds at every hearing of a master work something new to admire.

With the Berlioz work the failure is still more flagrant. This remarkable work does not turn upon the personality of Benvenuto Cellini. The encyclopedias will have that when one gets home. But upon Berlioz, upon certain novel treatments of instruments, certain beautiful ideas, and certain delightful transitions—concerning which the program preserves the discreet silence of one who does not know. In short I object to these methods because they have the appearance of aiding the hearer without in reality affording the slightest aid. They are wholly outside the field.

* * *

It is said that Mr. Geo. H. Wilson prepares these analytical remarks. In this case I suppose I owe an apology to Mr. Wilson—or the reader might think so. But this is not the case. Mr. Wilson makes perhaps the sort of analytical program which he believes desired. For this sort of program he does it extremely well. Very little is said; but then there is as much art in in saying little as in saying much. Sometimes more art. If Mr. Wilson desired to make a different kind of programme no doubt he would do it. And do it quite as well as he has done these. Therefore I do not owe him an apolpgy, since I am not finding fault with his workmanship. On the contrary, I admire it. I only rise to a point of order that the annotations do not annotate much of anything which has to do with appreciating the works in performance.

* *

Here the manager will take me in hand and say that to make such a program as I mention will take time, and considerable space, and therefore cost money. I admit it. It

would cost from twenty to fifty dollars for the literary work upon each program; would occupy about eight pages of space; and would cost to print six thousand copies perhaps twenty-five dollars (including cost of composition and musical examples.) Or even say the latter were so numerous as to cost five dollars more, we have thirty dollars. Total perhaps sixty dollars per week until the entire repertory is covered. This amounts to a good deal, I admit. But then the chances are that the literary work is paid now at its full value. And supposing it does cost. So also does the rent of the house, the lighting, the services of a librarian, and even a business manager is not wholly without expense. In short, since these concerts are here for the noble and definite purpose of making known to the people of Chicago the beauties of orchestral playing in the finest works of all the best composers, why balk at a small additional expense for assisting the hearer to a more speedy appreciation? This is the practical question before the house.

* * *

Considering the things I see now and then in musical and other papers, pretending to give a description of important new works, I think I ought to say right here that I have nothing of this sort in mind. To say that a certain symphony opens with a flowing theme for the strings, which is answered by the flutes and muted horns, and presently is modulated into the key of x minor, where the second theme is given by the oboes and bassoons, (with a black mustache,) and all that sort of thing, has very little relation to understanding the work in hand. There is no kind of description in the words which can afford the slightest conception, in advance of hearing, of what the music will sound like. All builders' specifications of material and treatment are just as barren of awakening a concept of beauty as the same kind of thing in the case of architectural art. But the themes in notation assist the hearer in identifying the leading ones upon first hearing, without having to wait until he has gone through the treatment in order to ascertain which ones the composer regarded as greatest. In short the kind of anno-

tations I would desire would be a union of such as Mr. Thomas might make in speaking to some highly appreciative musical friend, combined with enough esoteric matter to make these apperceptions available to the average hearer.

* * *

"Man proposes but God disposes." For some weeks the daily papers contained allusions to the formation of a remarkable new musical society in Chicago, called the Wagner Club. The president of this high-sounding organization was Mr. Clarence Eddy, and among the members some of the best known musicians in the city. Its object, publicly stated, was that of promoting musical fellowship and patronizing Wagnerian opera (to be produced by amateur efforts) and other great works. MUSIC confesses that the end proposed did not seem upon inspection to be strictly correlated with the means at hand. The first concert of the club was given Dec. 6th in Central Music Hall, with a program upon which many important names figured. It is sad to say, but truth compels it, the city press with one accord pronounced the concert thoroughly amateurish in conception and execution. Exactly where the benefit to the late Mr. Richard Wagner will come in from the association of his name with this aggregation of solo talent, does not at the moment occur to us. Good fellowship is an eminently beautiful thing and desirable. But in what manner it is to be promoted by half prepared performances of important musical works is one of those things which still remain to find out. Persons desiring membership in this club will find an opportunity still open upon remitting an initiation fee of $5 or $10, according to the degree in which they desire the lodge to open, to Mr. Louis Guenzel, 364 Ontario St. Chicago. *Requiescat in pace!*

* * *

Mr. C. C. Bonney is now engaged in endeavoring to secure the publication of the full proceedings of the World's Congresses held at the Art Institute last summer. The Rev. Dr. Barrows has already published two large volumes containing the proceedings of the parliaments of religion hand-

somely printed and well illustrated. An examination of these volumes is sufficient to convince any intelligent reader of the desirability of publishing the proceedings of all the different sections. Some of the others no doubt might be made into monographs like this relating to religion. But many of them are not sufficient for an entire volume. The musical proceedings as already noticed in this magazine were not quite of so far-reaching a character as the committee had hoped in advance, but they contained, nevertheless, a number of interesting and valuable papers, and the proceedings as a whole would be of increasing value as landmarks later.

In electricity, it will be remembered, there was a gathering of some of the most distinguished scientists of the present day and there was no department in which at least a part of the papers were not of a high character and the discussions touching upon vital points.

MUSIC, therefore, begs to join heartily with Mr. Bonney in urging upon congress the great public utility of publishing these proceedings entire in all of the departments, with the same liberality in illustration already shown in the volumes upon religion. These latter, by the way, comprise more than 1,600 pages and 300 illustrations. They are well printed and sold by subscription at the unprecedently low price of $5 for the two volumes. As the religious was by far the most voluminous of any of the congresses we have here at least a good beginning towards an official publication of the proceedings in full.

* * *

One of the most important improvements which can befall the musical life of this country relates to small towns. How can it be brought about that the few highly appreciative persons in every community can be brought together for musical advantage and pleasure, in such a way as to promote their own education in taste and intelligence, and at the same time concentrate their influence for the musical advantage of the entire community? The difficulty which first meets the musical person in a small town is double: Society follows

the American line of cleavage, which is that of the denomination. This is no longer so much a matter of dogma as of mental types. Every denomination tends to effect a natural selection of a certain mental type. When an individual is gathered in belonging to a type different from that of the denomination in general he presently becomes uncomfortable, and later he goes out, or his orthodoxy suffers to such a degree that he is thrown out. Or at the very least he finds himself out of sympathy with the mass of his brethren. This naturally tends to restrict his usefulness and hamper his own development for want of that sympathetic stimulation which is so much larger a factor in mental growth than is commonly supposed.

Then the church life and its appertaining socialistic undertakings tend very much to run along denominational lines exclusively, not so much from meaning to do so as from the natural lack of workers where every denomination is mainly engaged in holding the ground for the day of fullness expected a few years later. In fact the churches in small American towns are either in a condition of feverish competition with each other, absorbing all the workable element, or else in a state of indifference, equally fatal to co-operative progress. And so, as noticed in speaking of church music, while the church effects in every community a natural selection of that portion of the community most disposed to spiritual and idealistic activities, (and by so much the natural public for the fine art of music,) as a rule it preoccupies its members with its own subjects and duties, which to a great extent prevent its taking much comfort for itself, or from following after "mere culture," as it pleases some of the grad-grinds to call it.

* * *

Of late years the denominational line has been drawn far less rigidly than it used to be in American communities. Many influences have conjoined to effect this loosening. The larger idea of the Christ has so taken possession of the popular heart as to belittle all attemps to limit the idea to the forms of any single denomination. In the popular imagina-

tion, if not as yet in the consciousness of the more active workers in the sects, the denomination appears but as a part of the great church militant, and the Christ idea far exceeds all limits of this kind. And it is seen that the Christ idea means, as the angels said it, "peace and good will to men," and so a complete fullness of manhood to every son of Adam, and a fair chance of his attaining it; and thus the latent possibilities of our common nature in the direction of art appear more and more worth developing. Hence a variety of philanthropic activities in even the small towns, exceeding denominational restrictions, and a few efforts at culture not carried on within church lines.

* * *

In the nature of the case the present solution is not final, if indeed it ought not to be called rather a *tendency towards* a solution, than even an *appearance* of solution. While the denominational lines have so far resisted all attemps to reduce them to imaginary boundaries, and union churches even in the smallest places have lacked heart and momentum, there must come a time when it will be seen that this restriction of religious groups to mental types of a single kind tends to impoverish not alone the outward activities of the group, through the preponderance within it of a single type of mind, and by so much a limitation of invention and adaptation in its practical activities; but even more an impoverishment of the religious idea itself, through the lack of minds of strongly contrasted powers, whereby the ideas tend to fall into fixed forms and no longer possess the moving potentiality of living and growing mind. Just how any social flux of the kind here suggested is to be reached is not apparent; nevertheless the idea is one which the future will realize.

* * *

And so the first idea in bringing together the music lovers of any small community is to make the selection from the whole community, not permitting denominational clannishness to cut any figure in it. The material thus brought together will most of it be gathered from church

circles; but there will always be a valuable element of well-disposed and idealistic persons who have been kept out of the church for want of conscious religious experience, or more likely out of unwillingness to give up for the sake of the church the artificial sins of culture and society which too often are made to stand out as forceful in the catalogue of church "shall nots" as the most vital offenses against morality and order.

One of the first questions in organizing a musical circle is as to the kind of material which it should aim to get together; and then what should be the prevailing character of its activity. It is evident that a music circle composed of young people mainly desirous of amusement and information would naturally tend to a different kind of activity from a circle composed of older persons desirous of making actual acquaintance with masterpieces of musical art, or of so much of them as could be practically brought to realization through the performing means possessed by the club. There exist at the present time many clubs of both these types. All over the country there are amateur musical clubs which bring together the active and passive music lovers for actual essays upon composers, and performances of arrangements of their works. The convention of amateur clubs held under Mr. Thomas' auspices at Jackson Park showed a very high average of performing ability in all parts of the country, so that in the departments of the pianoforte and singing there is little if any difference in the grade of performance between clubs from Boston and Hartford and those from Seattle, or Salem, Oregon. This being the case it is evident that a great future is open to these clubs, and in the direction of cultivating women musically they are doing admirable work. But the men are entirely left out, and one result will be that the men will not be found accessible when the sinews of artistic war have to be provided. Moreover, there is in music a form of social enjoyment capable of being appreciated by a tired son of Adam far more profitably than his usual restful avocations.

Another form of activity of this kind is that of the Musical Literary Clubs. This organization is formed and administered by Mr. W. M. Derthick, author of the "Manual of Music." He has been a long time bringing the details into good working order, but the present season is seeing a large number of these clubs formed, under conditions which appear to be working well. The material is mainly that desiring amusement combined with education. The exercises consist of musical programs, the game of musical history, out of which the club idea grew, and essays. The helping means consist of a copy of MUSIC, more or less other reading matter, and the program book of essays and analyses which will eventually be complete to the full year of forty weeks.

In one direction as yet very little is being accomplished. If in every town of ten thousand inhabitants or more could be formed a really fine choral club, numbering anywhere from forty to sixty singers at first, and gradually enlarged as the town improved and the material improved to a membership of one hundred or more, here would be a force which might be of the greatest possible use in the musical upbuilding of the town. The voice is the natural minister of the soul, as also is the ear. The voice to give information; the ear to receive it. Whatever comes to the ear from the human voice has in that fact stamp of spirit, for voice is always an exponent of soul. And there is no form in which finer musical ideas may be made to appeal so forcibly to the average man as when presented vocally. All that is needed is good directors—but this "all" is everything. We have very few competent directors, and unfortunately no school able to produce them.

At all events, whatever the proper method may eventually be found to be, there is no doubt but that the improvement of musical life in the smaller cities of the United States is a problem pressing most seriously for adequate solution.

* * *

During their late Chicago season the Bostonians pro-

duced two new operas, called "The Ogallalas" and "The Maid of Plymouth." The music of the former is by Mr. C. A. Waller, a young musician formerly from Louisville. It is ambitiously worked, and in many respects is a very encouraging evidence of tendency towards American operas of real attractiveness. It contains a very showy rôle for MacDonald, as War Cloud, in which among other striking properties adding to the verisimilitude, he wears a great war bonnet, which was loaned him by the chief Sitting Bear. It consists of a wreath of eagle feathers falling nearly to the ground—each feather in the entire circlet representing the life of an enemy. The book of "The Ogallalas" is of the dime novel order and the dialogue very attenuated. The situations are forced. And to this I must confess that the music appears to me to stop short of real melodiousness and spontaneity. I do not believe, therefore, that it will ever be popular. "The Maid of Plymouth" is lighter, more like other things which one has heard, and perhaps for that reason pleases better. The book deals with the incident of a worldly woman coming to Plymouth and by her wiles and secular attractions setting the entire colony by the ears. As Barnabee is the Elder who first falls victim, the grotesqueness is great. Cowles as Miles Standish has a becoming rôle, as also have Hoff, and the others except MacDonald who does not appear in it. The book needs attention, as the dialogue is rather thin in places, but the fundamental conception affords dramatic opportunities of high value. I think this work will prove a profitable addition to the repertory of the Bostonians.

It is a very risky thing to put on a new opera. It costs a great deal of money and more in the way of hard work. When "Robin Hood" was about ready the Bostonians had the opportunity of buying it for $2,500. As this was a large sum, they elected to make a royalty contract based upon the gross receipts. Under this they have paid the authors, Messrs. Smith and DeKoven about one hundred thousand dollars—the largest sum ever paid for an American musical work.

De Pachmann is back renewing all his old successes. He is a queer combination of specialized wisdom and what a friend of mine calls undifferentiated dam-foolism. The latter element of his character was uppermost after one of his recent recitals in New York, when a very distinguished pianist went back at the end to congratulate him. She found hin stalking up and down the stage in the greatest fury—saying: "Och Gott! These Ameri*ken* peoples vat dey do—dey know not mus*eek*. I vill go back to my Jerman*ie*. Here dey know notings. I blay like von Gott and vat dey do?" The visiting pianist took him by the hand, saying "Yes, Mr. de Pachmann, you *did* play like a God." Whereupon the irrepressible de Pachmann rejoined impatiently: "Blay like *von* Gott! I blay like *two* Gotts, and dey do notings." W. S. B. M.

GEORGE W. LYON.

IN the death of George W. Lyon, in Florida, January 12, at the age of sixty-eight there was removed to the majority one of the most characteristic presences in the entire music trade. Mr. Lyon was born at or near Boston, and, being gifted with a natural genius for music, he early learned to play every kind of orchestral instrument. He was a great friend of the late Patrick Gilmore, and for some years played an instrument in the same orchestra in Boston. Latterly this was the harp, of which he was extremely fond. A pleasant and fluent talker, able to display any kind of instrument from a kazoo to a bass drum, from a four-octave melodeon to a large church organ, clever at the piano, he was a natural salesman. His ready address made him hosts of friends, and it is quite likely that no man now living in the music trade had a wider circle of acquaintances than he.

His Chicago career commenced in 1864 when the house of Lyon & Healy was established here, with capital furnished by the late Oliver Ditson. Mr. Lyon was supposed to furnish the motive power, while Mr. Healy was supposed to keep the books and act as balance wheel—an office which he fulfilled to something like perfection. With sagacity the house of Lyon & Healy grew and prospered, until it is to-day one of the largest general houses in the business of musical merchandise in any part of the world. As Mr. Healy's sons began to be men he naturally desired to educate them to the business, and this led to differences between the partners so long associated, and so prosperous throughout their association. Then followed the separation, which was undoubtedly a great blow to Mr. Lyon, who naturally took the greatest possible pride in the magnificent business which he had helped to create.

While the house had been so prosperous, Mr. Lyon had never realized that he was a rich man, until he held in his

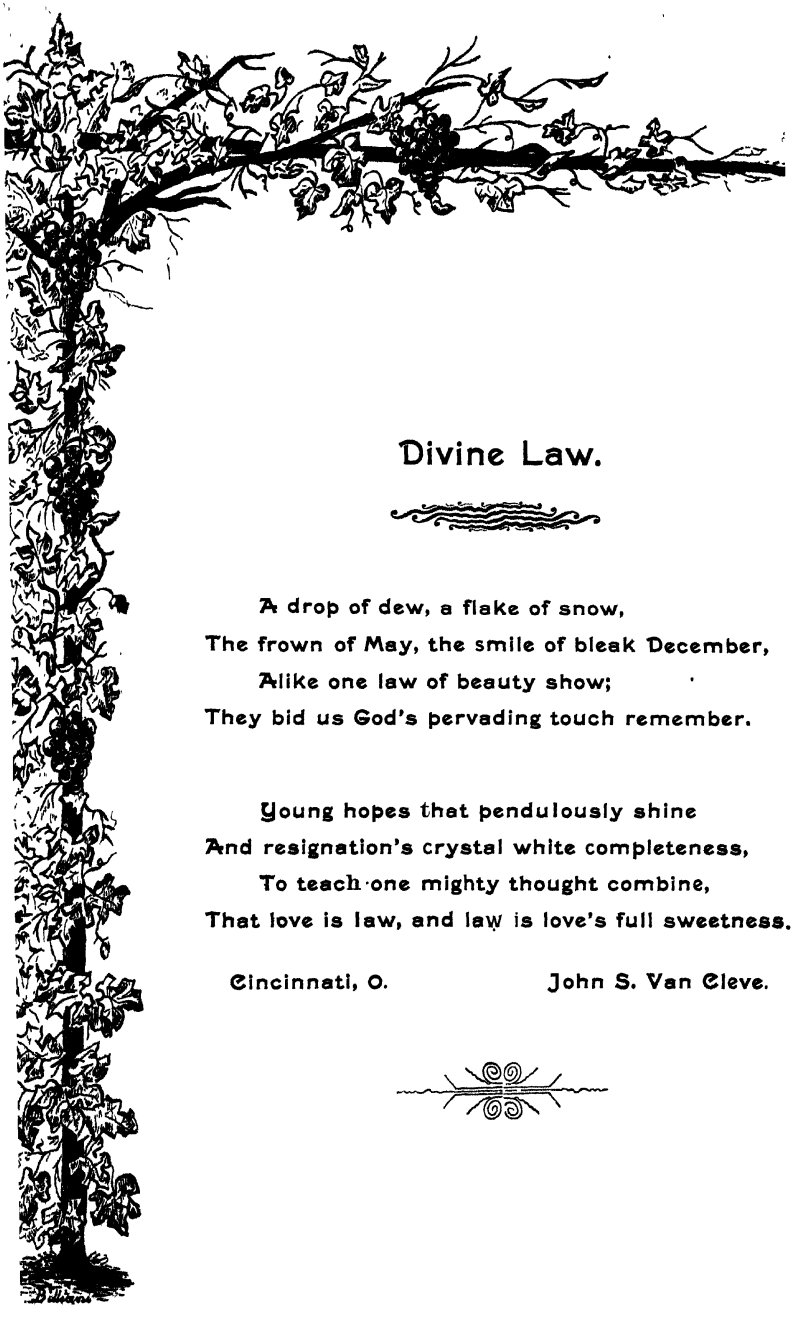
own hands the well selected securities representing well nigh a half million of dollars, paid him as his share of the accumulation.

A man of his restless temperament could not remain idle, although this was precisely the course which good sense would have advised, since he had already reached the age where business burdens sit heavily upon a man. The blow to his self-love rankled, and he succeeded in organizing the house of Lyon & Potter, and securing for it the invaluable Steinway agency. The years which followed were years of worry and care. The war between the two great houses of Lyon & Healy and Lyon & Potter was a very expensive one for both parties, and there is little doubt that Mr. Lyon experienced a serious blow in his self-love through the events of the trade of these years. Now, however, when the differences were measurably healed, and when the new house had found its proper channels to the public, retribution overtook the indefatigable worker, who had figured so prominently in the American music trade for so many years.

His principal solace in later years he found in inventing improvements to musical instruments. In this line he touched upon many things, and accomplished improvements more than creditable.

As a friends to music teachers, Mr. Lyon will be mourned by thousands. He was the right hand man of Mr. Clarence Eddy, when he first came to Chicago. It was through his advice that the for some time prosperous Hernsey Music School was established, and there are scores of musicians in this city and in the West who owe to the departed one memories of kindly words and friendly acts.

His death was due to a complication of troubles following upon an attack of the grip. He leaves a wife and two children. And the best that one can wish him is that he be now in some world where music reigns, more melodious than any which his earthly ears enjoyed; and where the kindly and cheerful word is the token of congeniality of soul. May he rest in peace!



Divine Law.

A drop of dew, a flake of snow,
The frown of May, the smile of bleak December,
Alike one law of beauty show;
They bid us God's pervading touch remember.

Young hopes that pendulously shine
And resignation's crystal white completeness,
To teach one mighty thought combine,
That love is law, and law is love's full sweetness.

Cincinnati, O. John S. Van Cleve.

LETTERS TO TEACHERS.

NEW SERIES. NO. 11.

ALMOST every day I get letters asking me about the graded studies bearing my name as Editor, published by Theodore Presser. The greater majority of these letters are duplicates in effect. I will venture to answer some of them here.

1. I am asked whether these graded studies are supposed to cover the whole ground of studies, instruction book, and technic. Also whether any studies in phrasing, such as MacDougal's melody studies or my "Phrasing," are to be used.

To this I answer: The "Standard Grades" are made with a great deal of care, selected out of a vast number of sets of études. They do not exactly meet any one single view, but are more of the nature of a compromise. The general idea is that for average pupils studying music while attending the public schools, these grades contain substantially all that is needed in the way of study. They cover that part of the practice which teachers usually cover with studies, meaning serious application to keyboard problems. The selections are generally very much more musical than the average of the various sets from which they have been selected. At the same time I confess they do not fully satisfy me. The space is too small, and the ground is not covered so well as it might have been had ten more pages been available with each grade. I would have liked for instance at least three more of Loeschhorn's Op. 66, in the fourth grade. There is not so much Bach as one needs to use. Then if one applies the Mason scales and arpeggios thoroughly, or applies almost any other good technics, there is no need of so many studies as there are here—especially if one applies Mason. Because the Mason arpeggio forms and scale forms, if carried out in the varying and rhythms varieties of touch and velocity, bring the execution along so rapidly as to render some of this finger work unnecessary. But I could not omit it because not all teachers use the Mason system, and many who think they do, do not understand it fully, and fail to take advantage of many of its useful provisions.

So on the whole graded studies must be taken as a fair average of the indispensable in the several grades.

It is also noticed that there is much study in phrasing and the question is asked whether one needs such things as my selections from Heller, Schumann, Bach, etc, embraced in the three books of "Phrasing and Interpretation." Here we strike a different question. The Standard grades aim at average goodness. But the modern taste is more and more demanding a finer delivery of melody, and a more musical interpretation. Here it becomes no longer a

question of fingers but primarily of *music*, and of musical intelligence and feeling. This we have to get in two ways: First by laying the foundations of musicianship through elementary work in harmony and the like, as I have touched upon in another place (See review of Mr. Goodrich's Harmony;) second by developing the musical feeling and taste, which is done by bringing the player in contact with pleasing and poetical pieces—some of the very best of which are found in these books of phrasing. Then it is a question of touch, and of applying differential touch to musical expression, for which these phrasing studies bring together the best material of which I have any knowledge. Therefore I should not find myself able to do without the phrasings, unless I were to use the original collections out of which they have been brought together, which would be a great deal more expensive and troublesome.

There is also what I may perhaps venture to call a "method" involved in the three books of phrasing. That is to say, I had in mind not alone the presentation of choice material, which will inevitably influence the student's musical qualities, but of placing the pieces in an order which would facilitate musical development, and be available as material for the progress of the quality of touch towards complete musical expression. It will be seen on examination that a close legato follows a staccato hand movement, the object being to relieve the heaviness which too often comes from unrelieved effort at legato. The touch is made more vital and responsive by observing these principles of versatility. So on the whole I should say that the graded studies do not render the phrasing studies superfluous. The Book II of Phrasing is in fact a beautiful "reader" for the fourth and fifth grades, and a finer selection of pieces within these limits of difficulty I have never seen. There is not one single one but the pupil ought to know; and there is not one but will be beneficial as technic, nor one which will not advance the musical life. They also have great value as specimens of the literature of the composers represented. In short these are pieces, pure and simple; tone-poems, annotated with the majority of the directions which I have found necessary to give students addressing themselves to these selections under my own direction.

2. Another class of inquirers desire to know whether the pupil ought to have volumes of "Touch and Technic," or whether the short directions in the beginning of the graded studies will be sufficient. To this I answer that it will be far better for the pupil to have all the books. But not all at once. In the first grade I might or might not advise to get the Vol. I of "Touch and Technic." In the second grade, Vol. II; in third Vol. III. In the fourth Vol. IV. Much out of each of these volumes ought to have been given the student orally before he has the book. This is my idea, but one might also get two volumes at start, in which case I would use the I and III. The II and IV would come in later, say in the third grade. But the scales will have to be studied in the first grade and in the second grade also. Only my idea is to teach the pupil key and scale

forming by the keyboard, and by oral instruction, and get it worked out in the form of written exercises before I place any manual of scales before him.

These scale and arpeggios books of Mason's are wonderfully inclusive. There is no end to the forms of exercise they provide, and one might experiment upon them with five hundred pupils and till with the last hit upon a new combination which for the individual case might be better.

3. Then as to the use of Instruction books. I do not think there is any instruction book which will be so good as combinations which the teacher might make. For example, in the beginning, if one had lessons covering the ground of my "Twenty Lessons" one would need to follow with a good reader, and this is precisely where the Grade 1 comes in. The only advantage of using the Twenty lessons at all lies in suggestions they contain for various elements of instruction which the graded studies do not contain, and which it was no part of their place to furnish. There is nowhere else that I know of in one book so large and generally interesting a collection of material for beginners as one finds in Grade I.

Of course there are two sides to the instruction book question. When the teacher does not use one, the pupil often misses elementary instruction which should have been given. A young teacher, not having had instuction in method of presenting material or of combining it, will often do better to follow a book than to undertake to make her own combinations. I am of opinion, however, that all this elementary part of musical training should be given out of a small book independent of the instruction book or books of studies. If you will look over any piano method you will find that at the beginning there is quite a little of theory and explanation, and that later there is very little, and what there is scattered about in such a way that when you happen to desire to refer to it you cannot find it. Moreover, when you do find it you will discover that there is after all very little of it. Compare any instruction book you please with a primer like Palmer's, for instance, and you will discover that the book is far behind.

But I regard Palmer's popular little treatise as very far from covering the ground. What we need in the beginning and all along with the first two grades is material for musicianship. It is not alone a question of a staff and notation, as in Palmer, but quite as much of chords, keys, rhythms, periods, and the like. In short, all the elementary concepts of musicianship ought to be given the pupil (brought to his musical consciousness) during the first two grades. And they can very well be. I have had many letters from young teachers trying to carry out the system indicated in my "Twenty Lessons" reporting that they have had excellent success, and that while they could not cover the ground in the time I mentioned, they did succeed in accomplishing more than ever before, and that their pupils not only learned more and played better, but were far more wide-awake and interested. This was exactly the inten-

tion. Quite possibly there may be twenty other ways of doing this better; all I mean is that here is *one* way of getting it. To seperate the elementary text books into a primer of pianoforte, primer of harmony, etc. is all wrong, because this fundamental instruction takes place before specialization begins. This is a question of the rudiments of "Music," as the old books quite properly used to say, however little they accomplished what they claimed. What we want is a primer of musicianship, in which these elementary concepts are prearranged for presenting in object lesson and experimental form; but followed up instanter with clear definitions and complete information—to the fullest extent available for the early grade. Much of the grading is too fine. It is like putting the legs of the horse in the first grade, his neck in the second, his mane in the third, and the body being larger falling in the fourth. The tail lags behind in the fifth grade. Meanwhile it so happened that the child's attention to the horse was attracted by the accidental whisk of the fith, grade part, the tail it being fly time. In short, while it is quite possible to bring pupils along to play cleverly through the first, second and third grade (and I judge from some of the concerts I hear to the eight and tenth as well) without the slightest taint of musicianship, it is entirely impossible to make musical players in this way, and still less to make intelligent and independent musical players in such a way.

Intelligent playing depends upon the clear presentation of the elements out of which a tone poem is made up. It has a melody, which is in a certain key; the melody is composed of successive phrases which have relation of question and answer, and have to be delivered with this in mind; the melody tones are accompanied by chords, which of course follow more or less closely the natural track of the key, (to use Mr. Klauser's handy form of expression). Then there are the rhythmic elements, the pulsation, the movement, the measure, the rhythm against the background of measure, and the various multiple rates of motion which combine in the melody and accompaniment. This sounds elaborate, but there is hardly any piece so simple as not to illustrate all these entities. Now it is not possible to play well without apprehending all these elements. Unless the player knows the melody as a whole, the expression will fail; unless the chords are felt they will come to the hearer as single tones; and unless the chord successions are felt in their general completeness of repose upon the tonic, motion all about, and finally tonic repose, the playing will not give the harmonic move ment its proper swing.

Nor is there any rational memorizing which does not take account of all these elements. But by a fortunate dispensation of Providence the pupil is far better pleased when he finds out how to take his piece apart and put it together again, than when it comes to him unorganized, like a segment of ju-ju paste. It is through this inner organization and relation of component parts that the mind of the composer comes out to meet that of the interpreter and the appreciative hearer.

We are dealing in music with an art in which imagination has great play. It is not a question of arithmetic, where you must first do the fundamental rules, and so along, one kind of process after another. In music you are liable to strike fractions before long division, and so far is the art dependent upon intuitive faculties which in great part do their work automatically and unconsciously to the player, that grading is violated continually, and many times without disadvantage. A cold day now and then does not invalidate the fall or spring season of the year. And so it is in music.

And so I say upon these points that we need to teach a great deal more music in the first two or three grades. And to this conveniently we need a little text book, showing what and how. Alas! Are there not yet books enough?

4. Many ask how they are to keep up with the new music. The best way for a teacher living remote from musical centers is to have your music dealer send you a package of teaching material once or twice a year, returnable if not used. Many dealers send out these packages to teachers, and some make a specialty of doing so. Mr. Theodore Presser, I believe, does a great deal of this work. Of course it would be better if such a package were to be made up of selections from several good publishers, but this is too much to expect. Reviews of new pieces are of very little use. A piece is so very different from any kind of description of it that I doubt whether any characterization ever penned carried an adequate concept to the reader who did not happen to know the pieces in question. The *Music Review* makes a specialty of furnishing a long list every month. By reading carefully you will get many suggestions, and now and then exactly the piece you want. There is however a weakness in this kind of work which it is not possible to escape. The work takes a great many hands, and after all you never know whose opinion it is that is printed. It happens from this co-operation of authorship that the standpoint of the writer continually shifts without the reader being aware of it. Words mean differently as used by different writers. If you know for instance that Mr. Cady says so and so, you have one opinion of it: if some other teacher whose opinions and methods are wholly unknown to you says so and so you have to take it on trust. The influence of the personal equation is to you a secret.

Of course I do not conceal from myself that the same is true when a single writer attends to the whole list. A good writer probably does not teach much, and the practical element may be wanting in the judgments. Then we all have certain ideals, towards which we lean. I want a pupil, for instance, to play Beethoven and Schumann and Bach well. This means depth, fullness and musical quality of touch, and innate seriousness of soul. It is impossible to play these authors well without these qualities. Hence I give selections appealing to these elements in the pupil, and out of a piece apparently not very difficult I may make something productive for a student so advanced as to regard the selection as easy and

hardly worth while. A case in point I may cite is the Grieg "Song of the Night Watchers" which stands at the end of the Grade VII. Mr. Presser objected seriously on the ground of its being too easy for the grade, and so perhaps it is. But I had in mind something in the touch which is not quite so easy. So while reading attentively reviews may now and then suggest an important piece or tool, for every teaching piece is a tool to the teacher, it will be only rarely that this will be the case.

In this line an important new departure has been made in the present issue of MUSIC. We have arranged for full pages of novelties from several publishers. These will be changed every month, and teaching music will form the greater part of them. Other publishers will add themselves to the list presently, and later we expect to have at least eight full pages of musical novelties advertised every month. We believe that the publisher's statement of the intention of the works is as likely to be useful to the reader in influencing a selection, as any brief characterization, unless it could be done by a single reviewer.

W. S. B. M.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.

(CONTINUED).
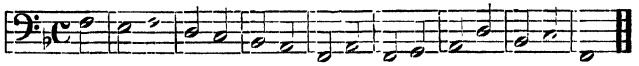
EXAMINATION FOR FELLOWSHIP.

GENERAL MUSICAL THEORY.
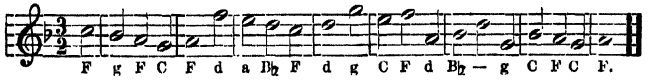
This examination consisted in the presentation of a written Thesis on some topic relating to the theory or practice of Music, and of a composition requiring not less than eight minutes for its performance (see Prospectus, page 37), in addition to a written examination in the following branches:

HARMONY.
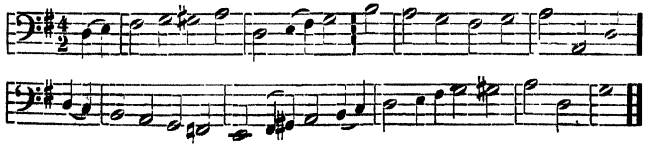
1. Harmonize following Bass in four parts. The letters represent the roots of chords to be used. Roots, however, do not always appear in the Bass. Capitals represent major chords, small letters minor chords.
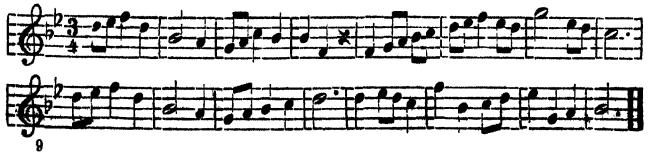


2. And the following melody in four parts. Additional parts may be embellished.



3. Harmonize the following Bass in four parts. Additional parts may be embellished.



4. And the following melody in four parts. Additional voices may be embellished (imitation, etc).
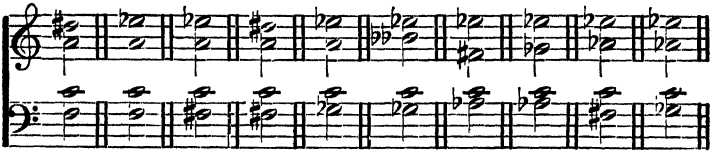


5. Take same melody and write free piano accompaniment.

6. Write and harmonize in four parts an original melody of eight or more measures.

7. Give some general principles which you would carry out in teaching modulation.
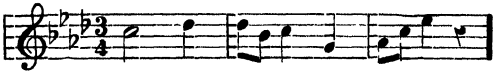
8. Resolve each of the following two or more ways. Indicate keys and give explanations.



COUNTERPOINT.
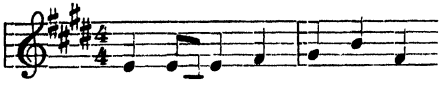
1. To an original Cantus of not less than eight (8) measures write an example of four-part Counterpoint. Place the Cantus in alto, and write a florid soprano. Candidates may use the old clefs, but piano score will be accepted.

2. Continue the following Cantus to eight or more measures, and add a double Counterpoint in the octave.



3. To an original florid Cantus (at least eight measures long), and two other florid parts.

4. Write the exposition of a four-part fugue, employing the following subject:



5. a. Give a brief description of the Fugue forms.

b. Write a subject requiring a tonal answer, and one requiring a real answer.

c. Quote the subject of one of the fugues of Bach.

1. Describe the Overture form.
2. Describe the Scherzo form (usual).
3. Describe the Fugue form (tonal and real).
4. Describe the Canon form.
5. Describe the Sonata form.

6. Analyze the accompanying piece of music, indicating by means of terms, brackets, and metrical cipher:

a. Principal theme.

b. Episodes (secondary themes).

c. Connective or transitional passages.

d. Motival structure, key passed through, and any other particulars which you consider would contribute to a thorough understanding of the example submitted.

ACOUSTICS. .

1. Explain and illustrate the difference between Concords and Discords.

2. Explain Echo and state its laws.

3. Explain Resonance.

4. What causes the difference between the tone of the violin, flute, oboe, and horn?

5. Write concerning velocity and intensity of sounds.

HISTORY

1. What was the attitude of the early Christians toward music and musical instruments.

2. Name three or more important innovations made by Monteverde. When did he live?

3. Whose organ accompaniments were the first to present a harmonic rather than a contrapuntal character? In other words, with whom does the *harmonic* style begin?

4. Why did the Sonata supersede the early Suite?

5. When did the conquest of Constantinople occur, and what influence in the musical art-world was exerted by that event?

6. Enumerate the instruments employed by Peri in his first opera, and give particular reasons for the fact that most of them have fallen into disuse.

7. (a) What were the very beginnings of German Opera?
(b) Of modern German Opera?

8. Write concerning the Classic and Romantic in music, naming prominent composers in each school, and giving two reasons for your classification.

9. Mention the principal theories and reforms instituted by Richard Wagner, and enumerate some of the uses to which he puts the "*Leit-Motiven.*"

10. Give a list of composers, native and foreign, whose works belongs to the present era, and give any additional facts or views, that you may wish to, in regard to musical art in America.

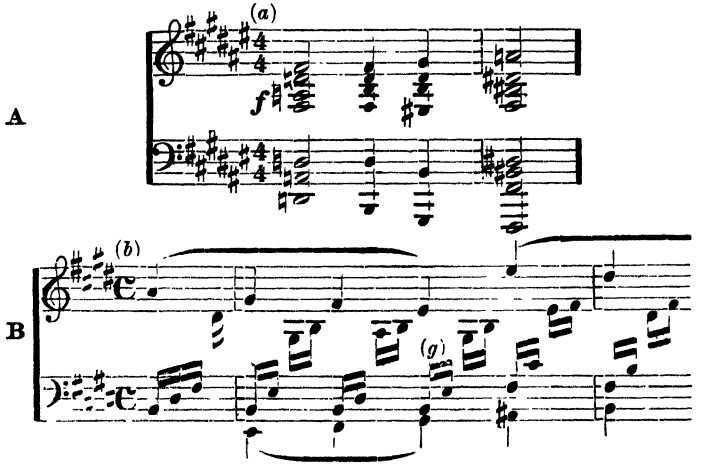
PIANO FORTE.

DEMONSTRATIVE EXAMINATION.

The Demonstrative Examination consisted of test exercises in touch, technique, reading at sight, transposition, and the performance of selections, at the discretion of the examiners, from the list of works given in the Prospectus for Associateship Examination (see Prospectus page 12, supplemented by original lists handed in by the candidates.

SPECIAL THEORETICAL EXAMINATION.

a. Indicate, by means of brackets ⌐, the exact use of the damper pedal in the following excerpts:



b. How many voices are there in the last example, by Mendelssohn?

c. Which is the most important voice?

d. Which voice is next in importance?
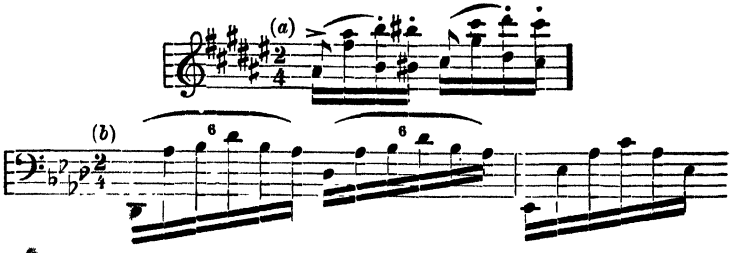
e. What degrees of force would you designate for the voices separately considered?

f. At which sixteenth note would you let go of the quarter notes on the third beat of the measure, marked g.

g. How would you use the wrist and shape the hand, so as best to develop both the tone [alike in forte and piano], and a legato ecution in each hand?

h. What difference in point of force should there be in the six notes of the upper voice? Mark the notes accordingly.

2. Explain the correct mode of using the wrist in the following.
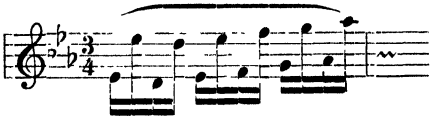


3. Write a melody with rhythm and accent appropriate to the following sentence:

"The first exercises ought to be transposed into various keys and played by memory."
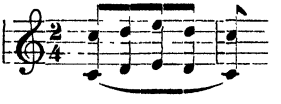
4. Describe all the purposes for which the wrist should be employed, and the movements necessary in each case.

5. What muscles are employed in playing the following passage?
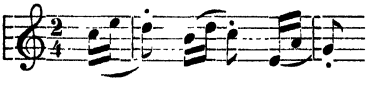


6. In what way does the development of the extensor muscles improve the powers of the hand?

7. Describe the movement of the thumb when playing octaves legato.



8. How would you use the wrist to secure a crisp effect in the following three note motives?



9. Which muscles move the fingers sidewise in spreading the hand to play a chord or arpeggio?

10. In developing the hand for the piano, is it advisable, in your opinion, to confine the training to the knuckle action to the extent that has prevailed in the past? In this connection what notable advance has been made in finger training during the last twenty years?

11. Outline a classical course of pianoforte study, exercises, studies and pieces, that would deal, on general principles, by graded steps from, say the moderately difficult "Songs Without Words" to the C minor concerto, Beethoven.

12. Mention ten to twenty salon compositions by American composers and others, which might be interspersed throughout the course.

ORGAN.

DEMONSTRATIVE EXAMINATION.

The Demonstrative Examination consisted in the performance of selections in Sonata Form, Polyphonic Style and Free Style, from the list of works given in the Prospectus for Associateship Examination (see Prospectus, page 28), supplemented by original lists handed in by the candidates; in addition to which there were various tests in reading Organ-score, Vocal-score (with F, G and C clefs); the playing of Hymns and Gregorian Chants transposition of the same, playing in Four-part Harmony, from a Figured Bass with Treble, Alto, Tenor and Bass clefs, and an extemporaneous performance on a given heme.

1. a. Write a historical sketch of the organ from the earliest times to the present.

b. Name some of the improvements in its structure made during the past fifty years.

c. Give the name of a celebrated German organ builder of the time of J. S. Bach.

2. By whom and when was the first invention made for lightening touch?

3. When, where and by whom were pedals first used?

4. a. How is the power or intensity of organ tone determined?

b. What is the ordinary wind-pressure?

5. a. Which sounds have the greatest carrying power, those of high or low pitch?

b. Which quality (timbre) is the most pervading, flute, open diapason or reed tone?

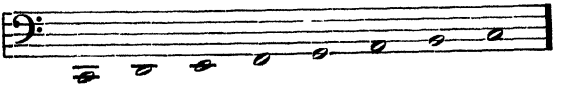
6. a. Give names of different compound or mixture stops.

b. What is the theoretical reason for their employment?

c. What does their value and satisfactory effect depend upon?

d. Describe the manner of their composition, and state what is meant by "breaks" in the scale.

e. Write the notes over the following scale, giving the effect of a three or four rank mixture when used alone.



7. a. What are resultant tones?

b. In what organ stops this acoustic phenomenon sometimes availed of, and how?

8. Write a scheme for a chapel organ, say eight sounding stops, one manual and pedal, give compass, and specify suitable mechanical accessories.

9. Write a scheme for an organ with twenty sounding stops, and suitable accessories. Let it be for two manuals and pedal. Give full compass.

10. Write a scheme for an organ with forty sounding stops, three manuals and pedal with suitable accessories.

11. Compare the organ and the orchestra. What points of simlarity have they, and in what do they diverge?

12. What registration would you suggest for orchestral string, wood-wind and brass-wind passages respectively?

13. How would you accompany a chorus (say of one hundred voices) in "Behold! God, the Lord, passed by!" in Mendelssohn's "Elijah?" Suggest registration to reproduce as nearly as possible the orchestral effects.

14. How is it that many organ pieces, especially the older ones are lacking in directions for registration, in marks of expression, phrasing and musical punctuation? How would you proceed in studying such works in order to arrive at their correct interpretation? State some general principles that would guide you in all the above points.

15. State characteristics of German, French, English and Italian organ music.

16. Do the character and technique of the organ necessitate modification or extension of the Sonata in its composition? Compare the organ and piano Sonata. State æsthetic considerations influencing its relative treatment for one or the other instrument, whether as to its general design, or as to its polyphonic structure.

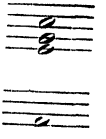
17. What is the usual form of the organ Fantasia?

18. Compare Händel and Bach as composers for the organ, their styles and the value and extent of their organ works.

19. Name pupils of J. S. Bach who attained eminence as organists and composers.

20. a. In transposing a hymn tune, what means do you employ?

b. Write a system of clefs that would make this chord with proper signature:



Successively, that of A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

21. State what you can of the progress of organ building and organ music in this country during the past forty years.


Chickering

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(John Church Company.)

THREE SACRED SONGS BY C. A. HAVENS.

"Just as I am."

"Heaven is my home."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say."

These songs, curiously meagre from a melodic standpoint, might be made effective in church by a singer with a strong middle register, and a very clear and heartfelt delivery of the text. They are for soprano except the last, which is for alto. The accompaniments are written for organ.

(From Clayton F. Summy.)

TWO CONCERT ETUDES FOR PIANOFORTE. BY AD. M. FOERSTER

No. 1. "Exultation."

No. 2. "Lamentation."

The first is a useful wrist study, fifth grade. The second is interesting upon musical grounds, but for study purposes perhaps hardly worth while. Latter part of 5th grade.

MELODY FOR ORGAN. BY JOHN A. WEST.

A pleasing organ piece, well registered. It has been played by Mr. Eddy at several of his concerts. Principal key C. Grade 5.

TWO SONGS BY CLAYTON JOHNS. BOSTON MUSIC CO.

"Woodland Lullaby."

"Roumanian Gypsy Song, No. II."

The first of these is a very pretty lullaby, in the key of D flat, progressing throughout in a curious alternation of tonic and dominant harmonies, of the principal and the nearest related keys. Compass nine notes, from D flat below the staff.

The second is a curious folk song, with a strange rhythm, and unusual modulations necessitated in the melody itself. It would be interesting to know whether this is a really a folk song which Mr. Johns heard and caught, or one compleetly invented. In either case it is an interesting song, admitting of effective public use by a good singer. The rhythm is complicated and evasive, but when properly done has the character of free improvisation. Key A minor, compass below the staff to fifth line.

SONATA D MOLL, für VIOLINE und KLAVIER. Componirt von PAUL GOLDBERG. No. 2054. A. Forlevesi & C. Firenze.

This able and beautiful work is dedicated to August Wilhelmji. After a short introduction the Allegro begins in 12-8 time somewhat passionate and broken. The second subject, more lyric in character, is treated in an eminently effective manner, and the whole move-

ment is at once interesting and brilliant for both instruments. The second movement is a Romanza, in E flat and G minor, with plenty of counterpoint and G string. It works up to a very taking close There is then a pleasing Intermezzo, of a quasi-gavotte movement The Final is *Allegro brillante* again, in the original key.

A Book of Songs. By Ethelbert Nevins. Op. 20. Boston Music Company.
"A Fair Good Morning."
"Sleep, Little Tulip."
"Every Night."
"When the Land is White with Moonlight."
"A Song of Love."
"Nocturne."
"Dites-Moi."
"Chantez! La Nuit sera Brève."
"In der Nacht."

This collection of songs is one which no lover of beautiful poems well set to music can afford to miss, particularly if he have a spark of American feeling in his breast. Space does not serve to speak of each of these in turn to the extent which its merits would justify. The first song, "A fair good morn to thee, my love," is an easy and charming melody. The second is to the charming poem of Eugene Field, and the setting is as whimsical as the original poem, and has the same happy faculty of making one feel its beauty before letting up on him, with its "ancient mariner" grip. In fact one would not believe the music possible if here it were not written out so that every one could see—and so fitly done, too, that any one can realize that even the un-sonata-like soul of Field might have felt it in advance. It is a soprano song. The next one, "Every Night" is not worth while. "When the Land was White with Moonlight" is a contralto song to words by Anna Reeve Aldrich. As a whole the book is like a new volume of poems by the author one likes best.

Rustling Pines Waltz. By John C. Walling. Hammer's Music Store. Sacramento, Cal.

A set of pleasing waltzes for dancing, with a suggestion of something better in them. The engraving is barren as to phrase marks, fingerings, and nearly so of marks of expression. This gives the piece the prima facie aspect of appealing to players above such trifles. A reliable kind, going straight on, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. And of such is not the kingdom of heaven.

Swing Song. (Song without Words) John C. Walling.

A pleasing third grade piece.

Edelweiss. Cantata. By G. W. Stratton.

The Minstrel of Capri. By G. W. Stratton. Boston G. W. Stratton & Co.

Two very admirable works. The former is for children from eight to fifteen years of age. The latter for young ladies' performance, with full possibilities of stage and orchestra provided for.

The music is melodious and charmingly done. It is simple, yet not without style and the power to touch the feelings. The minstrel of Capri is a young street singer, with prima donna possibilities. There is a vein of patriotism in both works which is not misplaced in these days when so large a part of our musical fountains flow through foreign nozzles.

TWO GERMAN SONGS. BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

"Maiden with the mouth so rosy."

"Spring hopes."

These two well written songs, with good melodies and musicianly but in no sense abstruse treatment. are well worthy the attention of any to whom good songs are a pleasure. The song parts lie well for the voice, and while they are not at all difficult they succeed very well in avoiding hackneyed progressions. They are for mezzo voce. The first one is in the key of A, running from middle C sharp to F on the fifth line. The piano part it treated more freely, and the voice and accompaniment need to go very easily together. The effect then is good. Both songs go rather quickly—a good smart allegretto, not patter, but not at all spun out.

WALZES FUER KLAVIER: von ANTON DVORAK. OP. 54. N. Simrock, Berlin.

A charming set of waltzes, four in number, belonging to the American period of this composer. They are musical and pleasing, but not strictly pianoforte music—i. e. not suited for display. About 5th grade.

CHARACTERISTIC STUDY. ÆOLIENNE. FOR PIANO. BY EDWARD BAXTER PERRY. Philadelphia, Theo. Presser.

This piece, out of the Concert repertory of Mr. Perry, is intended to illustrate a passage from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia,' beginning:

> We are the voices of the wandering winds,
> Which moan for rest end rest can never find:
> Lo! as the wind is so is mortal life,
> A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife!"

By means of delicate arpeggios he imitates an Æolian harp. Excellent study for very light arpeggios with melody. Arpeggios in both hands at the same time, and in rather difficult positions. About the 7th grade, or 8th. Pleasing when well played.

(From the John Church Company):

VALSE BRILLANTE for the piano, by W. L. Blumenschein. Op. 23.

IMPROMPTU FOR THE PIANO, by W. L. Blumenschein. Op. 22.

These two pleasing compositions will be welcomed by teachers as they are agreeable for practice and at the same time capable of serving important technical ends The Impromptu consists of running work in triplets for the right hand against a motion of two for the left hand. As the key is A minor the positions are not those usually found in passages of this character. The second sub

ject, in A major, is a singing melody, which afterwards becomes addet, the thumb of the left hand having important services to render. Among a few misleading typographical errors are to be noted the omission of a double sharp before F in the bass of measure three, third line of page 7; and the omission of a treble clef at the second measure of page 3, line two. Advanced fourth or early fifth grade.

The Waltz (why French?) is less difficult, falling at the end of the fourth grade. It is in the key of E flat.

SONGS BY LEANDRO CAMPANARI.

"Ave Maria." Key of E.

"Egyptian Song" from Ben-Hur. G minor.

"Fair Daffodils." Poem from Herrick. Key of D flat.

"Long Years Ago." Dramatic Air. Key of E flat.

These songs are above the average, having in them that two-fold something which is hardly ever absent from compositions by good Italian composers. They lie well for the voice, though the compass is rather wide; and they are melodious. Like many things by the younger Italian writers the harmonic progressions are rather strong-not to say daring. One particularly striking case of the kind, whichany teacher of composition crosses out on sight, is the sequence of sevenths, on page 4 of the Ave Maria, lower line. Here the soprano sings the seventh in four successive measures and chords, having E (fourth space) in chord of F sharp diminished, D resolving into E in the same chord, the D standing as seventh to the bass, which there temporarily goes down to E, and C in a chord of D, and finally skipping up to G on a chord of A. This is a very rare example, and the reviewer is obliged to confess that early prejudices in the way of musical "must-not's" prevent his liking it. The "Ave Maria" is an effective composition. The Egyptian song runs to queer melodic skips and rhythms, suggestive of something foreign, which may as likely be Egyptian as anything else. The "Ave Maria" and the "Fair Daffodils" seem to be most likely to please. The dramatic air has a good deal of tremolo and pianissimo chromatics in the bass,—a mischief brewing. They are all ambitious efforts, and deserve to be scanned by singers in search of effective novelties.

DR. MASON'S EDITION OF WEBER'S WORKS.

The house of Schirmer has published a new edition of several of the most important of the pianoforte works of Carl Maria von Weber, edited byDr. William Mason. These are issued in sheet form, as well as in collected volumes, party because they differ so widely in difficulty as to appeal to so many different grades of pianists; and partly, it is to be feared, because more money would result in this form. The works now at hand are:

Op. 7. Seven Variations on the Air "Vien Qua Dorina Bella."

" 12. Momento Capriccioso.

" 21. Grande Polonaise.

" 17. Variations on a Russian Air, "Schöne Minka."
" 62. Rondo Brilliante.
" 79. Concert Stück.

The editing in all these cases is of the most conscientious and painstaking description. The text is scrupulously revised, the notation improved wherever possible; the extended chords supplied with alternate passages for small hands, and above all the fingering carefully indicated by a pianist who was educated in the school which these works represent, and has played them in public many and many times, and knows therefore exactly what will go in the studio and what will be required under the pressure of the concert room. They are recommended therefore to students. The works themselves are very important, although we are living in times which are disposed to neglect Weber and his great successor Mendelssohn. The Momento Capriccioso, for instance, composed at Stuttgart in 1808, furnishes an advance type of light and fairy-like scherzo, which Mendelssohn afterwards illustrated so charmingly, and an interlude of choral-like chords, such as we find later in Rubinstein's "Kamennoi Ostrow," No. 22. The great concert piece has not ceased even now to constitute an attractive war-horse for young champions for the piano.

CONCERTO in F SHARP for PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, by Sigismond Stojowski, Op. 3, London and Leipsic, Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt and Hatzfeld.

This is a brilliant and difficult concerto here printed for two pianos. It is dedicated to Anton Rubinstein and the technic is very much in his style. It contains a few charming ideas, a number of brilliant passages and a great deal of difficult playing. It is one of those new concertos which are sometimes wickedly characterized as works which one always speaks well of but never plays. The pianists in search of new passages may possibly find something to his taste in this elaborate work. The two piano score extends to seventy-nine pages, and the time may be anywhere from half an hour to an hour.

Poet-Lore Magazine opened its fifth year in January. Among the novelties in preparation for the coming year are some unpublished letters by George Eliot, some translations from French and German and some essays in comparative literary criticism upon plays of Shakespeare and other masterpieces. This Magazine, edited by Helen A. Clarke and Charlotte Porter is the only one of the kind in the world, and deserves to be supported. The subscription price is $2.50 per year.

MUSICAL NOVELTIES.

For Sale by All First-Class Music Dealers.

VOCAL.

He'll Come Again To-Morrow. Song. Words by Walter Brown. Music by Julian Edwards. A flat. 4 c to F..50c

I Love You So. Song. Words by Claxson Bellamy. Music by Julian Edwards. F 4. c to F.... 40c

In God's Own Time. Song. Words by George P. Handy. Music by Julian Edwards. G 4. d to g..... 40c

Sound the Anthem. Tenor and Bass duet. Words and music by C. A. Havens. D 4 60c

Love's Solace. Song. Answer to Shelley's "Love Sorrow." Words by W. E. Kroger. Music by Paolo F. Campiglio. D flat 4. f to g... 40c

A Regret. Song. Words by Bessie Henderson. Music by Emil Weigand. D 4. E to g 40c

Softly Slumber. Quartet for Mixed Voices. Words by J. J. Roberts. Music by Stocks Hammond. G 3 1-2. Octavo..... 8c

What fearest Thou, My Heart? Song. Words by W. E. Kroger. Music by Carlo Mora. E flat. 4 d to g... 50c

The Blessings. Short Solos and Quartets for the Offertory and other parts of the church service. By W. L. Blumenschein. Op. 21. D K. 4. Oct. 75c

An Evening Barcarolle. Part Song for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass. Words by Wm. Fieldsend. Music by Stocks Hammond, Mus. Doc. C 3 1-2. Oct. 10c

The Monkey said to the Chimpanzee. Quartet or Chorus for Men's Voices. By Geo. B. Nevin. A flat 3. Oct....10c

The Maiden and the Rose. Song. Words by Martha A. Clark. Music by Castell Brydges. B flat 3. F to F. Picture title... 50c

The House That Jack Built. Song. Written and Composed by Louis Weslyn Jones. D 3 1-2. E to g..... 50c

Refuge. (Asyl). Op. 21. A minor 4. D to g.....30c

Dost Remember, Darling? (Weiss't, mein Liebchen, du wohl noch? Op. 22, F 4 d to e... 35c

Night on the Oasis, Auf nacht umflorter Oase. Op. 23. D. minor 4. C. to F. 35c

Spring's Awakening, Fruehling's Erwachen. Op. 28. G. 4. E to F.....35c

Twilight is Fleeting. A Lullaby for Male Voices. Words by Geo. H. Rareshide. Music by P. F. Campiglio. B flat 3 1-2. Octavo.....10c

I Shall Be Satisfied. Sacred Song. By James R. Murray. E flat 3 1-2. D to E 60c

Hymn to St. Joseph. Solo and Chorus. By J. W. F. F 3. C. to F.....30c

FOR THE PIANO.

Liberty Bell March. Composed by John Philip Sousa. B flat 4 50c
The great success of the day.

Impromptu. By W. L. Blumenschein. A minor and major 5$1.00

Aus Meiner Sommer Ferien, From my Summer Vacation. Characteristic pieces for the piano. By Charles Becker. Op. 25

1. Aus Venedig, On Venice Waters. G. 3.. 30c
2. Ritter, Chivalry. G 3..... .30c
3. Neckerei, Frolics. B flat 3.....35c
4. Tyroler, The Tyrolean. A. 3....30c
5. Hanswurst, The Clown. G 3. ..30c
6. Blumenmaedchen, Flower Girl, B flat 3..... 30c
7. Jagdscene, The Hunter. G 3 30c

The Apollo Deux Temps. Two-Step Polka. By E. L. Cranmer. D 3....40c

Schlummerlied, Slumber Song. By Carolyn Pearle Rogers. F 3 40c

At the County Fair. March. By W. A. Frederick. E flat 3 1-2.....50c

Then You'll Remember Me. Bohemian Girl, Fantasia. By A. T. Cranmer. B flat 5.$1.00

STUDIES FOR THE PIANO.

Rhythmical Exerises. How to play two notes against three, three against four, etc. By F. R. Adams.....$1,25

PIPE ORGAN MUSIC.

Oblong Sheet, Pedal Obligato on Separate Staff.

Andante Con Moto. John Jackson. A. R. A. M. G 5..... 30c

Prelude. Boyton Smith. C 4..... ...40c

Sketch for the Organ. W. J. Westbrook. G 4..... 25c

Prelude. Charles Joseph Frost. F 4 30c

March. E. Silas. B flat 5..... ...$1.00

Introduction and Choral. Bennett) D. K.

March, Nottingham.. ∫4 50c

Andante. T. M. Pattison. 4. 35c

Six Short Voluntaries for the Organ with Pedal part ad libitum. By Richard W. Crowe, D. K. 5. $1.50

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

On the Lagoon. By Florence M. Reeves. G 3 1-2 75c

MANDOLIN, GUITAR, ETC.

Danza Carratteristica. By Salvatore Tomaso. C 4. $1.20

Francis Gavotte. By Salvatore Tomaso. D 3 1-2 75c

Serenade. By Salvatore Tomaso. A minor 4 $1.00

BASS AND REED BAND MUSIC.

Sans Facon Schottische. H. Duval 50c

Our Flag to the Front. March. By A. Liberati 50c

MINSTREL ORCHESTRA.

Maiden and the Rose. Brydges. Song 50c. Organ Accompaniment 25c

BOOKS.

St. Cæcilian Collection of Sacred Music for Male Voices. By C. T. Steele 40c

Mass in C for two Voices, with Latin Words. By Paolo La Villa. $1.00

Six Short Voluntaries for the Organ with pedal part ad libitum, By Richard W. Crowe. Mus, Doc. Cantab. $1.50

Catalogues and Price-Lists furnished on application. Any of the above, or all music, no matter where published, sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the marked price.

The John Church Company,

CINCINNATI, O.

Novelties by Theo. Presser,

1708 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

METHOD FOR THE PIANO,

By Chas. W. Landon.

Price $1.50.

This work is especially designed to meet the want of the popular student with mediocre ability. It contains all the ideas of recent pianoforte playing. The author is a well-known practical teacher, and author of a similar work for the Reed Organ, which is now generally used for instruction upon this instrument. It will be well for every teacher to examine this new work, which will be ready in a short time.

School of Reed Organ Playing.

Compiled and annotated by

By Mr. Chas. W. Landon.

A complete school, consisting of a melodious set of Exercises and Studies for each grade, supplemented by a number of appropriate pieces in sheet form, especially composed and arranged for the instrument, Studies and Exercises for each grade.

Price $1.00.

The above school will be found almost as useful for Piano as for the Cabinet Organ. **Grade 1 is now ready.**

ETUDES OF EXPRESSION AND RHYTHM.

By Stephen Heller.

Selected from Opus 125.
Revised by C. B. CADY, with Portrait and Biographical Sketch.

Price $1.00.

These studies should precede those of Opus 47, 46, and 45 by the same author. The material in the volume abounds in poetical sentiment. Each study is a gem.

WRITING BOOK FOR MUSIC PUPILS.

BY C. W. LANDON.

Price 50 Cents.

This new book is a great advance on anything heretofore published in this line. It abounds in new and ingenious features to interest the pupil. Every important subject is treated from so may sides, that even the dullest pupil can easily understand the subject under consideration. It is thorough, clear in explanation and helps, and particularly practical in the directness with which it exhausts each fact presented. Any pupil who faithfully works out its exercises will be a correct and rapid reader of music, instrumental or vocal.

SOMETHING NEW AND REMARKABLE!

MUSICAL DOMINOES.

Invented By C. W. Grimm.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

A game for every home. Desirable by young and old. Excellent for parties. So ingeniously is this game constructed that the musical matter in it is never felt as a burdensome appendage. The instructive and amusing qualities of the game have been so perfectly and harmoniously blended that the Musical Dominoes will form an everlasting source of enjoyment

The Big Four Route

FROM

Chicago

TO

INDIANAPOLIS,
LA FAYETTE,
DAYTON,



CINCINNATI,
SPRINGFIELD,
COLUMBUS.

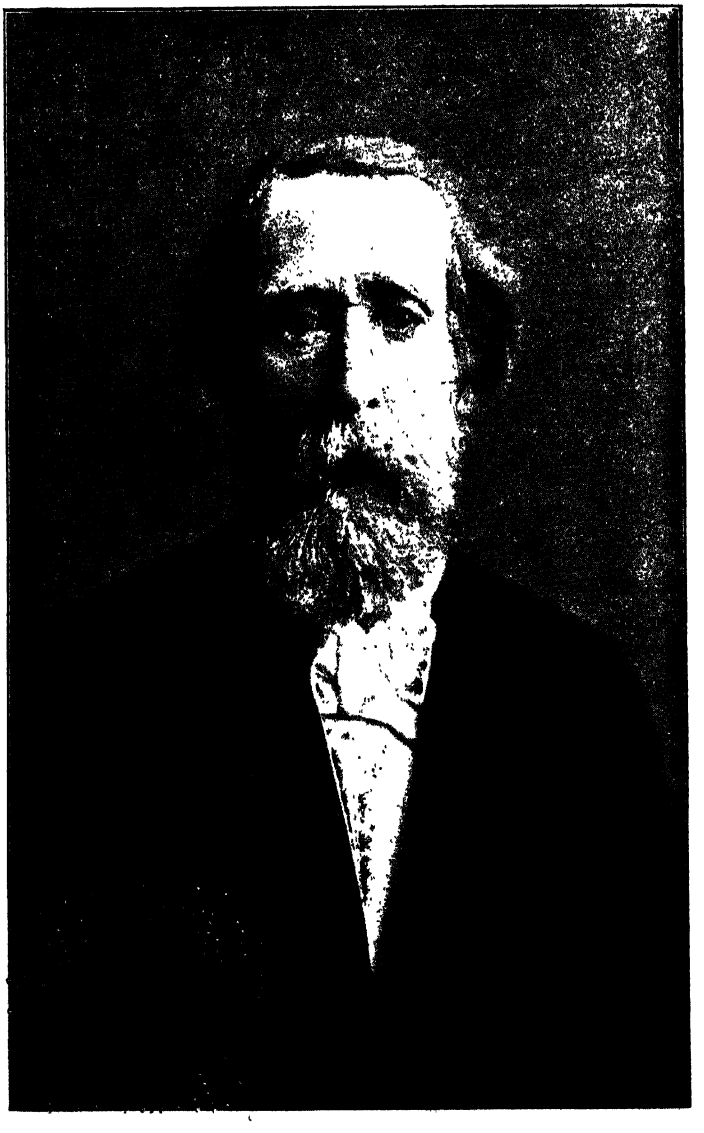
AND

Washington, D. C., Via C. & O. Ry.

J. C. TUCKER, Gen'l Northern Agent,
234 South Clark Street, Chicago.

E. O. McCORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
CINCINNATI.

D. B. MARTIN,
Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent,
CINCINNATI.



KARL KLINDWORTH.

MUSIC

MARCH, 1894.

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

THIRD PAPER. THE WOOD WIND.

THE older orchestras had only two flutes, one of which was interchangeable with a piccolo, as a rule, although the latter occasionally appeared in connection with two flutes. The modern plan of constantly employing three flutes, one of which, when necessary, can be interchanged with the piccolo, has many advantages. It must be remembered that the modern flute, as perfected by the invention of Gordon, in its turn perfected by Boehm,—is a very different instrument from that used by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, or in fact any of the composers of the first forty years of this century. The older instrument was only effective in certain keys; in others it was difficult and in some impossible. It is related of Boehm that when he went to Paris to show his new instrument to Rossini he found the great composer in his dressing-room shaving and otherwise occupied with his toilet. Boehm was instructed to remain in the ante-room, the intervening door being open, and there he was told to play on his instrument while the master proceeded with his toilet. Boehm seated himself in the outer appartment and proceeded to play scales, trills, roulades and arpeggios in various keys, which although also possible on the older instrument, sounded much better on the new. After a little of this he suddenly dashed into D flat major which was one of the practically impossible keys on the unimproved instrument and played the passage with equal ease and brilliancy in this key. Rossini, wigless and with lathered face, at once made his appearance, razor in hand and wild with excitement:—"You cannot play that" shouted the master furiously. "But I am playing it," responded the inventor calmly. "I don't care if you are," retorted the composer, "it is nevertheless impossible."

The modern flute is certainly one of the most even and well balanced wind instruments of the orchestra, as well as the most flexible and agile. All brilliant passages, scales, both diatonic and chromatic, trills, roulades and arpeggios can be played either legato or staccato and with comparative ease. Yet the tone of the instrument differs largely according to register. The upper notes are sharp and piercing, and the middle register is soft and agreeable but neither of these two qualities of the instrument is remarkable for actual peculiarity of tone color, while on the contrary the lower notes of the flute are of great beauty and absolutely characteristic, and herein lies its especial claim to consideration as a separate instrument. Otherwise, as Berlioz says. "It has neither the naïve gaiety of the oboe, nor the noble tenderness of the clarinet. It appears then that the flute is an instrument poor in possibilities of expression and chiefly used on account of the ease with which it can perform rapid passages."

This is and is not true. Berlioz admits that the celebrated flute solo in the Elysium scene of Glück's "Orpheus" could not be equally effective on any other instrument, but careful study of this justly famous passage will show that the great composer took especial pains to keep within the effective compass of the instrument, and still more especially to restrain the accompanying strings in such a manner as in nowise to cover the solo instrument.

But the lower tones! how mysterious, how indescribably beautiful! It is a weird and unearthly beauty, which however must be carefully introduced to insure its effectiveness. In the religious march in "Alceste," Glück has thus used the flutes with particularly happy results and after him Weber, in many passages in "Der Freischütz" has taken skillful advantage of this exquisite tone-coloring. Many instances in Meyerbeer—as for example the overture to "Struensee" and countless passages in Wagner and the more modern instrumental composers bear out this truth.

The chief advantage, already referred to above, of using three flutes, is obvious. We are thus able to obtain complete

chords with these instruments, which is particularly desirable as the especial province of the flutes, after their melodic qualities, is that of sustaining high chords in the mezzo forte and even forte of the orchestra, thus allowing the violins freedom for figurarion. This can also be done in piano and pianissimo, an especially beautifnl instance of this effect being the conjunction of the high chords of the flutes with flageolet tones of the violins at the opening of the introduction to "Lohengrin" and elsewhere in the same opera.

The piccolo or octave flute stands, as its name indicates, an octave higher than the flute proper and possesses equal facility and agility of execution, but its hard, piercing tone makes its use other than in fortissimo passages undesirable and even disagreeable unless the production of some especial effect is sought after. Examples may be found in the fourth movement of Beethoven's pastoral symphony where in the storm music the whistling of the wind is admirably interpretated by this little instrument, and also in Caspar's celebrated drinking song in the first act of "Der Freischütz," which exquisite opera, by the way, can be more profitably studied for the acquisition of healthy instrumental knowledge than almost any other musical-dramatic classic. In the number in question the shrill little flutes, trilling in thirds, give a wonderful imitation of shrieking, hellish laughter.

The oboe, which is doubly represented in the modern orchestra, belongs to the family of "double-reed" wood instruments, and is one of the most exquisite solo instruments at the disposal of the orchestral composer. Its tone is so small that to produce its full effect as a solo instrument it must be very carefully accompanied, and in fortissimo or even a full-toned forte it cannot safely be intrusted with essential or even important notes and passages, owing to its lack of strength. It has indeed a very strongly marked tone-quality but even this does not enable it to force itself through the forte of the orchestra other than as a component part.

Its qualities as a solo instrument of an essentially melodic character are many, and in this particular it may well be con-

sidered as one of the most versatile components of the orchestra. It may be made to produce passages of an intensely rustic character, imitating to perfection the shepherds' pipes or other traditional, but largely mythical, pastoral instruments, or it may be safely intrusted with phrases of a caressingly tender nature or again such as are full of resignation and patient sorrow. Passion, either of joy or grief, it cannot portray, but so long as this extreme is avoided it is a melodic force of singular and inestimable value to the composer.

No one, not even among the modern giants of instrumental combinations, has so thoroughly understood, appreciated and exhibited the characteristics and possibilities of this instrument as Beethoven, and one could easily write a complete compendium of the oboe's usage without quoting from any other composer.

In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music where Titania calls her attendant fairies, Mendelssohn has transcribed trumpet calls for the oboe obtaining a dainty fairy-like effect which is indescribably charming, as the instrument assumes, as it were, the tone of a fairy trumpet and indeed the whole passage is one of those orchestral effects which is so perfect that once heard can not be conceived as ever having been possible in any other way. And indeed, in all qualities of instrumental expression which partake largely of delicacy in sorrow and daintiness in merrier measures, the oboe excels, and its field of melodic possibilities is only limited by its lack of passion and power.

Far otherwise is it with the English horn or more properly speaking the alto oboe, which latter appellation describes this instrument as exactly what it is, although the former is more common. As the latter name indicates, although belonging to the same family (of double reeds) as the oboe, it is lower in compass for which reason it is written one fifth higher than it sounds in order to make it possible to contain its entire register within the limits of the violin clef. This expressive instrument has none of the merriment or pastoral simplicity which characterizes the gayer moments

of the oboe, nor can it indeed express that passionate sorrow, approaching to anguish, which is possible to some other instruments; but on the other hand within the limits of its own field it is matchless.

Melodies of a deeply melancholy or dreamily sad character, or such as are suggestive of pensive yet noble reminiscences of unhappy events can be reproduced most exquisitely on this beautiful instrument. Halévy, Meyerbeer and Berlioz, indeed nearly all the French composers, have been very happy in writing for the English horn, as also the Slavonic composers have been, but Wagner is beyond dispute the apostle of this fine instrument as far as its usage in the modern orchestra is concerned. In "Tristan and Isolde," the four music dramas of the "Nibelungenring" and "Parsifal" it has become an integral part of his orchestra, and the best detailed studies of its use may be made in the scores of these noble works. Already in "Tannhauser," and more often in "Lohengrin," he has used it most effectively, although less habitually than in his later works, while in the "Meisteringer" it does not appear at all, which work, by the way, although perhaps intrinsically Wagner's greatest production, is scored for the simplest orchestra he ever used. Wagner, as well as other composers, has also used the alto oboe for certain purposes in imitation of shepherd's pipes, not for gay passages by any means, as here the reign of the oboe proper is undisputed, but for pastoral phrases of a melancholy nature in the interpretation of which the English horn is inimitable Examples of this may be found in the shepherd's scene in the first act of "Tannhauser," best of all in the extquisitely though mournfully beautiful solo played by the shepherd early in the third act of "Tristan and Isolde."

The natural bass of the double reed group, and indeed of all the wood wind, is the bassoon, a quaint and musically unwieldy instrument which has been very justly called "the comedian of the orchestra."

Its tone is thin yet ponderous, nasal yet sonorous, indeed it is difficult to describe it without apparent contradictions, but in any case its notes have at times an indisputably hu-

morous effect, and when deliberate use is made of this characteristic in a skilful way, (as for instance in that number of Rheinberger's Wallenstein symphony called the "Capuchin's Sermon,") the effect is irresistibly amusing. Its upper register is excellently adapted for melodious passages which, however, to be effective must be lightly accompanied, as the upper tones of the instrument, while the most beautiful, are also the weakest. It may also be used in this portion of its register in unison with the cellos on the D string, producing a very beautiful effect as may be observed at the beginning of the slow movement of the fifth Beethoven symphony. As above noted this instrument is the legitimate bass of all the wood wind group, and is also very frequently used to double the contrabasses in the unison or the octave when the cellos are otherwise employed. Under ordinary circumstances the first bassoon is confined to the upper portion of its register, playing passages of a more or less melodic nature while the second bassoon is fulfilling its more appropriate function of supplying a bass to the wood wind, although in either case the two often play together, "a due" being the term used in scores to indicate this conjunction of any two wind instruments.

Before leaving the bassoons notice should be taken to quote the incomparable Beethoven again of the delightful manner in which he makes use of the comic quality of this instrument in the pastoral symphony, and as Berlioz has described this passage in an inimitable manner, his words had best be quoted. They are taken from the first volume of his collected works in which, among so much that is of the highest value to musical students, especial weight must be laid upon his descriptions of the various Beethoven symphonies. To those who have never read these beautifully poetic and artistic writings, the following example may easily prove an inducement to acquaint themselves with the whole series. "In the following movement the Tone poet leads us into the midst of a 'Merry Meeting of Peasants.' Some are dancing, some laughing, at first in moderation. The bagpipes are playing a gay measure supported by a bassoon

which can play but two notes! Doubtless Beethoven intended herewith to represent a German village-musician of the good olden time, who, armed with a wretched, halting instrument, has seated himsef on a barrel and succeeds with infinite trouble and persistence, in producing the two principal tones of the key of F major, the tonic and dominant. As soon as the oboe picks up its bag-pipe measure, as gay and naïve as a peasant girl in her Sunday dress, the old bassoon blows its two notes. When the melodic phrase modulates the bassoon is silent and the old player quietly counts out his rests until the return of the principal key permits him to get in again his indestructible F-C-F. The effect is astonishingly comic and yet is generally lost upon the majority of of the audience."

The Contra-bassoon which is written on the same stave as the ordinary instrument but which an octave lower, is the most clumsy and unwieldy instrument, not only of the wood wind group but of the whole orchestra. Unless it is deliberately intended for the purpose of some especial effect, to make use of its rough, grunting tones, it should never be used excepting in the heaviest fortissimo. Here is its proper sphere, if anywhere, for it adds weight to the bass and so to the whole volume of sound. At the same time it has always been most sparingly introduced by the masters of orchestration and doubtless for the reasons adduced above. Probably the best instances of its use for the student may be found in Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Ninth symphony and in Wagner's "Götterdammerung."

This completes the family of double-reeds as far as the orchestra is concerned and we now turn to the great family of single reeds, the clarinets, which may well be called the nobility of the wood wind. These beautiful instruments have a full rounded tone, capable of infinite modulation and possessing many characteristics. Excepting a few notes at each extreme of its compass the clarinet is always pure, clear and noble in quality. However, the very highest notes are apt to be a little shrill and the lowest somewhat rough. Klosé has done for the clarinet what Boehm and Gordon did for

flutes, oboes and bassoons, and with the present instrument nearly all of the formerly impossible passsages may be played with comparative ease, although the new method has not been so entirely successful on this instrument as on the others. Nearly all of the instruments of this family belong to the group of so called "transposing" instruments or in other words such as are written otherwise than they sound. The clarinets in use in the orchestra are those in C, B flat and A. The former is not a transposing instrument as it sounds exactly where it is written. That in B flat, as its name indicates sounds a whole tone lower than it is written and that in A, a minor third lower. Consequently in writing for these instruments the signature of the clarinet stave will be different from that in which the piece stands, for example for a piece in F major, and if A clarinets are used, that of A major, if B flat clarinets are used the signature of their stave will be that of G major. These instruments also differ largely in their various characteristics. That in C major is the most clear and sonorous but these qualities are only obtained at the expense of much of the peculiar richness and color. These especial qualities are perhaps best represented by the B flat instrument while that in A has somewhat more brilliancy. However, the chief difference depends largely upon the key of the piece to be played, and it is evident, that as a rule the B flat instrument is at its best in keys in flats, and the A instrument in keys in sharps. This is by no means an invariable rule, for it is founded upon this principle: The clarinet like all other wind instruments is at its best with as few sharps and flats as possible, therefore that instrument should be selected which will accomplish this result. Consequently the fact is that, as a rule, the above plan will produce this. For instance, let us suppose that a number is written in A flat major; it is clear that if the B flat clarinet is used it will be written in B flat itself, one of the most grateful keys for this instrument while were the A clarinet used it would have to be written in B major, a key containing five sharps and of great difficulty. It is an unfortunate fact that many orchestra virtuosi on

this instrument, play everything on the instrument in B flat, ignoring the composer's instructions. This is a very pernicious practice and one which should not be permitted. In certain instances a composer may have deliberately used the the A clarinet to obtain its low C sharp which is possible by writing the low E which is the limit of the clarinet's compass. A moment's thought will show that while this E gives C sharp if the A clarinet be used, it only gives D if the B flat is used. In other words, the passage is impossible on the one instrument and a player who attempted to use the B flat clarinet would suddenly find himself obliged to omit that and thus mutilate the score. Furthermore a composer often chooses one instrument or the other owing to certain peculiar differences in their tone with which he is familiar and for this, as well as for the other reason, all conductors should insist upon that instrument being used which the score calls for. In this connection it may be mentioned that when the instruments are changed the composer must write in such a manner that the player obtains a few bars rest to enable him to lay down one instrument and take up the other.

The clarinet possesses four registers, the lower, consisting of its lower octave, which has a peculiarly gloomy and tragic character; the "schalmei" which is the four notes F on the lower space G, A and B flat which are the weakest and least effective notes of the instrument, the middle register, some nine notes above this, which is *par excellence* the solo register and the upper notes which should only be used in forte or in exceptionally brilliant passages owing to their somewhat piercing tendency.

In general it is by far the noblest and most heroic of all the wood wind. It can express passion and all other heroic characteristics as no other member of this group, and at the same time, (and especially in piano), it is capable of interpreting infinite tenderness. Gaiety is not its element although it may express the nobler forms of proud joyousness.

Mozart seems to have been the first to make use of the tragic qualities of the lower register which he does with amazing effect in the grave yard scene in "Don Juan" and also

in the mask trio of the same opera. Beethoven, as usual, may be safely relied upon to furnish indispensable studies for its use, and with Weber we find great progress made in bringing out for dramatic purposes its various qualifications. The celebrated solo in the overture to "Der Freischütz" displays one of the most brilliantly effective uses yet made of this instrument. Finally Wagner, as in so many other cases, may be studied with the best possible results as to all the infinite variety of effects which these superb and indispensable instruments are capable of furnishing.

The alto clarinet is an extraordinarily beautiful instrument in F and pitched a fifth below the ordinary instrument which is unfortunately not in general orchestral use. The small clarinet in E flat sounds a third higher than it is written and is almost indispensable in military bands where its high compass and shrill tones may be effectively used, but it is seldom incorporated in the orchestra proper.

On the other hand the bass clarinet has now become an integral part of the modern orchestra, having been "discovered," it is claimed, by Meyerbeer, whose very beautiful and effective use of it in the accompaniment of the final trio between Valentine, Raoul and Marcel in the fifth act of the "Huguenots" was a revelation.

This instrument may be had in both B flat and A, and in either case is pitched an octave lower than the ordinary instrument in those keys. Wagner is the best authority on the use of this instrument and from his scores may be learned how beautifully it is able to express certain solo passages, and also how valuable it is in certain instances as a bass for the wood wind when the bassoons are otherwise employed or even when they are silent.

We now come to the final instrument of this family, as well as of the wood wind group as far as orchestral purposes are concerned, namely the Basset Horn. This is in reality, in pitch and otherwise, precisely the same instrument as the alto clarinet excepting that its bell is prolonged slightly by a species of brass funnel which materially alters its tone. Like the alto clarinet it is in F and consequently its notes

sound a fifth lower than they are written. Its lower tones are the best and the most characteristic, being especially marked by the quality of extreme somberness and melancholy which is this beautiful instrument's chief characteristic.

Mozart made highly effective use of this peculiarity in his immortal "Requiem" where, for just this purpose, here places the two clarinets by two basset horns throughout the entire work. He also used them in a similar manner in his opera, "La Clemanza" di Tito. Today the instrument is practically obsolete, being seldom, if ever, used by modern composers and consequently not regularly represented in the orchestra. When older works in which it appears are performed, the basset horns are habitually played by the regular clarinets ts of the orchestra.

These then are the various materials from which the important wood wind group is made up and having thus briefly spoken of their individual characteristics, especially as solo instruments, it is now proper to consider their usage as a group and also in connection with the whole orchestra. In this connection it should be thoroughly understood before proceeding further, that in all orchestral combinations each chord should be complete within its own group, in other words, no chord should be written where two of its notes are in the strings, for instance and another in the wood. The third of every chord especially, should be represented in whatever group the greater part of the chord lies. Failure to observe this fundamental principle causes thinness of instrumentation, and a lack of balance which is in every way undesirable.

With regard now to our present group we can use it in several ways as already noted in the second paper of this series. (See MUSIC for Feb. 1893.) Either as a separate group by itself, alternating with and contrasted with other combinations of orchestral color, or as a component part of instrumental combinations made upof the entire orchestra, or, lastly, we may make use of one or more of its members in their solo capacity lightly accompanied in the strings or by other combinations. In the first

instance when the whole wood group appears by itself, it is very desirable that this quality of tone-color should not be prolonged beyond a very brief interval as it becomes easily monotonous. The group, in its entirety, lacks warmth of color, is nasal and "reedy" so to speak, all of which qualities are tiring to the ear unless interspersed with frequent and agreeable contrasts of coloring. An instance of this fact may be found in an otherwise highly artistic, interesting and well written composition, namely the well known serenade for wind instruments by Richard Strauss, which despite all that may justly be said in its favor when it is *read*, is exceedingly monotonous when it is *heard*, nothwithstanding the fact that the addition of horns in a measure supplies the lack of warmth mentioned above.

In the second instance, the fortissimo of the whole orchestra, it is well as far as possible, to give sustained chords to the wood and leave the rapid figures to the strings, although often the flutes accompany the violins in their scales and other brilliant passages. In this last connection two distinctly different qualities of tone may be obtained. If the flutes are written with the violins in unison they add great fullness to the string tone but do not "stick out" especially themselves, while if they are written an octave higher than the fiddles they may be distinctly heard and their use in this manner adds greatly to the *verve* and brilliancy of the passage. In such fortissimo passages, if the plan of giving sustained chords to the wood is discarded in favor of doubling the strings it will be found, as a rule, that natural affinities present themselves as follows:—the flutes with the first violins, the oboes with the second, the clarinets with the violas and the bassoons with the cellos and basses.

In the third case, that is the solo use of wood wind instruments, success depends almost entirely upon the taste and good judgment of the composer coupled with experience of each instrument's qualifications. In such cases it goes without saying that to properly bring out any instrument at its best in a solo capacity, the orchestral accompaniment must be handled with great lightness and discretion.

A few minor hints may bring this portion of our subject to a close. In writing four note chords for the wood wind it is clear that two different systems may be pursued. For example, if we desire to write such a chord for two oboes and two clarinets we may either give the two lower notes to the clarinets and the two upper to the oboes and vice versa, or we may write them "crossed" as the phrase goes that is, we give the first and third notes to the clarinets and the second and fourth to the oboes. This latter method is the more desirable in nearly all cases, as it gives greater fullness to the chords and also causes the peculiarity of the instruments to blend much more completely. This rule is also applied to combinations of two oboes and two flutes, two flutes and two clarinets, two bassoons and two clarinets, two bassoons and two horns, in fact to nearly all combinations of two pairs of dissimilar instruments. It will be understood, of course, that this rule, and indeed all rules regarding methods of instrumentation, are subject to such exceptions and modifications as occasion and circumstance may cause to arise; yet it is always well to remember that those customs which make the orchestra "sound well," are by no means the result of hazard, but are based upon the accumulated experience of two centuries of experience and practice.

The next paper of this series will treat in detail of the brass group (with its subordinate group of percussion instruments) and the fifth and concluding paper will be made up of as large a variety of details regarding the use of the orchestra as a whole as may be confined within the brief limits of a magazine article.

ARTHUR WELD.

MILWAUKEE.

ROBERT BROWNING AS MUSICAL CRITIC.

THAT Robert Browning, alone of English poets, has sought to fathom in words the unsounded mysteries of tone, constitutes for him a unique claim upon the gratitude of musicians.

If music is a "peculiar art,"—chosen, of the elect, if she carries her own torch and makes her own paths,—there has been raised up for her in the latter days a prophet and interpreter in Robert Browning.

But surely, with Schumann, Wagner, and Berlioz to unfold her secrets, music has not lacked among her makers the testimony of "the golden, decisive, spoken word!" And almost as soon as Poetry began to be, she began to praise her sister, Music. The Greeks, regarding music as a gift of the gods, fabled of Amphion building the walls of Thebes to the sound of a lyre, and through this myth-setting, did they not tell of how music transformed a barbarous tribe to a progressive, city-building people? Is not the oft-told story of Orpheus, moving rocks and trees, and stopping rivers in their courses, a type of the power of music over hard and senseless natures?

With the beginning of modern literature in the "Divina Comedia," we find a tribute to Art which the thought of six hundred years has not been able to surpass:

> "So that your Art
> Deserves the name of second in descent
> From God,"

says Dante. Looking to Shakespeare we have not far to search for such expressions of delight in music, that it has been a source of wonder where the poet could have heard in the England of Elizabeth, music of a nature to justify so high an esteem for the art. Shakespeare's admiration for piano-playing, specified in the sonnets, has even caused the remark of Rubinstein. But since with Avon's bard

"Naught so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature,"

we are not surprised to find more or less continuous, if not always luminously discerning praises, through the British poets, for an art in which England,—not without serious relapses,—becomes gradually more advanced. Such retrogressions in the growth of true art perception were the school of poets styled by Samuel Johnson, metaphysical, the iconoclasm of the Puritans, the literature of the Restoration with the stilted classicism of the artificial era. Milton, placed between two ages, introduces us to a musical atmosphere less bleak. In verses like majestic organ music, he speaks of the

"Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,"

and hears

"The cherubic host in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns and devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly."

When poetry took a new lease of life in the Lake School Wordsworth saw

"Music dwell
Lingering and wandering on, * * *
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof,
That they were born for immortality."

And a greater poet-soul than Wordsworth, Shelley, with Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Geo. Eliot, and very beautifully our own Lanier, have given their versions of music's text. But the tributes of Robert Browning to the art of music differ from those of all other poets, and differ more in kind than in degree. To him she has revealed a side "dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats, him even," He might indeed have paraphrased Mrs. Browning's words and have written, "Music has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of music, nor leisure for the hour of the musician." Browning does not treat music as merely illus

trative of his thoughts, nor as only a treasure-trove of imagery. He is the first English poet to give musicianly and continuous proof in verse that musical "Art is called Art because it is not Nature."

Goethe, it may be said in passing, theorized of music, but although he claimed that "the musician, ever shrouded in himself, must cultivate his inmost being so that he may turn it outwards," the expression of the spiritual in music was always of less importance to him than perfection of form, as witness his friendship for Mendelssohn, and failure to comprehend Beethoven and Schubert. A philosophy of what Wagner calls the "inner essential nature of music" is found in Browning; a theory of music in its relations to plastic and pictorial art may be deduced from Goethe. But Browning's testimony must be *sui generis* to have gained for him the title of "Art's Vice-Agent."

"He has not given us a volume, but a literature," said Canon Farrar of Browning. "He brings his jewels from the East and from the West, from art, music, nature, from the sands of Arabia, from Greece, Italy, Palestine, England, Bagdad, America, Russia, from history and from fancy. His subjects embrace kings, leaders of revolutions, poor factory girls, Jews, Gypsies, metaphysicians, villains reformers, heretics. The true conception of art he gives us in three exquisite poems, yet he gives us no perfect painter. But he has given us one perfect musician, an example of a noble life." This "richest, deepest, and fullest poem on music in the language," as Symonds has called "Abt Vogler," treats of music in its dual nature of science and art. Browning sees and deals with the visible and invisible realities of art, he also hears music from the inside and outside. Almost alone of poets, his perception of the emotional content of music is firm-footed on the base of a vigorous understanding of the art. Like his own ideal painter, he

> "Lifts each foot in turn, goes a double step,
> Makes his flesh liker, and his soul more like."

His specific knowledge of the material and constructive laws of music keeps pace with his appreciation for that in music

which eludes analysis and defies demonstration. Not often since the Celtic bard has poet been also musician. But Browning was well equipped to speak of music by a thorough education, both practical and theoretical, under Relfe, the contrapuntist. We learn from his biographer, Mrs. Southerland Orr, that although during the poet's life in Florence the picture-sense was fed at the expense of the music-sense, there came a return to music on the subsequent residence in London; for his maternal grandfather was an accomplished musician from Hamburg named Wiedemann, and the latent musical spark in Robert needed but favoring winds to fan it into flame. Some years followed when no important concert in London could occur without his presence, and the most importunate calls upon his time were disregarded for "a concourse of sweet sounds."

To know Browning in his entire amplitude of mind, is a task, it has been said, of such vast proportions as to "transcend individual enterprise," and to necessitate the formation of something like "joint stock companies" in our Browning Societies. Now in the general study of this poet the reader does not expect

> "To turn the page and let the senses drink
> A lay which shall not trouble him to think."

and so in the four musical poems we are prepared to find analysis and explanation, as well as mere description. Near the end of a long life our poet gives us his oft-quoted conclusion:

> "I state it thus
> There is no truer truth obtainable
> By man than comes of music."

In the plenitude of his powers the thought of a soul of enduring import back of the transience of sound in music, had induced him to write "Abt Vogler," that poem where all is of the spirit, spiritual.

Browning alone, it is averred, among bards of the nineteenth century, has been "the conqueror, not the conquered," in hand-to-hand wrestling with the problems of our existence, and in this one great poem from which so many roots ramify,

we get an arc of the poet's optimism large enough to infer his entire circumference of triumphant faith.

The composer who has been improvising on the musical instrument of his own invention, falls musing over the palace of sound his tones have evoked, and exclaims:

"Would that the structure brave, the manifold music I build,
Bidding my organ obey, calling its keys to their work,
Claiming each slave of the sound, at a touch, * *
* * * * * * * *
Would it might tarry, * * the beautiful building of mine,
This which my keys in a crowd pressed and importuned to raise!"

The thought which our poet now "builds broad on the the roots of things" had been touched, but not traced to its beginnings, by others.

"The city is built of music
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever,"

said Tennyson. "Is it possible?" asked Cardinal Newman in an Oxford sermon, "that inexhaustable evolution and disposition of notes, so rich, yet so simple, so intricate, yet so regulated, so various, yet so majestic, should be mere sound which is gone and perishes?

Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be." Let us listen to Browning:

"Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared:
Never to be again! but many more of the kind
As good, nay, better, perchance; is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: ay, what was, shall be.
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect sound.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know."

"Well, it is earth with me; silence resumes her reign:"

concludes the artist; "I will be patient and proud;" I will acquiesce in the hum-drum affairs of every-day life, sliding by semi-tones to the natural mode, the common chord, the C major of this life."

Possibly in the last line is a reminiscence of Schumann's belief, that in music the simpler and more natural feelings find fit expression in keys of few sharps or flats, while complex emotions require music of fuller signature.

We look now at a poem, "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," which antedates "Abt Vogler" and is pitched in a key near to human nature's daily needs of the humorous.

"What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?"

queries the organist in the emptying church, of the composer whom he summons to the loft to answer charges of contrapuntal excesses,

"Forth and be judged, Master Hugues!"
* * * * * * *
"I believe in you, but that's not enough:
Give my conviction a clinch."

Now the art of five-voiced fugue writing appears to the impervious organist thus:

"First you deliver your phrase
Nothing profound, that I see,
Fit in itself for much blame or much praise
Answered no less, where no answer needs be:
Off start the Two on their ways.
Straight must a Third interpose,
Volunteer needlessly help:

In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
* * * * * * * *
Argument's hot to the close.

One dissertates, he is candid;
Two must discept, has distinguished;
Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did;
Four protests; Five makes a dart at the thing wished;
Back to One, goes the case bandied.

One says his say with a difference;
More of expounding, explaining!
All now is wrangle, abuse and vociferance:
Now there's a truce, all's subdued; self-restraining;
Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

One is incisive, corrosive,
Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant;
Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive,
Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant;
Five O Danaïdes, O Sieve!

Now they ply axes and crowbars;
Now they prick pins at a tissue;
What with affirming, denying
Holding, risposting, subjoining,
So your fugue broadens and thickens,
Greatens and deepens and lengthens.
Est fuga, volvitur rota.
On we drift; where looms the dim port?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota:
Something is gained, if one caught but the import;
Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha!
Is it your moral of life?
Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,
Backward and forward each throwing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife?"

The speaker evidently is measuring the dimensions of a web which to him obscures the light of music, for

"Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it."

he affirms, and graciously closes with well-meant suggestions:

"Hugues! I advise meâ poenâ
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five
clear the arena!
Say the word, straight I unstop the full-organ,
Blare out the *mode Palestrina!*"

One cannot help wishing that the mythical Master Hugues were allowed some little privilege of "talking-back" to his imaginary accuser.

What he might be able to say in defense of his art would be of interest, since Browning, when speaking through his own voice, furnishes quite other evidence regarding the art of fugue. "Give me a subject, glorious Bach!" he exclaims, while teaching that no form of art can be dead as long as living feeling is expressed therein.

This particular fugue, fashioned to fit an exuberant fancy, as well as some other fugues fashioned in a laboratory where fancy never enters, may be slenderly inspired. But may not any musical form, according to the richness or poverty of imagination impressed upon it, be the vehicle of the highest fantasy, or only a mathematical problem, the scientific expression of some "Prof. Dry-as-Dust?" Leaving the obdurate organist, we turn to marvelous lines concerning the harmonic basis of our art, the triad. Were it only for his ideas concerning the unit of music and its combination, unexpressed in poet-lore save by Browning, the world of those who ponder the not-to-be-explained-away mysteries of sound should enshrine him among the patron saints:

"I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
It is everywhere in the world, loud, soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought.
And there! Ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head!

Throughout his profound dealings with the elements from which music is evolved, the poet has shown a seer's discernment of the essentially unknown quantity in the art, and while he treats music as not merely one, but the most perfect symbol within man's grasp to suggest the absolute, the perfect it belongs in its nature to the realm of the unseen. Very noteworthy is "A Toccato of Galuppi's" in the use of technical terms as suggestive of certain states of feeling, and the manner in which intervals of music, labelled and fitted in their places, are made to "touch on deep subjects with a mere

feather-touch of light and capricious suggestiveness." Galuppi, the man of music "grown gray with notes and nothing else to say" silencing the babbling of a gay throng with 'those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh," as he "sat and played Toccatos stately at the clavichord," has been so often and so ably interpreted that further comment would seem unnecessary upon the lessons taught by "Those suspensions, those solutions" to the heedless Venetians. Whether we regard Browning as a poet in form as well as in thought, or as the spokesman and soul-analyst of his age, the greatest force in English literature since Shakespeare, we cannot deny that he is, first above all, the teacher; aye, if you will, the didactic poet. Art for him had "a wider mission than the arts" and we find musical art in "union with the general human feelings with which it can be merged."

As far back as "Paracelsus" he had said

> "I cannot feed on beauty for the sake of beauty only."

His view of art was broad, consonant to nature. Music he recognized as allied on her rhythmical side to the rhythm of planet, satellite, and comet revolving in proportionate periods, to ocean-tides and trade-winds, coming and going in correspondencies; her harmonies, according to the ancient idea, an echo of the "sphere harmonies;" her melody "the inmost mystery, the heart of life." But in "Fifine at the Fair" he strikes the key-note of his art convictions:

> "Music alone can pierce the mists of falsehood
> Which intervene between the soul and truth."

An old question recurs: How long is it since we were reminded of the ease with which one may build up a creed from isolated passages from scripture, and of the equal readiness of most of us to build theories upon selected quotations from a poet?

Browning is always dramatic in principle, we are told; he brings us face to face with a soul in the depths of its feeling, and in the very process of the formation of its thinking, but he supplies no key. Theism, agnosticism, and various other

"isms" have claimed him for their own, finding almost every shade of their opinions in him. But while he speaks through the voices of diverse characters, his own voice may be nearly always heard by listening, not merely to this, or to that, one of his creations, but by heeding the concurrent evidence of the majority of his poems. As he said of his "Fifine at the Fair" he imagined how one whose ideas were utterly at variance with his own might justify himself, and he expressed that justification in verse. But Browning's faith is not a Sphinx-like riddle; again and again, and unmistakably we find his Christianity affirmed, and no less truly was music to him that which his poems aver.

Yet would one wish to say that in the following verse he definitely hints of the Rubinsteinian theory of the supremacy of instrumental music?

> "What they could my words expressed
> Singing helped the verses best:
> And when singing's best was done,
> To my lute I left the rest."

Or that we are to understand absolutely that

> "Schumann's our music-maker now;
> Ingres's the modern man that paints:"
> Heine for songs!"

In that remarkable little poem "House," wherein the poet would protect the *sanctum sanctorum* of his mind from the general gaze, and would keep at bay that clamorous intruder,—the Public,—he affirms that the author's works should suffice as a self-revelation, while

> "Whoso desires to penetrate
> Deeper, must dive by the spirit sense."

Admittedly we must often use the method of divination recommended above if we are to grasp the import of many works, where, as he says in the preface of "Sordello," "my stress lay upon the incidents in the development of a soul: little else is worth study; I, at least, always thought so." The emotional poems come largely before, and the argumentative poems for the most part after, the publication of that stupendous work "The Ring and the Book"

with which in 1868 our poet presented the "astonished English language." "Saul," the "Messianic oratorio in words" belongs to the former period, and this mighty poem, remarkable in many ways, is especially rich in musical allusion. It is certainly significant that the troubled spirit of Israel's first king was soothed by the strains of a shepherd minstrel.

Browning has seized that dramatic moment when David appears before Saul and endeavors by harp and song to dispel the clouds from the monarch's darkened brow. Untwining the lillies which were bound around the strings to keep them cool, the harper plays first the tune the sheep know and follow, then that which calls the quails, then that which makes the crickets elate, and the one which sets the jerboa a'musing; then the help tune of the reapers, their wine song which makes eyes light in good friendship

"and great hearts expand
And grow one in the sense of this world's life;"

he goes through the melodies of patriotism, the bridal song, the funeral chant; he reaches the melody intoned as the Levites go up to the altar: he pauses there,

"And the tent shook, for mighty Saul shuddered."

As the music continues the muscles relax, the slow heavings of the chest subside, and Saul, recalled to life awakes.

"What spell or what charm
* * * what next shall I urge
To sustain him where song has restored him?"

ponders David; music had reached a wintry soul, and Saul, the failure, the scorned, has gathered strength to look at life. But, sighs David,

"He saith," It is good; "still he drinks not; he lets me praise life,
Gives assent, yet would die for his own part."

Then,

"once more the string
Of my harp made response to my spirit,"

and

"I say then, my song
While I sang thus assuring the monarch, and even more strong
Made a proffer of good to console him,
He slowly resumed his old motions and habitudes kingly."

Such are the testimonies we find of the medicinal effects of music, for it was only when "Song had filled to the verge his cup with the wine of this life" that the king's ears were opened to the call of friendship and its inspired prophecy.

The last of Browning's musical poems "Charles Avison" is of deep interest to musicians, and like its predecessors it is strong and vigorous and healthful in every line. Those to whom the meanings of music are essentially intellectual will scarcely find support in this poem. The higher the intellectual enjoyment in matters of art, the higher the emotional enjoyment, we are accustomed to think; but we are dealing with inexact factors. If, by nature, people did not feel with as many degrees of intensity as they think with divergence of conclusion, this statement would be true, almost to truism.

"Indeed, to know is something, and to prove
How all this beaty may be enjoyed, is more:
But, knowing naught to enjoy is something too."

says our poet in "Cleon"

Fancy and imagation are often so luxuriant before the desire for logical sequence and intellectual design in music is greatly developed, that the complaint is one of the most familiar.—Alas! that the learned are so unimaginative, and the imaginativeso unlearned."

At all events we feel before we think, and although we may feel more nobly for thinking rightly, we have, at least in the poem before us, testimony that the province of music —"subtlest asserter of the soul"—is the expression of the many-colored moods of emotion.

After naming Mind the worker and builder, Browning calls Soul "the unsounded sea which hath her course neath Mind's work overhead."

Then comes the famous outburst,—

"There is no truer truth obtainable
By man than comes of music
* * * * * *
* * * to match and mate
Feeling with knowledge, make as manifest
Soul's work as Mind's work, turbulence as rest,
Hates, loves, joys, woes, hopes, fears that rise and sink
* * * * * *
Ceaselessly * * *
have the plain result to show
How we Feel, hard and fast—as what we know
This were the prize and is the puzzle which
Music essays to solve.
All arts endeavor this, and she the most
Attains thereto."

Continues the poet,—poetry discerns" and Painting is aware of the depths of the soul, and not vainly is "each art a-strain" to arrest fleeting moods, to

"Give momentary feeling permanence
So that the capture hold, a century hence,
Truth's very heart of truth."

But to the reverse of the picture:

"Could Music rescue thus from soul's profound,
Give feeling immortality by sound,
Then were she queenliest of Arts!"

But music has failed to create, according to Browning what Wagner calls "an ever-valid art-type." An individual, or an age creates a form of expression; another age brings that form to perfection, until it stands fully flowered, the complete expression of its time.

But the world moves, and music suffers from the onward stride of time, for her forms are fixed, while the spirit ebbs away from them and the increasing life of ages calls for ever new embodiment.

Here there appears, by way of illustration, the March of Charles Avison. Browning's father possessed the MS. of this march which is subjoined to the poem, and Avison's composition, thus rescued from an oblivion whose dust was swept by only argus-eyed antiquarians, now awakens historical, if not absolute, musical interest. But as this march, —remarkable mostly for a lusty rhythm

"which times in Georgian years,
The step precise of British Grenadiers,"

was once filled with the life of its age, "Never dream," he concludes

"That what once lived shall ever die,
Bring (but) our life to kindle theirs."
"Love, hate,
Joy, fear, survive, alike importunate
As ever to go walk the world again;
nor to such appeal
Is music long obdurate.
Love once more
Yearns through the Largo, hatred as before
Rages in the Rubato."

And as ample stretch and scope are given by novel rhythm, fresh phrase, to truth which was potentially at full, "in far days of Music's dim beginning," even so, although "truth escapes time's insufficient garniture," that is truth indeed "which endures resetting." The sheathings of music grown sere, fall away, but the art has not failed to penetrate to the profound of truth'—the truth of our hopes, fears joys and griefs, and has ever given back to the age such a secret as the Time-spirit prompted.

To our poet, moreover, music has championed the cause of man's liberty and stands to-day for the progressive life of the soul. This poem might almost be called a statement of the doctrine of evolution in musical art.

In Robert Browning we find disregard of arbitrary rules of art, choice of subjects often outside the "poetic environment," and a variety and vigor of metre which must sometimes atone for the lack of smooth finish and colorless correctness, many of the more realistic poems going even so far as to "imitate the unlucky octaves and fifths of life."

Fichte's saying that "the expression *is* the thought" ought perhaps to be remembered when we talk of the "alleged obscurity" of Browning's poems, the uncommonness of thought often accounting for the uncommonness of expression. But dissonance was as necessary to his scheme of existence in life as in the musical system; resolution from suspension, joy from grief, faith from doubt.

"You must mix some uncertainty with faith,
If you would have faith be."

was his reiterated relief. "Who wills" may not without strenuous effort "hear Sordello's story told," but who listens with love finds throughout even the darkest doubt and questionings that "Pippa passes singing

"God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

We have here a poet whose "message" to his time, sore-needed,

"The world's no blot for us, nor blank;
It means intensely and means good."

gave to music a high part among these meanings of good. If he writes of our art in a sometimes rather occult manner from the metaphysical as well as the æsthetic standpoint; if his strong historic sense presents music occasionally as a kind of telescope through which we may look at other ages and people, and bring them near, music is also an echo of truth and beauty, and a pledge for their continuance.

"Art should break down the barriers of individual consciousness and awaken the sense of the universal relationship" said Emerson; we would not enter the discussion as to whether music proved to our poet "a best unique where all is relative" in matters of art; but were the voice of the "Sage of Concord" put into that high form of poetry—music, we might learn that it said to Robert Browning "There is no outside, no inclosing wall, no circumference to us."

PAULINE JENNINGS.

MUSIC AS A FACTOR IN SOCIOLOGY.

A STROKE, a vibration, an amplification and reflected redistribution; an impact and concomitant sympathetic mode of motion, a vital expenditure of energy, and a mental state answering to the exterior correlation and interaction of substances and their forces, and we have the history of music as a natural phenomenon. But we have not yet exhibited the real element which distinguishes this sort of vibration from any and every other. One may say that it is rhythmical, that the pulsations persist in a regularity; are by their own sequence and alternate prominence and faintness segregated into periods of equal length; that the various degrees of rapidity of the vibrations themselves are so related to each other that they are in the ratio of one to two; but even yet we are not at the bottom.

Man,— so said Socrates—is an actually existing soul; he is a mind capable of various kinds of thought. He possesses the ability to assume states of feeling during which his whole being is more closely related to the objective universe than at other times. He can put himself in such a condition that he, as an individual entity in creation, vibrates in harmony with the objective entities about and outside of him; and this community of action, this rhythm of beings, is manifested more strongly and pointedly in music than any other way. In itself nothing, it is the means to vast and immeasurable ends, toward which the human soul is directed by its own inherent nature. The perfect rhythm of musical vibration seems to carry with it the possibility of the interaction of forces—in man and outside of him—which cannot take place under other circumstances.

Vibration of a non-musical order is an important factor in all material phenomena. Heat is a rapid rhythmical motion undergone by matter while carbon and oxygen are combining. This heat is necessary to all chemical action. With-

out it the globe would be internally a motionless mass of matter, sweeping through the immensity of space. Without it not a rock, not a foot of ground, not a drop of water or a breath of air would exist as such.

The action of life is first seen in a gentle oscillation of the speck of protoplasm; and this movement continues in every organism, no matter how complex its structure, until death ensues. Even in the decay of the body—whether from organic or inorganic causes—rhythmical motion and heat are necessary factors. As every one knows, vibration is nothing in itself—it is that which something is doing: in this it is clearly related to all phenomena, and in a vast generalization all regularly recurring phenomena are mighty systems of vibration. When undergoing rhythmical action of similar or various kinds and degrees, the material and vital universes are manifesting themselves according to and in consequence of the forces which constitute their essences and from which they are forever inseparable.

But man is a soul: life and matter are the exigencies of certain species of its manifestation to other souls and perhaps to itself. It acts: sometimes in and by itself; at other times through or upon its environments. Sometimes it is entirely dependent upon objective being for its impulses. Such is the case regarding the rhythmical action know as light; also regarding sound.

Music is sound restricted in numerous ways: it is sound held closely within the bonds of Art; and Art is the consummation of all experience, intellectual and emotional, of the whole world realizing itself as will. Thus *music is a representation of human experience*; and as it is perfect music it is perfect art, and therefore a perfect representation of some phase of human experience. The nearer it approaches to being a representation, the more surely and powerfully it will appeal to human sentiments—since it will reproduce in the listener emotions similar to those occasioned by a like actual experience. It is a panorama of the former vibrations of the soul revealed again to it from without, and reacting upon it, producing in it the same effects experienced aforetime.

A man's actions depend upon what he thinks and how he feels: both are dependent upon *external action* and *internal predisposition*. The man whose nature is impervious to music is so—unless there is some physical obstruction—because he cannot enter into a rhythmical action in harmony with objective existence. This implies that he is locked up in himself: he feeds upon his own soul, and atrophies and emaciates it until but an impotent nucleus remains— impotent in being unable to attract anything to itself.

Music is a picture of emotion; it is not a representation of any intellectual process. It does not appeal to the reason, but instead to the love, generosity and religious tendency, which are forces or polarities in the soul-structure of man. A careful study of human history will show that emotion ordains as a primal cause more actions than reason or judgement. A man feels certain emotions come surging over his soul, and under their control he acts. No one can shed tears simply by willing to do so. Some intermediate steps must be taken before that result can be induced. The actor upon the dramatic stage will first create in himself a certain sort and degree of emotion, and as the outcome of this, a nervous action ensues which manifests itself externally in the falling of tears. The singer or player who desires to mould the feelings of his audience must first create in himself the emotion with which he wishes to impress them; and then if he expresses this emotion properly—introducing in consequence of an excess of feeling on his own part, or from lack of knowledge of the musical language or technical ability to enunciate it, no incongruities that will shock the nervous or mental sensibilities of his listeners—he will be likely to succeed. But the more delicate the shade of emotion, the easier will it be to ruin the effect. Emotion is a form of mental activity, and is probably of a rhythmical order. This rhythmical, emotional action is capable of being expressed by a rhythmical material action, such as is manifested in music; but the material action may occur in a sufficiently accurate manner to accomplish what is recognized as the time and tune of a composition, and yet be no repre-

sentation of an emotion. Then it is a mechanical process and nothing more, and as such it can produce but a series of similar material and mechanical effects.

The emotion prevalent in the mind of the performer imparts to the vibrations certain orders of mutation which are manifested in a slight difference in the quality of the tone from what it would be without it: the vibrations increase and decrease in amplitude and intensity. Certain degrees of rapidity are more intense and ample than others, producing what is known as a prominence or predominance of certain harmonics or overtones. The intellect will labor in vain to produce these at will; the gradations are too fine and exquisite to become absolute objects of pure intellectual investigation. No mind can measure the length of the vibration necessary to picture despair; and none can tell the difference between them and those that represent love and hope. They are beyond that mode of mental action.

But when the soul reaches out in vain for something upon which to fasten itself; when the awfulness of future uncertainty lays hold upon it ;when it turns upon itself as if to curse its own existence; then every tone is a picture more perfect than can be described of what passes within: and those who listen are held by it more securely than in chains, and the horror takes hold of them; their souls vibrate in unison with the soul in actual torment and the experience for the time is alike for all. Thus music produces its effects and thus it obtains its power. Human intercourse and relations constitute the data of a problem which has ever been pressing for solution. Human action depends primarily upon internal impulses, and secondarily upon the accumulated generalizations from experience. Anything that instigates human action is a factor in sociology; and music has a just claim upon our attention on that account.

On the battle-field the soldiers are thrilled as with a supernatural inspiraton by the sound of martial music, and face death without any symptom of fear. The vibration of the music creates in them corresponding vibrations; the muscles of the arms, legs, and body contract and relax in

rhythmical sequence, the soul feels the intensity of its own impulse reacting upon itself, and moves the body forward till victory or death ends the struggle. The softly sounding strains of the lover's song, almost whispered to his idol's ear, stir her, lift her out of herself, carrying her soul to his and blend them as if for the moment they had indeed become one. The middle ages beheld music a strong factor in the courtship and marriage of that time, and the intensity and spontaneity of the devotion it developed tended to break down the custom of accommodational marriages and to put in their stead a holy union of hearts, bound together by one of the tenderest, but yet strongest ties known to mankind.

The mother murmurs some plaintive melody as she soothes her last born into sleep: and who will say that those two souls, vibrating in unison as that melody trembles upon the air, are not more closely interwoven in their tendencies, and that the love of mother for child and child for mother is not vastly increased and deepened by its influence?

The divine Art is indeed a mighty power for the moulding of human nature, and though created by man yet as age succeeds age it recreates him and proclaims its divinity.

PITTSBURGH. HOMER A. MOORE

"AUS MEINEM LEBEN."

UNDER the above title Edward Hanslick devotes thirty pages in *Deutsche Rundschau* to reminiscences of his eventful life embracing the years from 1846 to 1850. Vienna became his second home at that time, where he intended to spend his fourth and last year of studies in jurisprudence at the university of that city. After paying his respects to "Aunt Rose," his mother's sister, who had presented him with the first pair of boots, he found his way to Liszt, furnished with a letter of introduction by Berlioz. The great maestro, then in the zenith of youthful vigor, was seated at the piano, attired in a black velvet blouse and wide Turkish pantaloons, busily engaged at the piano, not playing but noting down a composition, while four or five of his admiring young friends were chatting and smoking around him. Among these were Heinrich Ehrlich and Rudolf Schachner; Hanslick was most cordially received and presented with a complimentary ticket to his concert which took place at half past nine o'clock that evening. Vienna seems to have been behind the times at that period, as concerts could not be given during the hours which competed with theatrical performances, so that they usually took place only at noon time, and none but artists of celebrity, like Liszt, ventured to invite the public after the theatre was over entertaining them till midnight. Hanslick speaks most enthusiastically of Liszt's performances, remarking that the display of virtuosity seemed a greater aim than the artistic significance of the compositions. The room was crowded, seats being placed on the platform to accommodate especially the ladies, who could not be near enough, as it was in Voltaire's time when chairs were put on the stage during the performance at the Théâtre Français.

Another letter from Berlioz introduced him to the renowned violin virtuoso H. W. Ernst whose performances

were equally enchanting and attractive to the Viennese public.

Adalbert Gyroweck, an aged and pensioned Royal Music director, who had been associated with Mozart and Haydn in his younger days, and whose Operas "Agnes Soral" and "The Oculist" had once been very popular, was next visited. Although the old gentleman was in his eighty-third year he still amused himself by composing a new song every morning, and entertained the visitor hospitably, although living in reduced circumstances, relating to him many a story of musical interest.

Emil Titl, another old composer whose operette "The Magic Veil" (*Zauberschleier*) had once been as popular as Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," is next introduced to our notice. Through Hanslick's intervention the aged musician received a pension from the minister of public instruction, for which he earned the heart-felt thanks of the impoverished family.

Joseph Dessauer, whose operas, especially "Lidwinna," were considered extremely popular, is also pleasingly introduced to the reader; when calling upon him he found the old musician in his shirt sleeves, with an apron around him and brush in hand, busily engaged varnishing the old dilapidated furniture. Hanslick speaks highly of Dessauer's "Slavonic Melodies" which had just been published, and which the composer attemped to interpret with his worn-out voice.

A great Philharmonic concert, for the opening of the Italian Opera, is referred to under the direction of Otto Nicolai, composer of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," who conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with such careful and passionate devotion that, at the conclusion of the same, he almost broke down in a fainting condition. Liszt appeared as piano accompanist on this occasion, concentrating the attention of the audience to the utmost. Easter Monday is always a special festival day at Vienna, in the afternoon the so-called "Praterfahrt" when, according to old traditions, a display of the most elegant carriages, splendid horses and

finely dressed ladies, attracted all Vienna to the Prater. At night the season of the Italian opera opened at the Kaerntner Theatre and Verdi's "Ernani" was performed. Hanslick had never heard Italian singers before, had no sympathy for vocal virtuosity and was completely disappointed. On leaving the opera house he came in contact with the celebrated singer and teacher Giovanni Gordigiani, who was charmed with the performances and Hanslick says, "I could not understand his enthusiasm while he could not comprehend my indifference." All the Italian's endeavors to convince Hanslick of the beauties of the work failed however at that time, but our author adds "I have later come to comprehend that one must become better acquainted with Italian music in order to understand its attractions and its beauties. * * * It is unnecessary to say that in later years I have learned to understand and appreciate the beauty of Italian music, especially in Verdi; yes, that I esteem and appreciate this beauty higher to-day since in our dramatic music of to-day the "dramatic" begins to ruin the music, and the orchestra the voice."

Social pleasures of the home circle attracted Hanslick after this and the acquaintance of Clara Schumann, the renowned pianist, is mentioned. "Upon my solicitation she played many pieces by Schumann to me which I appreciated highly, and which were considered too risky to be played in public, such as the Humoresque Op. 20, the Symphonic Etudes etc."

Hanslick speaks next of his admiration of Wagner's Tannhäuser which he had heard in Dresden, and of his desire to make the Viennese public acquainted with the work, which was only performed there thirteen years later. With Liszt's permission to inspect the full score of the opera, he wrote an analysis of the same which appeared in the *Wiener Musik-Zeitung* in thirteen consecutive numbers. Dr. August Schmidt, mentioned as the editor of this paper, worked during the day as a government official at his desk, and at night devoted his time to this art journal, and, unable to pay Hanslick for his work, allowed him how-

ever to attend minor concerts in distant parts of the city free of charge and criticise a few songs and piano compositions.

Hanslick's reputation as a musical critic is next referred to by being permitted by Ludwig August Frankl to contribute some article to the *Sonntags-Blätter*. His first endeavors were directed to prepare the public for Schumann's arrival who was only known by his name; he was obliged to read his manuscript to Frankl who considered several passages as not sufficiently clear "I tried to explain and defend the same but could not please him; after a while Frankl said "if two intelligent people discuss a phrase or expression fully fifteen minutes and cannot understand each other, then the fault must be with the author." "He was right. I took the manuscript home, pondered over it and changed it. Nearly fifty years have passed since then; I have not forgotten Frankl's expression; it often comes back to my mind when an obscure or easily misunderstood expression comes from my pen."

For nearly two years Hanslick continued his gratuitous contributions, when at last he received his first payment of golden ducats handed to him out of a pill box.

However, Hanslick's repute had established itself and January 1, 1848 he was engaged as musical critic of the *Wiener Zeitung*, with a monthly salary of twenty-five florins. Robert Schumann and his wife gave four concerts, all of which proved financial failures, except the last which attracted a crowded house, owing to the appearance of Jenny Lind. Schumann, like many other great composers, did not prove to be a good orchestral director, and as regards his compositions it was evident that the public was not yet ripe enough to understand the same, although ten years later there was hardly a piano virtuoso who did not have one of his compositions on the programme. As an instance of how little Schumann's genius was known, Hanslick mentions that upon being introduced to the king of Holland at a court concert, he was asked by his majesty "Are you also musical?" Meyerbeer is next brought to our notice, having been honored

by the Art society "Concordia" to attend a social soirée at which Schumann was also present; the two composers sat far apart, neither seemed to feel very comfortable; the committee of invitations evidently must have forgotten the scathing article which Schumann had published against the "Huguenots." Hanslick had one of his songs sung upon this occasion, and Meyerbeer, who generally praised everything most generously, made a casual remark which is quoted in full to the effect that "young unknown composers should not begin by publishing songs of which even the best vanish in the flood which is brought out yearly, but begin with classical compositions; only an extraordinary talent can make a reputation nowadays by songs."

Meyerbeer's opera "Vielka," with Jenny Lind in the principal rôle, proved a great triumph earning the composer fresh laurels and establishing his reputation most firmly.

The revolution in Vienna in 1848 brought many changes. Hanslick accepted the position as correspondent of the *Prager Zeitung* much against his will, as he had no special liking for politics; however his work gave great satisfaction at first until in the development of political events his opinions and those of the editor clashed, which induced him to resign.

Richard Wagner came to Vienna in August of that year, attracted by the political commotion; he expected a complete regeneration of art, society, religon, a new theatre, a new music! Every one was astounded to hear nothing but political speeches from his lips, and not a single word about music. Among notable musicians, whose company Hanslick frequented, was Gustav Nottebohm who had enjoyed Mendelssohn's advice and patronage and whose literary works "Beethoviana," "Mozartiana" have made him famous. It was Nottebohm's warm admiration for Mendelssohn and Schumann, and abhorrance of Liszt's compositions which touched Hanslick's heart sympathetically.

Considerable space is devoted to a minute personal description of Count Ferdinand Laurencin, a musical enthusiast of the first water, who could be seen every Sunday forenoon with large full-score books under his arm, attending two

masses at different churches; next the noon-concert of the Philharmonic Society and at half past four the Chamber Quartet Concerts of Jansa or Helmesberger. As a contributor to the *Wiener Musik-Zeitung* under the pseudonym "Philokales" he furnished articles, abounding in superlatives, which few read on account of his obscure diction, having read too much of Hegel.

The military execution of his associates and friends, such well known literary characters as the poet Robert Blum, Dr. Alfred Becher, Dr. Jeltineck etc. is feelingly referred to; most of them were but suspects and had not taken any active part in the revolution but their sympathy for the cause of freedom sealed their doom.

The closing part of Hanslick's autobiography is of less musical interest, being chiefly devoted to Friederich Hebbel, a man of considerable dramatic but less poetical talent, whom Rubenstein had requested to furnish him a libretto for an opera.

In 1849 Hanslick devoted himself diligently to his neglected legal studies, receiving at last a small appointment with a monthly salary of fifty florins at Klagenfurt which in 1850 made him bid a temporary farewell to Vienna.

WALDEMAR MALMENE.



"AND THE SPEECH OF HIM WAS MUSIC."

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WHEN one patiently applies himself to learn a lesson, giving time, attention and effort to the attainment of certain knowledge, is it not a most helpful thought that he is obtaining for himself something permanent, a personal possession, which cannot be wrested from him, although the form may change as it is qualified by still further gain?

It is a hope of giving new encouragement to such as may be pursuing the ordinary musical course as it has a place in their school lives, or as they may otherwise strive to acquire an understanding of and a facility in an art which is at the same time nature and science, that I venture a word from my own experience and my heart.

Presumably, the number of students is small who, beginning to read laboriously the first exercises in musical notation, and to find the relation of identical notes with the corresponding keys of the pianoforte, have any very definite idea of what this may lead to; a state of mind not inconsistent with progress, but becoming so if mental recognition does not keep pace with finger-glibness. That is, they do not think it means anything more important than being able some time to play with a degree of skill and grace sufficient to entertain their friends, or to insure them a standing among those of a reputation for superior performance, etc. etc. Or if they possess what they term a "love for music" and can give a more personal reason for making an effort to acquire a knowledge of it, being particularly susceptible to sounds and rhythm—it appeals to them in an inexplicable way—still do they often think further than to listen in varying degrees of pleasure and indeed patiently to work for a mastery of measurable technical difficulties, a sense of conquest giving an added zest to their enjoyment?

In sound and rhythm lie much significance, and because

they are freighted with so much meaning, I want to say that in the very beginning the student may have something of the idea of permanence revealed to him through this medium. Music has been called "the universal language," and every one may learn something of it although many may have a consciousness of it in part, before being practically taught. This consciousness is often called susceptibility and musical intuition by teachers.

When it is said that a thing is permanent, we understand that it is stable, it is immortal—it lives on earth and of its very nature must forever live. Music is a language which tells us of things unalterably true, you cannot make it say an untrue thing; it is the concord of sound and rhythm, the discord proves it, therefore it is permanent. Its appeal to our physical perception is a result of the harmony of natural laws, subjective and objective, and the spiritual product that follows is in obedience to laws as immutable.

To be able to say to a pupil, "this measure which you can understand by signs thus far—that it is in such a key, in a given time and of certain modulations recognized by your ear etc.—God made; that is, He gave you an idea of time, its possible divisions, of the meaning of the enclosed space you call a measure, the subdivisions of that space, by which you determine the name of the note and its pitch, the characters which represent sound, and an ear to perceive the difference and relation of many sounds, in a word, musical intelligence which is greater and more comprehensive as it grasps the meaning of one measure in connection with another until the idea has been musically revealed even to the last measure" is a least sign of privilege of speaking to that pupil of the love of Him who made music and musicians. The visible and audible symbols which we learn and teach are indications of a love immortal, and what gracious speech follows the conscientious study of the grammar of such an Art!

It seems to me that many a student may find a reason for better and more persevering work, may find an interest where before was indifference, and others a real joy in knowing more authoritatively as they progress that the beginning

now made is the beginning of something superlatively lovely, a promise of the desire of their hearts, so that such as are discouraged by apparently slow gain, may be comforted by the thought that they may continue hereafter in learning this heart-language, although the signs may be different; the idea is to understand! And such as have found a rapture, not expressible in words have the promise of new delight, future beatitude without end. If such an one—may I ask—are you aware of the power which you make your own, which can be used now as a means of inspiration to many whom you meet by chance and to whom so gracious and lovely an appeal may not be made in vain?

Let me entreat you! put your *heart* in your work. My teacher once said to me, "that is well done, you have learned it *by heart*," and look for the true and beautiful with painstaking care to observe all the requirements. The heart and head thus working together will ensure a better result than you know, for it lives forever. As Carlyle says "Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

FRANCES W. MCCLINTOCK.



A FEW REMARKS ON VOCAL ACOUSTICS.

VOCAL acoustics is a branch of voice culture to which little attention has been paid. Yet it is in my opinion one of the most important, if not *the* most important, items in training the human voice. There is scarcely any attention given to a correct placing of the voice among amateurs and not a few professionals. We hear voices that are thin, reedy, nasal or scratchy, and otherwise disagreeable. Yet in many cases, the possessors of such voices are persons of good musical organization, with correct musical "ears," etc., and a good mouth and throat. It may seem odd to some to hear the mouth and throat spoken of in this manner, but a roomy, well arched mouth and wide throat are necessary adjuncts to, and must be possessed by anyone wishing to become a good singer.

We all know the value of the sounding board of a piano. We know, undoubtedly, that a piano string on being taken from the instrument and plucked, gives forth little sound. Put it back and then pluck it, and the sound is audible to quite a distance. If the person making this experiment is observant, he will notice that the timbre or quality of the resultant tone is greatly enriched by the sounding board. In the first instance the tone is thin, lacking resonance, carrying power, etc. But when the string is replaced and vibrated, the tone resulting is full, rich and penetrating; its carrying power becomes vastly greater.

What has this to do with the human voice? A great deal. It shows the necessity of supporting and augmenting the primary tone. It shows the need of a sympathetic resonance apparatus. This we have, in the human voice, in the pharynx and surrounding cavities. It is hardly necessary to describe how a vocal tone is produced, yet for the benefit of those who may be in doubt, I will say that a tone is produced by a certain quantity of breath issuing from the lungs, causing the vocal chords to vibrate after striking the vocal chords the breath is transformed into tone.

Now right here is a most important point. If too much breath is used the tone is marred, owing to a strained, overblown condition of the chords. The importance of this lies

in the fact that in order to use the acoustic properties of the vocal apparatus, we must have control of the column of tone, and this necessitates control of the breath. For instance, the right amount of breath is impelled against the vocal chords, causing them to vibrate in a natural and uniform manner, producing a tone. This tone is guided by the will power, not by any local throat effort, but by the mind—until it strikes firmly against the hard palate just above the upper front teeth. The result is a rich, full, ringing tone. This sounds easy enough, but it takes months, and even years, perhaps, before it can be done properly.

Now let us consider the effects of using too much breath. The air is forced up against the chords, taking them by storm, as it were. The vibrations resulting are irregular and uncertain. After leaving the chords the tone instead of being impinged against the hard palate, either goes directly out of the mouth or else strikes the soft palate and drops back into the throat. In the first event the tone is thin, without beauty, ring or carrying quality; in the second, it is either muffled, gutteral, or thick and choky.

Let us now imagine a case where the right amount of breath is used, the right number of vibrations secured, but the tone not placed or directed firmly against the hard palate. The tone in such an example impresses the ear a little more pleasantly than the preceding experiment, owing to the absence of strain, but there is still a noticeable lack of carrying power, of richness, of ring, etc.

If not enough breath is used the chords will not vibrate sufficiently, and the tone will be weak.

A good illustration of the manner in which the tone should strike against and rebound from the hard palate, is found in the act of throwing a rubber ball against the side of a house or wall. The swifter the throw the swifter the rebound. But make too great an effort and a strained arm is the result. Applying the above to the voice it may be seen that the swifter the tone is impelled against the hard palate, the swifter will the tone rebound, and set the outer air vibrating. However if undue force is used a strained throat is the result. Moderation must be insisted upon. ———— EDD. S. ROWLEY.

A STUDY IN PIANOFORTE TOUCH.

This lesson is founded upon the principle that, probably from the instinct of self preservation, a muscle or combination of muscles can make twice or three times as strong a contraction to keep a bodily member unmoved in a certain position against an exterior force, as it can to bring that member to the position which that exterior force has tried to prevent its reaching. In fewer words, such muscular contraction can be made two or three times as powerful an effort to *prevent* bodily motion as to *make* that motion.

Ex. No. 1. (Single finger efforts). Grasp the forefinger of one hand by the thumb and *middle* finger of the other hand, and bend the grasped finger to its curved position for a piano stroke.

Voluntary Effort. Then try to bend the grasped finger down and forward upon the stiffly held grasping fingers as you would to make a sudden strong piano stroke. Notice carefully the utmost force you can thus exert voluntarily.

Involuntary Effort. Preserve this effort unchanged. Then exert the other hand to push the grasped finger upward (backward) while you simply determine that this finger shall remain in the same position, not thinking about the effort it will increase to retain this position.

Notice that before the finger muscles are overpowered and the finger is actually pushed up, (back), twice or three times as much effort has been put forth by these resisting muscles as was made by the same muscles when they attempted to make the movement.

In a word, notice that the imagination of an unchanged position prompts two or three times the effort that the imagination of a movement to a new position does.

After several trials of the *involuntary* forefinger effort, (to keep the same position) make one or two trials

of the *voluntary* forefinger effort, (to gain the new position) and notice that the *habit* of strong involuntary efforts has given the voluntary effort greater power than it had before.

Then go to the piano or organ, and after two or three resisted efforts (against pushings by the grasping fingers) place the middle finger, (the one next to the just grasped forefinger), on one key and play the two notes G F, and notice the greater force of the stroke. Ater two trials on the keys, return to the preceding part of the exercise; that is, grasping the forefinger with the two other fingers, and making alternate note trials of the voluntary and involuntary efforts.

In playing the notes, think to raise the middle finger at the exact instant of striking with the forefinger. Let the hand rest lightly on the finger upon the key-board. Do not bear down heavily.

Practice in turn with each of the fingers of each hand, and play the two notes as instructed, either G F or F G, so that all the combinations of two fingers, or one finger and thumb, will be rehearsed.

The suddenness of the up stroke decides in a large measure the power of the down stroke. For, if the up-stroke is slow, that finger retains a part of the weight and resistance of the hand which the down stroking finger should receive at the very instant it strikes the key.

Exercise No. 2. The up-stroke. Again grasp the forefinger in its position while holding down a key by the other forefinger and middle finger as in Ex. No. 1. Then let the grasped finger *make its own effort*, as it were, to pull up (backward on the hand) though the grasping fingers do not allow it to move. Notice the exact amount of effort available, and preserve it while you suddenly make the two grasping fingers try to pull the finger downward (forward on the hand).

Observe that the finger can put forth double the effort to maintain its position, twice as much as it did to make the upward movement.

maintain its position, twice as much as it did to make the upward movement.

After several trials of the latter performance, (trying to pull the finger down) return to the voluntary effort of the finger itself to pull itself upward (backward) and notice the greater power the resisting practice enables you to put forth.

Repeat the two practices many times; and at all opportunities when away from the piano go over the practices, giving at least three times as much time to the position, practice, (the resisting displacing effort of the two fingers), as you do to the forefinger movement effort (the finger's own effort to move itself upward (backward on the hand).

To Apply to the Keys.— Having held lightly down any one finger on a key, hold an adjacent finger high, then think, not only of the finger about to strike, but also of the finger about to be raised and try to make the two movements, the down and up, at precisely the same instant and with equal suddenness. Finally take other forms, such as a series of ascending triplets, G-A-B, or G-A-B-C, G-A-B-C-D, etc. very slowly at first. If distant fingers are to be played, such as G B or A C, first practice separately each finger movement with the resisting fingers.

"DOUBLE EFFORTS."NO. 2.

The same principles explained in lesson No. 1, that a muscle or group of muscles will instinctively, involuntarily, put forth twice as much effort to maintain a position as it or they can to make a movement or attempt to change a position, can be applied with most extraordinary benefit to double efforts, that is, to movements of two parts —in this case the movement of two fingers, the one up, the other down.

It has been discovered that for the legato style of playing the down finger and the up-finger must start at precisely the same instant.

It is true that the two fingers do not pass each other at the half-way point, but at a point two-thirds of the way down

from the unstruck portion of the surface of the key to its position after the stroke; that is, by pressing a key two-thirds of the way down the right point where they pass each other will be reached.

Still the two efforts must be made at the same instant, for the up coming finger goes slower, being burdend by the necessary weight of the hand and sometimes of the arm.

The following practices not only give the legato touch and greater power, but also increase the agility of the finger most astonishingly.

EXERCISE No 1—Grasp the middle finger of one hand with the thumb and middle finger of the other hand and let the ends of the two forefingers press lightly against each other.

Grasp not only the end joint but the two last joints of the middle finger and let its next finger, the forefinger, be curved and somewhat bent back upon the hand as if for striking a key.

Let the grasped middle finger also be in the position relative to the hand that it would have when holding a note down, that is, about parallel with the back of the hand.

Now endeavor to pull the middle finger upward and push the forefinger downward—as you would to strike with the forefinger, and raise the grasped middle finger from its key —but resist the movement by the other hand. Judge as nearly as you can the amount of effort you can thus voluntarily put forth.

Maintain this voluntary effort and now apply an outside force, pulling strongly down with the grasping middle finger and thumb and trying to make the forefinger of the grasped hand push the other forefinger backward.

Notice that two or three times as much effort will be made by the "playing" fingers (as the ones being disciplined will be called) than by the outside, or "displacing" fingers.

In the same manner practice with every combination of two fingers—with grasped forefinger and middle finger, with grasped little finger and third finger, etc. etc.

When the grasped forefinger is disciplined with the

thumb let the other thumb first resist its downward voluntary movement, and then try to displace it backward.

Go to the piano and after two or three trials to displace any two fingers, place the grasped finger on any key and hold the other playing finger in its striking position over the key upon which it would naturally fall. Then, with a light weight of the hand upon the down finger, suddenly and at the same instant strike the one finger down, and snap the other up.

Notice after a little practice the much greater power that you have gained.

Always make the displacing efforts as suddenly as possible, for the resisting (playing) fingers will make an equally sudden effort, and thereby gain great agility.

EXERCISE No 2. (Twisting)—Bend the middle finger to its playing form and position upon the hand, then place it on the upper cover of a thin book and let the second joint of the forefinger be placed against the under cover, being also curved as for striking.

Now see how strongly you can squeeze, or pinch the book with these two fingers. Having gauged the amount of force, suddenly wrench the hand outward, as though you would bring the palm uppermost, but still hold the book so firmly than it will not be moved.

Notice how very much more effort the fingers will involuntarily make to maintain their relative position than they made to pinch the book.

After every two twistings attempt the pinching, and so alternate the practice till much greater force is gained in the pinching, or voluntary effort from the force of habit.

Apply to the piano by placing the under finger on one key and holding the upper finger over its key.

Strike with the one and raise the other at precisely the same instant; notice the greater power of the stroke.

Similarly practice with all adjacent fingers; then play a five finger exercise, or a scale with your utmost velocity.

Of course try also now adjacent fingers—such as the second and fourth, third and fifth etc.

NEW YORK CITY. ———— JOHN HOWARD.

A MUSIC STUDENT'S LETTERS.

FIRST BATCH.

BERLIN, NOVEMBER 18.

WELL, we have at last reached Fraeulein's, but are not yet settled as in a week or two, when the Q—s go back to America we are to have their rooms and grand piano. In the meantime, I must use an upright.

We are so glad we came over on the Antwerp line; it is so charming to land in a town so utterly un-English and characteristically foreign. The trip was delightful in spite of the time of year. There were only thirty first cabin passengers, but we enjoyed each other so much that everyone wished we were to be on the water a week longer. Just before we landed one of the boats of our line stopped her engines and signalled to us. We thought something dreadful must have happened, but it was only that the pilot, who had not been able in the fog to find his boat didn't care to be carried over to New York. He was very thankful to be picked up by our boat, and thought it very fortunate that we happened along just then. He told us of the Presidential election, and in speaking of the States he mentioned Illinois, *Brooklyn*, and New York! Needless to say he was not an American.

Antwerp was like a strange and beautiful dream. The cathedral was the first old pile of stone I had ever seen, and probably *because* it was the first affected me quite differently from anything I saw afterward on our way here. The Cologne cathedral is beautiful, but after I had learned that a cathedral is paved with old grave stones with bodies beneath them; that it sometimes holds wonderful paintings and curious relics; that there are often several altars and beautiful and old embroideries; that there is a regular fee for the use of the big chairs with the little shelf on top of the back where you may lay your prayer-book and your

arms as you kneel on the seat and face the altar; (This fee is collected by curious and uncanny looking little old women, who, as they carry three or four of these large chairs seem endowed with supernatural strength); when I knew that the little bell, which is pulled by one of the white-gowned altar boys in intervals of the service and which is always so quaintly out of tune with the priests intoning, is to indicate to the heavy-eyed peasants that the name of Jesus Christ is being spoken in the Latin liturgy, and that here they are to bow their heads, then half the charm was gone. And after I had seen these things for the first time in Antwerp, it was only a comparative study of paintings, embroideries and stained glass. I have never since seen a picture which was so beautiful to me as Leonardo da Vinci's head of Christ painted on a small square of white marble, and hung in a corner of one of the alcoves of this cathedral; nor do I think this was because it was a part of my first cathedral, for you could look into those soft brown eyes for hours, and make them seem to say to you everything beautiful you can think. They would be always beautiful, even after one had seen all other beautiful things. We spent hours in this cathedral and were fortunate enough to be in Antwerp on Saint Leopold's Day, so that we heard the Beethoven *Te Deum* with that huge organ, an orchestra of forty chosen musicians, and a perfectly trained chorus. The effect of the music resounding through the length and breath of those immense aisles, broken by enormous pillars which climb so far up to reach the high-arched roof as to seem almost slender, is wonderfully beautiful and totally unlike anything I have ever heard. In Antwerp outside the Cathedral one could spend weeks. The weather is still quite mild and the people live out of doors as much as possible so that one could scarcely walk because of the hordes of queer-looking little children with clothing which always seemed too small for their brilliant-colored stockings and wooden shoes. The little Arabs chase each other around you as you walk, and shriek in such shrill piping voices that if you were to close your eyes you could imagine you were hearing a New York newsboy screaming his papers and the

news, the effect being heightened by the fact that you couldn't understand anything they said.

Brussels was charming and in an entirely different way, although it is only one hour's ride from Antwerp. It is called a miniature Paris, is very bright and gay, and seemed like a modern city, compared with Antwerp. The Bois de Boulogne looked rather deserted as we drove through and the leaves were all off the trees. We went to the theatre in the evening and enjoyed it hugely.

My lovely times here in Berlin are just beginning. To-night we went to hear Amalie Joachim sing in the series of German song recitals she is giving. The Schumann Belshazzar I liked particularly and she sang the Erl-King beautifully. She is the divorcée of the great violinist, and made her first appearance in America about a year ago. I believe you didn't hear her then. She is a very clever singer, but I imagine she had a good deal *more* voice some years ago than she has now, and she sings false in almost every song. However, we enjoyed the concert and it seemed so strange to sit in that hall and think: "I am in Berlin. *This* is Berlin!" The house was packed from floor to ceiling with a great many people standing. The audiences here are so pretty. The women, almost without an exception, take off their wraps and hats before they enter the hall and wear ribbons in their hair and very light-colored gowns or waists; and the officers present in bright uniforms were a relief from the walking ink-bottle into which the coventional dress-suit tranforms a man.

To-morrow evening a number of the people here in the house expect to go to one of Klindworth's Pupil Recitals. Miss S.— who boards here and is one of his best pupils, is going to play a Mendelssohn Fantaisie. As soon as she has played we are all going to hear Marcella Sembrich sing in concert. She fills a six weeks engagement almost every season at Kroll's theatre for light opera. Mrs. Q.— is going to chaperon the party. Sunday I expect to hear the rehearsal of Liszt's Oratorio, "Saint Elisabeth" with Klindworth conducting. I am not going to ask him about lessons until after

this performance, as he has stopped teaching for the time being and has his hands full with rehearsals.

There are about sixty people, mostly Americans and Germans, who take their meals here, and such a Babel as there is in that dining-room! Nothing at home equals it, I am sure, unless it be a church sociable. The German men all come up to Fraeulein when she is talking to us, click their heels together, make their funny, stiff little bows, and ask to be introduced. One of them seems to be making strenuous efforts to commit "Mary had a little lamb" to memory, and is perfectly charmed with himself at having mastered the intricacies of the first verse.

Everything is decidedly luxurious, compared with my expectations , in the rooms we are occupying at present. I don't know whether or not the Q—'s rooms upstairs are as pleasant, but I believe they are thought to be more desirable than these. I shall be glad when we move, for then I shall have a grand piano, the one Mr. Q.— has now, and which was entirely new when he began to use it a few months since. It is almost impossible to rent a new piano and as this one is nearly as good as new I am quite "puffed up with majestic pride," as Marjorie Fleming says.

Fraeulein is very sweet and agreeable and I think we shall like it here. Some people think it is the finest Pension in Berlin. The breakfast is from eight till eleven and the concessions to the American contingent are oatmeal and eggs, which are added to the usual ménu of coffee, chocolate and rolls. People are very late in the mornings, but work *before* breakfast, I am told. The young woman in the next room who has a piano and is spoken of as "faithful," will probably verify the statement whenever we are particularly anxious to sleep. Fortunately one is not allowed to use the piano before eight in the morning or after ten at night, unless one has "Gesellschaft."

Dinner in the evening, which is quite an elaborate affair and lasts more than an hour, is at five o'clock for the convenience of those of us addicted to the opera, which begins generally at seven and sometimes earlier. I find it is not im-

possible to hear bad piano playing in Berlin, for the girl in the next room has attacked the A flat Ballade in a manner quite merciless both to the Ballade and her near neighbors

BERLIN, Nov. 26.

I was not much impressed with the Klindworth Pupils' Recital. They are informal affairs, held once in two weeks, where everyone is invited and tea and *English bread-and-butter* are served in the intermission. Miss S. played better than any of the others, but used her notes. I went up to Klindworth and asked him if he remembered having a pupil whose name was Z.— He said he did and then I told him I was that pupil's sister. You know he hadn't seen me since I was a little tot and couldn't be expected to recognize me. He was as sweet as possible then and took me over to present me his to wife and to tell her that we had been "heavenly good" to him when he was in America. She is an English woman, very much younger than he, and perfectly charming.

I went alone to the noon rehearsal on Sunday, and was just carried away. The part of Saint Elisabeth was taken by Rosa Sucher, the prima donna of the opera here, and the tenor, who sang the part of the hard-hearted uncle, was Karl Scheidemantel, of the Dresden Opera. There was no applause at this rehearsal. Whether because it was a special Saint Day or because they never applaud on Sunday, I don't know. Such an un-American thing happened; some people got up, in one of the pauses, to go out, when Klindworth turned, rapped on his music-stand and *said* something to them which I could not hear. *They went back* and meekly sat down!

P. will have to become accustomed to the Sunday here. The girl in the next room is playing and singing "Robin Hood" and "The Flying Dutchman," Fraeulein sews or rather embroiders and the German men play cards.

I went with one of the girls on Monday to hear Klindworth give her a lesson. He was dressed in a light-brown Russian blouse lined with fur and belted in at the waist, very tight black trousers, thick shoes of felt and brown kid gloves which he keeps on while he plays! He told Miss D.— it

was impossible to teach her anything, and made a few pleasant little remarks like that.

On Sunday afternoon, when I was writing a letter, someone knocked and Miss N. came in! I was very much astonished as I didn't know she intended to be in Berlin at all this year, and was extremely glad to see her. She expects to stay all winter and is studying with Julius Hey, who is one of the best known vocal teachers here.

Monday evening we heard a Mozart opera — "The Marriage of Figaro," and Tuesday afternoon I went, with P. chaperoning, to hear Klindworth in his den and see him about giving me lessons. He said at first that he was so busy he didn't know how he could put me in; at this I began to quake, but finally he asked me what I had been studying, told me to get the Mendelssohn G minor Concerto (Op. 25) and to come on Thursday for a lesson.

Tuesday evening Fraeulein gave us what she called a Thanksgiving ball, though it was two days before Thanksgiving. The large dining-room with its yellow-painted floor was cleared of tables and chairs, and the upright piano from the salon was pushed into one of the corners. Everyone was given a piece of material and a needle and thread, and the girls were required in a given time to make neckties, and the men aprons. Prizes were given for the best necktie and apron, and then the girls wore the aprons made by their partners (who were found by matching the patterns in the material given them) and the men the neckties for the rest of the evening. There was a little dance with numerous intermissions of refreshment, and we didn't go upstairs until after twelve o'clock.

Wednesday evening we heard "Die Meistersinger," which I enjoyed I think, much more than I otherwise would because of having heard Mrs. Howard's lectures on it in America. It is almost five hours long and they didn't cut it at all, as they often do. The students, as a rule, sit in what is called the Amphitheater, which being translated into good American, means "peanut gallery." But the seats are reserved and it is the best place in the opera house so far as

hearing is concerned. The seats are not what you would call luxurious, being twelve or fourteen inch spaces, marked off on a wooden bench by narrow lines of white paint; if your immediate neighbor is a trifle near-sighted or not over-conscientious (which sometimes happens) about remaining on his side of the white line, you may have rather an unpleasant time of it. These "seats," however, are less than half-a dollar each to hear the best operas and the first singers in the world, and the money-side of the question is a very important one to most of the students. A few of the girls make a practice of "going standing-room," as the phrase is, but I think that is neither wise nor economical. It is quite enough, even when one has had a seat, to do a good day's work after the excitement of an opera which has lasted perhaps until nearly midnight, particularly if one goes three or four times each week through a whole winter.

Thursday morning I went for my first lesson. I had worked fifteen hours on the first six pages of the Concerto and didn't expect to play anything else, but Klindworth asked me to play something for him first, so I plunged boldly into the Grann Gigue. When I had finished he said that was "goot" and made the remark that I "didn't miss any of those notes," (You remember the great skips in crossing hands?) which I thought rather superfluous, as I generally had missed some of them and quite astonished myself by playing so well. "Courage mounteth with occasion." He asked me a number of questions as to my age (when I told him how old I was he said "You haf yet time" which was consoling), my health, and whether I had good lungs or not! I never knew before that especially strong or in any way unusual lungs were necessary to the making of a pianist, did you? In the first six pages of the Concerto he changed some of the fingering but nothing else. He said he noticed that I played with some mannerisms(!) but that I could make an artist, a public player, if I chose and my health and perseverance continued. This was on Thanksgiving Day and I tried to be properly thankful, but it was not possible to do the occasion justice.

That evening Fraeulein gave us an American Thanksgiving dinner. Everything was draped with the American colors, and when the dessert came in we all sang College songs while sitting at our two long tables, much to the edification and delight of the Germans present. Finally, every one stood up and sang "America," the words of which were printed on the backs of our little red, white and blue dinner-cards. After dinner I went unexpectedly to a concert with Miss S.— and her former teacher, Mr. G.— Emma Koch, a pupil of Moszkowski's, played spendidly and he conducted the orchestra himself.

I have heard Frau Joachim again but I don't rave over her in the least.

I have been helping P.——dress a doll for Fraeulein, who is getting a great number ready for a poor children's Christmas-tree.

Yesterday I went for the first time to the Harmony class connected with the Conservatory. The teacher is an Englishman, a Mr. Clemens, who is organist at the English church here. He didn't know what I could do, so he gave me a short Canto Fermo of which I was to make four exercises in the following way: (a) Two part Florid; (b) Three-part First class; (c) Transfer the Canto Fermo to the Treble and add two parts of any species. (d) Four parts First class." He said after he had examined these that my two-part Counterpoint was not "strong," and that he would like to have me do some two-part exercises and let him criticize them. I am to take him Harmony exercises one week and Counterpoint the next. He is quite young and very deaf. He says most politely," May I presume to criticize these exercises with the other ladies present?" I say "Most certainly" and then he proceeds to pick them to pieces without mercy. And the girls say he is unusually mild with me because he knows I am "a new one" and wishes to inure me gradually. No one worries over anything the teachers here say, and yet it seems to have its effect. You should see Klindworth when a girl is playing! He paces back and forth behind her and when something doesn't suit him he begins

to shake his head, which demonstration *she*, of course, doesn't see. Then he gets so furious because she doesn't stop playing that he can't speak, and finally comes forward and shakes his hand in her face to stop her. All this time imagine the hapless maiden, with sword above her head, playing serenely on and fondly imagining she's doing beautifully. When one doesn't understand at once what he says he groans in the most despairing way, and falls back in his chair with a degree of limpness which would make a Delsartean wild with envy. My lesson is the first one he gives on Monday and Thursday mornings, and next to me comes a little German Fraeulein who knows very little English. He talks German to me until my lesson is about over, when it begins to dawn upon him that he ought to be talking English; so by the time Fraeulein K.— comes in he is talking English with only a word of German here and there, and she looks helplessly at him and doesn't understand anything he says. She adores him, though, and said she thought he was "sweet." She whispered to me in her remarkable English, while he was giving another lesson: "He iss goot to-day. He iss nut alwiss so humoured," and she kissed her hand to the back of his head as she went out.

Friday was Mr. Q.—'s birthday and he was overwhelmed with toasts to "a happy life and long," and a big cake with thirty candles. Everybody in the Pension has a birthday and a cake. We shall all miss the Q—s very much.

Last night Mrs. F.— asked me to come into their rooms "to help make a Welsh rarebit in the chafing-dish." There were eleven of us and we didn't "break up" until after twelve o'clock.

I have played duets with Miss D.— twice and I suppose we shall play quite often together. We read over the symphonies or overtures on the concert programmes before we go to hear them and it is a great help in every way.

We went to the American chapel on Sunday last; it is of no denomination or rather of all denomination. The singing was frightful and made me homesick, I suppose because it reminded me of our own choir in S.—

BERLIN, Nov. 30.

One of the girls asked me the other day if I had *had* harmony! She spoke of it as though it were a contagious disease and said she hated it. I think she has completely recovered from any attack she may have had. I have twenty Counterpoint exercises ready for Saturday and I have worked hours on them. I don't intend that Mr. Clemens shall find any consecutive fifths and octaves, anyway. You should see his expression when he comes to any in an exercise!

We expect to move into our new quarters in a week or two. I went up to see Mrs. Q.— and she showed me all their beauties and peculiarities. They are two large rooms (one of which has a large alcove and is really two rooms) with corridor of our own between, where we may keep our boxes and trunks. Glass doors at the corner of "the sitting-room" open out on a little balcony, and as it is on the fourth floor one can see blocks and blocks in both directions. This evening it had been raining so that the glistening asphalt reflected the lights in long, trembling lines which reached almost to the opposite curb. The street is quite wide and very level, and from this balcony one can follow the lights with one's eyes almost to the Linden. There is an unending rumble day and night past our windows, for, although there are no cars on the street half-a-dozen-omnibus-lines pass the house, and, as it is one of the principal streets, a great many vehicles of all other descriptions.

P.— and I are just about to start for a piano recital by Leonard Borwick, a pupil of Clara Schumann. It is to be in the new Bechstein hall and it is a pleasure to go there; it is a pretty little place. You will remember that we hoped to get here in time for the dedication which was by Rubinstein, von Bülow and others. I went last night to a concert by Felix Dreyschock and Waldemar Meyer, a violinist. A Bach suite in E, for the violin alone, was perfectly bewitching and beautifully played.

I took my first German lesson from Frau Doctor Hempel today. She talks beautiful *English*, and judging from what

I saw of her, I think she is a good teacher. Monday, I am to begin ensemble practice with a 'cellist and a violinist. Klindworth went with me to arrange for it and I am practicing the Beethoven Trio, Op. 1, No. 3.

The circulating library of music is just around the corner from us, and is a very convenient and money-saving institution in spite of the fact that sheet music is very much cheaper here than in America. One may deposit a dollar and a half as security, which is returned at any time, and then the rate is only twenty-five cents a month, and almost all the music existing, both ancient and modern, can be had there and kept for any length of time.

We heard Maszkowski, *Mas*, not *Mos*, conduct the orchestra a few nights since. I didn't like him so well in some ways as "our Nikisch," the violinist who played (Gregorowitch) had the most *beautiful* tone. He is quite young but has a good deal of a reputation here, and when a musician has a reputation in *Berlin* there is little more to be said.

ELISABETH WORTHINGTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NATURE AND OBJECT OF MUSIC.

WHAT is music? Music is one of the branches of universal Art, like literature, painting, sculpture, architecture.

Music is the youngest of the arts. This is not the place to trace its history; we limit ourselves to stating that while the elements of music are as old as humanity, musical art as we comprehend it dates from the XVIth century. It is not remarkable that it should be still somewhat badly comprehended, badly defined; badly taught, even; because the true theory of music is still to make; though what further theories is it possible to imagine, from the theories of musicians to those of critics?

One of the most widely extended is this, that music is composed of two elements, melody and harmony; harmony, a secondary element, is born of melody; melody born spontaneously is the work of genius; harmony is the product of calculation and of science.

This theory has not one single fact to repose upon; it is indeed exactly contrary to the fact; but it has had the fortune to be adopted by many non-musical writers, whom it has seduced by its apparent clearness, and as it is already old it has acquired the force of a terrible prejudice. It is in the name of this prejudice that one attacks beautiful work, tha one persecutes great musicians. With the aid of time the beautiful works always triumph, but great musicians sometimes die of the pain; witness Hector Berlioz; witness Georges Bizet.

We will not search out the origin of this war, already so ardent in the time of Glückists and the Piccinists. It was then a war of rival schools, and if posterity has judged without appeal in favor of the former, it is necessary to admit that the admirers of Piccini were not without excuse. The strife has degenerated since. Whatever it was, the triumph

of the Glückists had in it nothing not perfectly logical, the genius of Glück apart. It renewed the traditions of French opera, putting in the first plane dramatic action and lyric declamation. But the school of melody did not hold itself beaten, it prepared the reappearance which Rossini, aided by the most brilliant phalanx of singers that ever was, made with so much éclat.

This re-appearance was not accomplished without difficulties, in spite of the colossal power of Rossini and the talent of his interpreters. The national good sense revolted against the system of Italian "embroideries." Critics set themselves to prove that good sense was wrong, and that the roulade was indeed the true expression of lyric tragedy, and that Italian music was the only music in the world. This would never have come about, may be, had the road not already been traced by a writer of great authority, whom one would never dare to attack if one did not remember that one might be a great writer and still know nothing of music.

Under the insidious title of "Lives of Haydn, Mozart and Metastasio," Stendhal published in 1814 a series of letters entirely consecrated to the glories of Italian music. This book has served as breviary for most of the critics. The astonishing frivolity at foundation is masked by an appearance of musical erudition which might well impose upon the ignorant.

I desire permission to tarry a moment upon this book, whose disastrous influence has made itself felt in the world and in the press until our own days, even though the book itself has long been forgotten.

Music, according to this author, consists solely of melody; the remainder is accompaniment, something entirely inferior, the less importance it has the better. Haydn is called witness, and made to say: "Have a beautiful melody, and your composition, whatever it may be, will be beautiful and will certainly please."

It is true that a little farther on one reads the contrary: "Haydn had a very original principle; all motives to him

were good." "All the art," says he, "consists in the manner of treating a theme and developing it."

The insignificance of the point of view is striking, as one may judge: "The science of sounds is so vague that one is sure of nothing with them, if not of the pleasure that they actually give." "Study and patience are needed for producing agreeable accords; but to find a beautiful melody is the work of genius." "Would you know when a melody is beautiful? Deprive it of its accompaniment."

"If in music one sacrifices to some other consideration the physical pleasure which it ought to give us above all, this which one then hears is not music." "Melody is the principal means of producing physical pleasure; harmony follows after."

Is it necessary to trace here all this that "physical pleasure," renewed without ceasing, has done for degrading art?

As to the charge of degrading music in general, it is the author himself who has managed to refute his own theories, in passing imprudently to the practical side, and in according judgments which time has not ratified. Thus, he compares Pergolese and Cimarosa to Raphael, Piccini to Titian, Sacchini to Correggio; while Mozart is compared to Dominico and Gluck to Carravaggio. Beethoven is estimated in the following phrase: "While Beethoven and Mozart himself have sought quantity and strangeness of modulations, their symphonies, wise and full of labor, have produced no effect; whereas if they had followed the traces of Haydn they would have touched all hearts." When this phrase was written Beethoven had reached the age of forty-one; he had already produced the pastoral symphony, the symphony in A and in C minor, which have changed the face of the musical world. The author also disembarrasses himself with facility of everything in the way of limitation which his theories would seem to necessitate. For example, he never speaks of Sebastian Bach other than incidentally, to inform us that he studied the art of modulation *at Rome*. It is much the same as if one said that Raphael studied

the art of design at Berlin. After all it may have been some other Bach of whom he spoke, substituting him for the prodigious artist whose star has so singularly made to pale the stars of twelfth magnitude, that he has not left room to admire Galuppi, Benda, Guglielmi, Traetta, and so many others whose light has not come down to our own days.

Elsewhere he made Palestrina the creator of modern melody; an assertion completely false, which is still repeated in our days.

He treats with the utmost contempt the immortal Rameau, the greatest genius that France has produced; he declares moreover, that the French have never had any music and never will have any, a calumny which has made its road. He weeps at every instant for the decadence of art; Cimorosa, Haydn and Mozart are dead—nothing can replace them.

"I may be a little unjust," he says towards the end, with regard to Messrs. Mayer, Paer, Farinelli, Mosca, Rossini, who are estimated in Italy."

So to have despised Beethoven, not to have divined Rossini, behold where the system of *melody for melody* has carried a spirit of incontestable superiority. At the foundation he has taken agreeable sensation for the love of music, —the agreeable sensation, irresistible for all the world, which a beautiful voice produces upon the least cultivated ear. Choruses, even, touch him but little; one voice alone, which one might enjoy at his ease, like a sherbet, behold true pleasure!

"What ought the voice to do? To be beautiful and to show itself. Behold all! In order for this the accompaniments must be not loud, mainly pizzicatos of the violin, and in general the voices ought to execute slow movements."

This idolatry of the voice amounts in the last analysis to a denial of all music.

Is it not piquant to see Rossini disdained by this very one whose ideas are to defend him later on?

I haste to say that I am not here concerned with the pro-

cesses of the composer, nor of any school. We merely perform the process of a certain criticism. Rossini has entered into immortality, and moreover the war between the French, Italian and German schools is finished, as also the war between the classicists and the romantic writers.

II.

No. Music is not the instrument of physical pleasure. Music is one of the most delicate products of the human spirit. In the depths of his intelligence man possesses an intimate special sense, the *æsthetic sense*, by which he perceives art; music is one of the means of putting this sense in vibration. Behind the sense of the ear, of marvellous delicacy, which analyses sounds, which perceives their difference of intensity, of quality and of nature, there is in the circumvolutions of the brain a mysterious sense which discovers an entirely different thing.

You know the Pastoral Symphony; you have heard the dance of the peasants, which animates itself gradually even to dizziness, almost to folly. At the strongest moment of the dance everything abruptly ceases and without any transition whatever the basses make you hear pianissimo a note foreign to the tonality. This note, which one makes out with difficulty, extends itself little by little, it is the shadow of implacable fate, appearing in the midst of a festival, it is an anguish from which no person can escape. From the point of view of the ear and of this physical pleasure, from the point of view of cold reason, even, this note is absurd, because it destroys the tonality and the logical development of the piece.

Nevertheless this note is sublime.

It addresses itself then not to the ear in order that it may be caressed, neither to the reason which might carry out the idea like a figure of geometry. We have here in the art of of sounds something which passes in through the ear as a gate, and reason as a vestibule, and which goes farther.

All music wanting this something is ignoble.

In modifying one of the aphorisms of Stendhal it might

be said, "If in music one sacrifices to physical pleasure the the ideal which it ought to have above all, this which one then understands is no more art."

Seen from this angle, music changes its aspect: the perspective is different and all the questions are displaced. It is no longer a question of searching for this which will give pleasure to the ear, but this which dilates the heart, elevates the spirit, this which awakens the imagination and opens to it the horizons of a world unknown and superior. It then turns out that the superiority of one part of the art over another is a matter of complete indifference. A certain perfectly clear melody, it finds without value, such a succession of chords, deprived of their melody, have a profound beauty; on the other hand it finds that a melody of extreme simplicity opens at a stroke an avenue to the greatest heights, while works pretentiously elaborated flutter feebly upon the ground. There is no recipe for making master works, and those who prescribe such and such processes are mere quacks.

Let us return to physical pleasure.

This pleasure is real; it ought not to be the end of music, but it is an attraction by which it seduces its hearers. Melody alone aided simply by rhythm, is capable of charming a certain public. Of what is this public composed? It is composed first of all of those people who, in consequence of inferior organization, are not able to rise to a conception of harmony; there is an evidence incontestable. Such were the ancient people, such are the orientals, and such are the negroes of Africa. These last have a music which is infantile and lacking interest. The orientals have pushed very far the search for melody and rhythm, but harmony is unknown to them; as to the Greeks and Romans, all the efforts which have been made for establishing that they knew harmony, have resulted in proving the contrary.

Nevertheless Stendhal said: "Melody is the principal means of producing physical pleasure; harmony follows after," and he made not æsthetics but history; harmony

has come with the development of western civilization, with the development of the human spirit.

Persons who deny progress, who believe in the superiority of the ancient world over the modern world, may deny the importance of harmony in music, and fasten themselves exclusively upon melody. The others, if they would be logical, must recognize that before the birth of harmony music was in some sort rudimentary, and that its principal organs were still lacking. The development of harmony marks a new epoch in the march of humanity. Many dissertations have been written to inquire whether harmony was born of melody or melody of harmony. Vain dissertations! The one and the other exist in nature. Only, while folks the most savage have had power to discover melody and to develop it more or less, harmony has never been created except amid the refinements of modern civilization, in the midst of the prodigious movement of the Italian renaissance.

It is perfectly just to say "that agreeable chords cannot be produced except with study and patience, but to find a beautiful melody is a work of genius." One might say with equal justice: "Only fluency is needed for producing an agreeable melody; but to find beautiful chords is a work of genius."

Beautiful melodies and beautiful harmonies are alike the product of inspiration; but who does not see that it requires a brain much more powerfully organized in order to imagine beautiful harmonies.

It has been claimed that harmony is the product of reflection, of *science*, and that inspiration counts for nothing. How then does it happen that the men of genius who find beautiful melodies are also the only ones who find beautiful harmonies; and that no mediocre professor or savant could have had the idea of writing the "*oro supplex et aclinis*" of the *Requiem* of Mozart, yet this is nothing more than a succession of accords? The truth is that the true musicians find beautiful melodies as they do beautiful harmonies, spontaneously, without their "science" having anything to

do with it. It is also the mark of a public arrived at a high point of culture that it loves beautiful harmonies.

People who have taste only for melodies, avow without knowing it that they will not take pains to discern and co-ordinate the different parts of a whole, in order to seize the general effect; as to supposing that they could not if they would, and thus to accuse them of being behind the progress of civilization, this would be an audacity of which we would not take the responsibility. Whoever they may be, these people, throughout the world, form with orientals and savages the public in which the force of inertia opposes itself to the march of art; they may rest assured that enjoyments the most profound and the most exquisite in music remain to them unknown; they are like children who believe themselves to know happiness when they eat bonbons.

III.

There is melody of the theorists, melody of musicians, and melody of melodists.

For the theorist, every succession of notes is a melody. It is at this narrow point of view that it is necessary to place one self if one desires to find melody in the works of the authors of the 16th century, of whom Palestrina is the chief. Those melodi-maniac critics who pretend to find melody, properly so-called in Palestrina, prove simply that they do not know the works of this master.

Not only is the music of this school deprived of melody, fleeting, even when complicated and carefully studied, and the tonality often undecided; this music is even conceived in a system diametrically opposed to that which the critics of whom I speak preach continually. It is very difficult at our epoch to properly execute such works, not containing any indication of movement or expression, and of which the traditions are lost. Nevertheless when, thanks to care and intelligence, they are given passably well, they produce a great effect; which seems to prove that melody salient and predominant, rhythms well defined and tonality well determined, are not things so indispensable as they would have

us believe, and that music is not the most perishable of all the arts, as they do not cease to repeat.

However this may be, it is evident that melody, eclipsed at the 16th century by the new and magnificent development of harmony, has entered again into its rights, and that music at our epoch is not able to pass beyond it. Here we enter into the life of the question. There is melody and melody, as there are faggots and faggots.

Let us take a beautiful phrase in the works of Beethoven: the theme of the Andante in the symphony in C minor, for instance. For a musician it is a noble, beautiful and touching melody; for a melodist it is not a melody at all.

It is not completed, this phrase; it does not conclude, it rests upon a sort of point of interrogation, and it is another phrase which seems to descend from the sky in order to reply to it, which closes the period. This is of a supreme beauty, but it would not please a true melodist.

Melodists recognize melody only in the vocal character of the phrase. This phrase of Beethoven has an instrumental character.

If instruments cannot pretend to the charm of the voice, they have in reserve resources entirely special, and their perfection has given an extraordinary impulse to instrumental music, which has been raised to heights which vocal music had never suspected. Certainly it is permitted to employ instruments like the voice; but as a general principle the style of voices and instruments would not be the same, and it would be wrong if one were to insist that instrumental music should employ exclusively phrases of a vocal character. If it employs them often, it is because it is very much easier to do so than to avoid doing so.

Mozart, whom no one would accuse of melodic poverty, followed for a long time the chimera of an instrumental music without melody. The overture to "Cosi fan Tutti" is an unfortunate attempt in this sense; the absence of melody is cruelly perceived. The overture to "Don Juan" is a sort of compromise. In the overture to "The Magic Flute" the problem is completely resolved; but by a turn of

singing melody and a prodigious complication, and as result a charm and an irresistable effect. It is a *tour de force* which Mozart alone could accomplish.

We often find in the works of great masters ideas which we might call collective, composed of many melodic designs heard simultaneously. Such is the theme of the Allegro of the overture to "Egmont." Such ideas are the product of superior art, but they would not please our amateurs of exclusive melody, properly so-called, because it is impossible for a single voice to sing them, or for hearers of a certain class to retain them in their untrained memories. It is for this reason that they preach always and all the time simplicity and clearness in music, with an affectation which makes one think of the celebrated Sainte Mousseline, of M. Sardou.

Music might avoid being complicated; it can be only relatively simple, being in its very nature a complex art. A melody is no more a "work" than a verse is a poem. Music might be truly simple and clear to all the would, but only upon condition of renouncing the greater part of its resources. In such a case it would deny all interest to the harmony, to rhythm, and to instrumentation, in order not to distract the fragile attention of the hearer from the melodic design. It must even take care not to give to this design itself forms too little used. At this price it descends to the gate of the vulgar. It is declared "melodic," "scenic," "easy to comprehend," and "the child of inspiration." Does it hesitate to clip its wings? It is "learned music;" the author is a "pedant who does not know how to conceal his science," a "pretentious person" without ideas, an algebraist, a chemist or what you will.

It is thus that they instruct the public and dissertate upon the art of Beethoven. Somebody spoke that way in the days of Rameau, and it is always the same thing.

Observe certain parts of a curious critical fragment about fifty years old, which shows in a fashion sufficiently amusing where one might go in ideas of this kind:

"Music in the arts is what love is in the life" (Pretty

beginning, but notice the end) "Music has a desolating effect upon those who cultivate it and reflect upon it, but happily musicians reflect very little." (One is no more amiable). "Their most brilliant productions perish more or less quickly, and decidedly are deprived of the immortality which is the privilege of the other arts. Singular thing, is it not? That it is the simple music which endures." (Here we are). "It is the popular music, vulgarly called the little music, and often treated with contempt; romances, for instance; but while the best and the more happy of these romances traverse the ages," (Happy romances!) "it happens that despite some admirer solemn and lone the great pieces which have enchanted the public and have been called the master works of the century, as finales, symphonies and masses, do not live twenty-five years, and after this short immortality are forgotten, disdained, even, for other admirations, which will be despised in their turn. Fashion, which has very little influence upon the other arts, but breaks itself against their beautiful productions, is almost all powerful upon music."

"Many causes might explain this. At the bottom music is melody; it is song—this is its idea. Harmony, no doubt, has added very happy effects, it is this which sustains and seconds melody. But very many musicians, intoxicated with the harmony which they have learned, come at length to despise this melody which they have not." "The foxes have lost their tails."

These are reasons.

If the musicians, the foxes, had kept their tails, music would not have gone out of fashion so easily. Reactionary critics have always had a gracious manner, and injury has always held the place of reason. Some one wrote of Berlioz this phrase: "Member of the Institute: I know it well; but *what* member." In our days injury comes near calumny.

The moment that one is suspected of appertaining to a certain school, one is accused of professing foreign opinions, of holding ideas the most objectionable. The author of the passage above, who has cultivated the masters and has been

quoted as training in the company of everything which is respectable, if he had been condemned as a penance to listen to a symphony of Beethoven, this hearing would have been for him an atrocious punishment.

Let us return to our reading.

"The foxes which have lost their tails, effect the most profound contempt for everything which is melodious, elegant, song-like in short. All this is nothing if a crowd of voices or instruments do not intermingle, cross each other, and if one does not lose in the labyrinth the ability to find a way out." (It would have been better, I should think, to have had the spirit not to enter). "These are great efforts, it is this sublime music *par excellence* which does not last thirty years." (Just now it did not last twenty-five; we are gaining). "And when it is once out of fashion one would not suppose it ever could have existed: while romances truly beautiful, hunting songs, chansons,—in short, primitive airs, are always heard with pleasure."

Surely this is frank, and the author of this article might well have the right to pass as an *enfant terrible*. The foundation of this great school of simplicity is in place of "William Tell" of "The Huguenots," "La Juive" of "Don Giovanni," of the Ninth Symphony, of the Mass of Papa Marcellus, of the Passion according to St. Matthew, of "Israel in Egypt"—to prefer "By the Light of the Moon," and "I Have Good Tobacco in My Pouch."

IV.

Music is still so young that it does not know its own force, it suspects not its own power.

What then is music? Who will undertake to define it? It is an architecture of sounds; it is a plastic art which models, in form of arabesques, the vibrations of air; it possesses color, after its manner, like painting; but it passes like the wind, one second suffices, and it is no more. Not so. Graven upon the metal behold it fixed; printing multiplies it and expands it to all the world. Behold it has become literature, a *book*, universal and indestructible.

The people of all countries read it and comprehend it, whatever be their language or race, and future generations may receive it intact.

Literary work has enjoyed for a long time without partition the privilege of immortality, and Horace was right in saying that he had built himself a monument more lasting than brass. Brass breaks, painting becomes dim and at length effaced: the book remains. Behold now, a new art arises more durable than marble or brass. Literature scents a rival: thus she recognizes her, and thus she treats this new-comer. From instinct, writers hate music: even those who pretend to like it charge it with grave faults, as being a frivolous art, or passing out of fashion in a few years; or else they admit no music of which the authors are not either dead or foreigners; they manage at least to arrest the development of the new art around them in their own country. "It is not necessary to make a debut in a new opera," said Alfred Musset, "because it is only in the masters that there is true music." This from one who has not hesitated elsewhere to speak of music as "the most perishable of arts." Remember how Diderot spoke of Rameau, "who has written so many unintelligible visions and apocalyptic truths upon the theory of music, where neither he himself nor any one else will ever understand anything; and of whom we have a certain number of operas where there is harmony, certain turns of idea discussed, . . . and who after having interred the *Florentins* will be interred by the virtuous Italians." Diderot and Musset are for the Italians; the other, more frank, are against everything which is new. The "Barber of Seville" appeared: "Vague confusion, unformed combination, strange mixture, German fracas, phrases badly developed, uncouth modulations, singularity." (Signed, Augustin Thierry).

Music passes out of fashion like everything else in the world, neither more nor less. Tragedy has passed out, romantic drama has passed out of mode, and yet are not dead. The public comprehends nothing of the pictures of the 15th century, nor of the arts of the middle ages; some of these

gentlemen have been known to demolish marvels of gothic architecture in order to make ruins; the gothic not being so beautiful as the ruins, "in the light of the moon." It is doubtful whether these men of the world regard with pleasure the engravings of Albert Durer. How can they read entire the Divine Comedy, Orlando Furioso, or even the Iliad and Odessy? What has more gone out of fashion than the dead languages?

To have passed out of fashion is for art its beginning. Where fashion finishes, there posterity commences. Music might be, if it would, an art of sensation; it could thrill the masses, and make crowds delirious. The noise passes, it makes itself a statue; immovable and silent it remains.

It is an error to suppose that it necessarily depends upon an army of singers and instrumentalists. One reads a symphony of Beethoven by the corner of his fire, as one reads a tragedy of Racine: neither the one nor the other have need to be played in order to exist.

Even those who deny the durability of musical works do not believe this that they say, since they exalt the ancient masters at the expense of the new. The truth is they fight against the progress of music by all means, with any weapons that happen to fall under their hands. Unable to silence it entirely, as they would wish, they content themselves with trying to reduce it to an art of low estate, something "contemptible and charming," as Roqueplan says: an art of pleasure. From this anarchist war against all music, this hypocritical enthusiasm for song and melody, arises the deceptive politeness of which we have endeavored to point out the true meaning.

There are people who suppose themselves to love flowers, because they cut them for bouquets; for them the plant, with its marvellous orders of leaves, veins, petals and buds and flowers has no existence, the sole reason is the flower, and a plant which does not flower has no interest. There are others who study the plant in its completeness, who follow its development, admire its forms so wisely balanced, its lines so elegant, delicate or strong, and for whom the flower has

no price than to wither upon the stem in the plenitude of its life. Would we say that these latter hate flowers? Wherefore say, then, that musicians hate melody when they are unwilling to sacrifice to it the commonplace and vulgarity which was offered us under the name of melody.

They ask the musician to conceal science. Now what we are to understand by "science" in this case is simply talent, and when one has it, it is to serve himself with it, and not to put it in his pocket; if it is good taste not to make parade of it, it would be very stupid to do as if one had it not, merely for the pleasure of those who happen to lack it.

Musical criticism being made not for musicians but for literary men, music is left to its bitter enemies, and all the advice they give it would conduct it to its ruin if it were followed. They do not say to musicians, be great, be strong be sublime. But be easy to comprehend, put yourself on a level with the vulgar. In this very moment they advise young composers who desire to write new works for the opera: "In order to be a dramatic composer it is not necessary to show yourself algebraist or chemist. That before all their works should be scenic and melodic, the rest will be pardoned if there is need."

It is truly to tempt them to a musical debauch.

One of the most singular characteristics of this war, carried on for so long time by literature against music, is its extreme harshness. It is impossible to write serious musical works without exposing one self to be smitten in the mouth, treated as the last of the miserables. "One has not the right" it appears to write in a certain manner. It is not rare to see writers professing liberal opinions become the most dictatorial of men when it turns upon music: and after having demanded liberty of gathering, liberty of association, liberty of the press, liberty of printing, they demand slavery for the most free of all the arts.

Music mocks at these furors; it mocks at the calumnies which multiply beyond count. Very little does it care that they charge it with being ephemeral. It lives, it will live, and it will conquer.

It will conquer because it is the art of advanced people, the expression of a civilization which has acquired supreme intensity, unknown to other ages and to other people.

The writers who put themselves against the musical movement sometimes by conviction, at times for such or such unimportant reason, innocently place themselves in the course of the car which carries humanity towards the future. The car in crushing them may slightly slacken its movement; arrest itself, never.

One can only regret the unfortunates whom a strong fatality constrains to sacrifice their talent in an impossible work, without utility as without glory, for which no one in all the world will thank them. Not knowing of what they speak, they repeat from generation to generation the same stupidities with a courage worthy of a better lot. There are those who regret to see these men of spirit marshall themselves in so ungrateful a labor; they will come out one day or another. Already more than one has passed to the enemy; in the end they all will pass. Some day the battle will be gained. One will no more say "the fine arts and music," one will say "Music and the Fine Arts." If music has a place apart, it is the place of honor.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAENS.

[*Translated for* MUSIC *from* "*Harmonie et Mélodie.*"]

THE OPERA SEASON.

I IMAGINE that way down deep in their hearts four-fifths of the voice students cherish the hope that some day they may be able to sing in opera even if they never make the attempt. Most of them guard this secret very closely and usually deny that they have any such aspirations, but the fact remains. It is a worthy ambition and one for which students should be willing to make any sacrifice and spend any amount of time in preparation. Even when the force of circumstances is such as apparently prevents them from following a career on the stage, nevertheless they wish to study and sing many of the arias, and become as familiar as possible with the general style of operatic singing. This too, is a worthy aim but it must be pursued intelligently. To a singer of dramatic instincts there is only one kind of music that gives full scope for his powers, and that is the music of the opera. There and there alone can a man give full expression to every phase of his character; there only can he sing as he feels, free from all conventionality and restraint. Every one feels this and it is both natural and right that students should be irresistibly drawn toward this form of expression that appeals to all with such tremendous force. But between the desire to express and the power to do so lies the Slough of Despond, where many rush in rashly only to retreat ignominiously.

Opera has a language, a *style* of its own. We instantly recognize the man who has mastered it, but too often we do not consider the years of apprenticeship he served. The student under the influence of the enthusiasm aroused by some great performance many times attempts the same aria only to find out that for the present it is too much for him. Then he is apt to lose heart and give it all up, which is not only foolish but wrong. Of course all are not gifted with equal powers and so cannot reach the same degree of excel

lence. But all can improve, and with determination and under wise direction they may make progress that seems little short of marvellous. We constantly hear students condemned and derided for aspiring too high and attempting the, for them, impossible, but this is a one-sided view to take. While most of these "aspiring geniuses" are destined to disappear unheard of, some one of them, and perhaps the least promising, has the makings of greatness in him. It is a bold teacher who will say to a promising pupil; "You are sure to do this much;" and an equally bold one to say to an unpromising student; "You can do nothing." In either case there are facts of character, temperament and education to be considered that make an off-hand opinion almost worthless.

A short sketch of one of the most famous Italian tenors will perfectly illustrate my meaning. Roberto Stagno is by birth Sicilian, and he sat cross-legged on a tailor's bench until he determined to be a singer. He applied at the local theatre for a position in the chorus which, after a hearing, was refused him. This however merely served to make him more determined, and after about a year of study and thought he again applied and was successful. The first step gained he immediately set about the second, which was to sing second parts, *compramari* as they are called. Now these *compramari* are the same sort of game for the Italian audience that the man in pink livery who comes out to pick up the crown that the *prima donna* dropped is for the American. So the first time Stagno attempted to sing his few lines he was howled down. Again he set his jaw a little firmer and went at it with what seemed like "overweening ambition." He succeeded in gaining the place as *compramario*, and then he must sing the principal parts. At his first appearance they say that he was treated to eggs and cabbages. Still he could not be shaken from his purpose, and in the course of time this Sicilian tailor, who was not good enough for the chorus, won for himself a position among the first tenors of his time. Reads like a romance, does it not? And it happened way over in Italy where strange and won-

derful things are quite common. Not a bit of it. What can happen in Italy can happen in Chicago. It is only the old story of a man who has the courage to dare and to work.

We in America unfortunately have few opportunities of getting thoroughly familiar with opera and the manner in which it should be done. Therefore let us appreciate to the full the glorious treat so soon to be given us, and see how we can reap the greatest benefit from it. The reproach that used to be cast on us that artists did not come here until they were passé in Europe, has no longer any semblance of truth. The singers who are coming and whose names already are household words, are among the first in the world, and almost without exception are just in their prime.

This is not only a "treat" but an education the value of which can hardly be overestimated. Now what sort of preparation have you vocal students made that you may get the full advantage from this opportunity? First, have you tried to get together the money with which to buy your admission? I have a friend who once went three weeks on one square meal a day, making his suppers on apples and crackers, that he might save money enough to go to the opera every night. Do not doubt that he got full value for every cent he spent, much as it cost him; nor that such a man is bound to be at the top. It is not necessary for all to make so great a sacrifice, but there are some things each one of you can deny himself, and each earnest student will do his utmost. Then after you are inside the theatre what is your preparation for understanding the music and the singing? The operas that you are most anxious to hear, do you know them thoroughly, or even fairly? Have you the vocal scores, or can you afford to buy them? If you own them, or can beg, borrow, or get them any other way, study them as thoroughly as you know how, especially the part best suited to your own voice, until you know the principal scenes by heart. Then, when you are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the music and appreciate the difficulties and requirements of the vocal part, you are in a condition to listen intelligently and to learn from what you hear.

Don't bother your head about criticizing the performance: the critics are there especially for that purpose and they will attend to it thoroughly. You are there to learn. You are fitting yourself to do the same things some day, and the very poorest singer in the entire company can teach you something valuable if you are willing to be taught. Don't be disturbed either if you find your enthusiasm bubbling up. Let it bubble right over and see how much better the artists will sing, and how much more you and every one else will get out of the performance when the mutual sympathy and good fellowship have been warmed into life by a few salvos of ringing cheers. Go every chance you can get, and go determined to crowd twelve months of enjoyment and education into a four weeks' season. Let us start the season with an enthusiasm that shall convince these foreigners that our American audiences heve been traduced; and let us see how much artistic advance each one of us shall have made by the time the season is ended.

KARLETON HACKETT.

MUSICAL REMINISCENCES.

Read Before the World's Fair Musical Congress at Art Institute, Chicago. July 3, 1893.

I HAVE been requested to recall from the musical part of Chicago's art life any fact that may contain some interest. Chicago people have always been active and in every department of human endeavor have left some mark. In musical affairs there is no exception. For the last twenty years our musical interests have been developing, until now the city takes no secondary position among the art centres of America.

A constant endeavor has been made by professional musicians and the lovers of music, to advance the art, and two seasons ago, the establishment of a home orchestra under the direction of Mr. Thomas, was a culminating point in our enterprise. For twenty years the agitation of this subject had been going on, and while numberless attempts had been made in having symphony concerts, the support did not warrant a long continuance of them. Yet each failure was but the new incentive for fresh endeavor, and through all the long years of waiting, the same leading musical spirits kept up an agitation of the subject. It is to these earnest musical enthusiasts that most of the praise is due for what has been accomplished.

All the great singers, pianists, violinists, and musical organizations, from the east and from Europe, had always found a warm welcome in Chicago, and its people accorded to them most gratifying financial support by attending their performances. The yearly summer night concerts by Mr. Thomas' orchestra were most financially successful for many seasons. In those concerts may be found the foundation of that taste for orchestral music, which has developed to the extent that a permanent home was made here for the distingushed conductor and his band.

Two important factors in development of musical taste in our city were the old Beethoven Society and the Apollo Club. The Beethoven Society under the direction of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn gave a season of choral concerts for many years. At these concerts, oratorios, masses, and other choral works of the best masters, were sung. The Beethoven Society did much to encourage home solo talent, and quite a number of fine vocalists were brought into public notice by this organization. Any one who encourages native singers, does a splendid work, for it is not often that American appreciation is extended to musicians born in this country.

For over twenty years the Apollo Club has been in active work in this city. One evening in that far away time, some twenty gentlemen assembled in a little church which formerly stood at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Wabash Avenue, and organized this now famous club. Mr. G. Pratt was chosen director, and Mr. Geo. P. Upton made president. One of Mendelssohn's part songs was sung, Mr. Pratt using a cane I had for a bâton; and the organization thus engaged in active duty. Three great festivals have been given by this club, and the classical masters' works performed in a most splendid manner. Under the leadership of Mr. Tomlins, the club added a woman's chorus, and now numbers some five hundred voices. Their yearly concerts are the events of our musical season, and introduce to the people music and soloists of the highest character.

As a factor in the city's musical life and art advancement, the Apollo Club has been most important.

Chicago has always possessed a large number of most talented musicians among her teachers, and to their influence also, is due, largely, the advanced state of our musical culture. Among the pupils of several of our leading teachers, have been talented persons who have won for themselves international reputations as artistes. Several great singers, celebrated pianistes and violinists, have been the product of Chicago teachers' educational work. The

operatic stage and the concert room have received these talented artists with much favor, and the musical public has given them gracious recognition.

During the war time, Dr. Geo. F. Root and a number of other musical writers, composed a vast collection of National Songs, that became popular all over the country. Many of these have become historical in picturing in poetry and music the dark days of our national struggle.

Since that time many native composers have been seeking recognition, and works of a high order have been written and published, indicating in a pronounced manner that American music is taking a position among the art productions of the world. Our home composers have been very energetic in their efforts to develop, and large numbers of most creditable works have been written. Symphonies, operas, oratorio, quartets, songs, and instrumental compositions of a high order, have been the product of their labors.



C. H. BRITTAN.

Not all of these have received the wide recognition which has been their due, for the simple reason that the public opportunities for hearing them, have been few. American composers can only obtain their rightful position when their works have won a place for themselves in the universal commendation of the concert audiences of the world.

The teachers of the United States can do much to advance American music, by bringing to the notice of their pupils and their concert audiences the many meritorious

works of art that exist. Have the beautiful songs that American composers have written, sung as often as possible, and thus help them gain a place in the hearts of the people. Also the instrumental and choral music. In this way a great advancement may be made in winning appreciation for American music, by striving to promote its best interests.

With our system of State Music Teachers' Associations, and the National Association as a central power, we have an organized force in our association, until every American artist, all our composers and writers, shall receive the support which indicates an enthusiastic appreciation of their worth.

Four hundred years ago Columbus discovered America, and the wonders of our four centuries of accomplishment in art, commerce, invention, and the various industries, were pictured at the World's Fair. I hope, amid all the beauties that may be unveiled, that the matchless chorus of music may vibrate in glorious harmony through every American mind, until all the people are glad to honor the works of their own countrymen, in this great art.

NOTE.—Six months have passed since this paper was written. Financial disturbances made an enforced change in the musical plans of the great Fair. Yet much of the American music promised by Mr. Thomas will have a hearing. The writer of this article hopes that it will yet receive some encouragement from the patriotic people of the United States and this great city. Every effort that makes Art more powerful in its influence should be encouraged. In music is twined the wondrous power of beauty which exalts and delights each soul that can come within the charm of the matchless harmony.

CHICAGO. C. H. BRITTAN.

FAVORITE WORKS OF ART.

THE frequency with which one hears about favorite books and authors has made me think not a few times how singular it is that we hear so little in comparison about favorite works of art. I do not forget that famed pictures and buildings are not as easily procured as famed poems and symphonies; yet one can learn, nowadays, much about pictures and buildings one may not have seen, for there are helps in that direction. And then again, perhaps, more of us know how to read and love reading than know how to look at a Romanesque basilica and love architecture. So it is accounted for that we travel from Canterbury to Rouen and onward, seeing a famous church here and another there, knowing they are famous, yet not knowing why they are so; knowing there is something of spirit where we see only what is material, and yet holding back out of a stingy or a timid reserve, and so never feeling quite all there is, never going far enough to meet it, never coming near enough to love it for all its worth.

When in a library you have a few authors, best of all to you; when in galleries, it matters not where, there are a few great paintings that you feel are part of yourself, when there are buildings you love actually to build in your mind as you have seen them stand, and symphonies you can hear, though no orchestra plays them, you have in possession some elements which, in our superficial way of speaking, we call elements of culture but which are, in reality, the tiny roots of your being creeping off to find truth and character.

When Sir John Lubbock formed his list of the hundred best books, he did what appears to me a very valuable thing for himself; he gained by seeking those monuments of literature that bear the most valued inscriptions. At the same time he helped many of us by calling our attention to them. I am sure that work of any kind brings more good to the worker than to those for whom the work is done. I always

feel that the one most benefited by writing either a book or a letter to a friend is the writer.

One will find our teachers, even many of much experience, to have come in contact with a great many musical works without having been very much impressed by any of them. I suppose that most people are the same in regard to books, and all the best products of materialized thought. They seem never to have been particularly attracted by any of them; as a consequence they have no favorite poems, operas, oratorios or anything else which they have studied much and which they delight in as part of themselves. One likes to see these loves formed unconsciously. It means less, though it may be but a trifle less, to see one setting out with the fixed purpose of discovering favorites. In this instance the spirit seems to be wanting. If we have any friends we should know them. One cannot fail to be fond of hearing about what delights another if the love for what gives delight has been inspired by the inherent value of the thing itself. Many of us wander among the rich musical literature we possess in the same spirit that impressed a visitor to a famous gallery of fine art. On being asked how she liked it, she expressed it all by saying; "why one could spend a whole day in this place." I sometimes think that such words tell a sad story *onward* through the generations.

It is becoming a matter of keenest analytical study to select from all our books the few that may be called the world's best. But in all the attempt there may be made to this end no one is so much helped by making the attempt as the one who makes it. By any activity, one establishes a line and a character; and neither the line nor the character fit anyone else. It is the old story of every man having to learn the whole lesson for himself. In education, above all other forms of activity, we must be our own miners. Only that which we gather together by our own toil is really our own possession. We can claim no more. We may watch others travel all we please but it does not take us over the road. Only our own footsteps can accomplish that. And on a

journey, let us remember that what we see by the way has often less value than what may be seen afar off.

It being impossible to realize our needs far into the future; it seems illogical to anticipate considerably our intellectual rank. I am less concerned regarding the books I am to read next year than about the one particular book I should be reading now. At the same time we must not forget that there are in the world epoch-making works, the practical value of which is apparent to all intellectual workers. They seem to be the adequate supply for a musical demand. It is necessary that one use them only when they are wanted. I feel sure that any list of books like that of Lubbock or Emerson is a short and easy road to absolute stupidity. To become absolutely stupid one only needs to read them all. The reason they may have this unfortunate result upon a reader is this: as a whole *they lead nowhere*. Like a hundred gems they make nothing as they lie together in your hand. You think as you look at them how this one should be cut, that one set, these few arranged. So regarded they mean something. The great secret of all doing is to apply things rightly.

Robertson, the preacher, says a very good thing about books in use at Oxford, in his day. In the life of Robertson by Stopford Brook, there is this passage:

"In Oxford four years are spent in preparing about fourteen books only for examination; but this is only a partial representation of the matter, for these fourteen books have been the subject of school work for years. These are text-books, read, re-read, digested, worked, got up, until they become part and parcel of the mind: about four histories, three or four philosophical works, four poets, and two or three miscellaneous works. These are the choice works of two languages, and whoever has mastered them is a scholar indeed."

In all departments of our activity we should know what monuments have been built, but we can know a great deal about very few of them. This passage from Robertson makes me wonder how many of us have thought much about monumental operas, oratorios, symphonies, sonatas and the like, and have chosen a few on which we work and

work, to which we listen and listen and from which we are constantly learning more and more. A few great works as well known as a constant companion should be known would make a cultured musician. But they should be known as familiarly as we know our simple bits of knowledge. And it is surprising, when one thinks of it, yes, it is even startling how very few bits of knowledge we know well, know all about with no feeling of doubt in us. Nine-tenths of answers to question are random guesses; and almost all people answer the person who asks the question and not the question asked. That is because people have not the moral courage to be honest in close questions.

We wander about in our musical literature which is so rich, and we think we must have it all to become anything. A bee does not gather honey in that way. It makes a business of one flower at a time, having first decided that the flower is worth the trouble. When its business in done in one place it thinks of moving to another. In our superior wisdom, we should call it a very silly bee to lose its head if some day, unexpectedly, it chanced to spy a garden full of flowers, and it fussed and wondered how it should set about getting the honey from all the flowers at once. And besides knowing it to be impossible we should say, "there are other bees in the world." And yet further there are many flowers not worth investigating from a bee's point of view. We are in precisely the same relation with our books and music. We do not know what to let alone, we do not know the immense value of the best, we do not know that a little of the best makes true fibre while aught else unmakes. There is no end of printed matter that does not concern us and never will—and there are other bees in the world.

There is no doubt that a cultured musician is a possible product out of far less opportunity than is the lot of many talented students who never succeed. Of course people wonder why they do not succeed, and no one seems to know. And yet we go on not heeding the two golden rules that no one can ever afford to forget. The first is this: You must realize the present. And the second is this: You must think in straight lines. ———— THOMAS TAPPER.



Samuel Kayzer

MUSICAL CENTERS OF CHICAGO.

II. THE CHICAGO CONSERVATORY.



WM. H. SHERWOOD.

OF all the musical centers of this city, there is no one which has gathered a more notable company of musical and artistic celebrities than Mr. Samuel Kayzer has been able to collect as faculty of the Chicago Conservatory. There is peculiar satisfaction in speaking of this work, because it represents years of silent and assiduous application on Mr. Kayzer's part, the co-operation of a number of eminent citizens, and latterly, as the school has grown, the association of some of the best artists we have. Mr. Kayzer himself is about the quietest gentleman that one can meet. Of moderate stature, pleasant face and the quiet of a well-bred gentleman, he is exactly one of those modest appearing persons who might be passed unobserved in a crowd; or, when pointed out, his face be taken as a fine illustration of all sorts of good qualities.



H. A. KELSO, Jr.

It is now about eight years since Mr. Kayzer founded the school. As soon as the Auditorium was built the present

quarters were finished for its use, accordingly we find the Chicago Conservatory at present occupying one of the most elegant homes of any music school in the world. The following glimpses of the famous building are from a neat little memorial volume which Mr. Kayzer has lately published, the same being an illustration of superfine typography and business discretion. It goes about its work quietly, like the school, and accomplishes its mission.



CALVIN B. CADY

Naturally the department most fully represented is that of the pianoforte, since in any music school there are more than twice as many pupils in this as in any other. At the head is that distinguished American pianist, Mr. William H. Sherwood. Of this gentleman it is perhaps enough to say that he is of American parentage, born at Lyons, New York. After studying a long time with his father, he became pupil of Dr. Mason for one year, and then went abroad to Kullak, studying later with Deppe for a while, and spending some time in the Weimar circle. Sherwood made a fine record abroad as pupil pianist and as artist, gaining all sorts of complimentary notices. He had and still measurably has, a very large repertory.



JULIA L. CARUTHERS.

When he came back to America he located in Boston,

where for five years or so he made a very good record. He then went to New York, and about four years ago came to Chicago. For ten years he taught at Chautauqua every summer, and consequently has a larger personal following than any other American pianist. Among his pupils there are many who in their turn are players of high order and heads of large music schools on their own account.



VITTORIO CARPI.

Mr. Sherwood's immediate assistant is Mr. Hugh A. Kelso, Jr., or was before this year. Mr. Kelso is well known to the readers of MUSIC from his article last year upon "Psychological Technique," the same being advance material of a larger work which he has about ready.

With the name of Calvin B. Cady the readers of MUSIC are well acquainted. Mr. Cady is a hard working teacher, who has had a varied and singularly honorable experience. Upon his return from Leipsic he entered work at Oberlin, going from there to the University of Michigan, where he worked for ten years toward establishing music as a part of the university course. He joined Mr. Kayzer about eight years ago, and has gathered a large clientêle. Mr. Cady is not a pianist but a thinker, an educator, and a very



B. BICKNELL YOUNG

happy teacher of children, whether old or young. He goes to the root of the matter and builds patiently and very solidly.



MAZZUCATO-YOUNG.

Closely allied to him in style of work is his niece Miss Julia Lois Caruthers, also known to the readers of these pages as a composer. Miss Caruthers intended to be a solo player, but physical accident made this impossible and she has accordingly devoted herself to the teaching of children, with rare success and grace.

Passing by the other teachers in the piano department, where there are several deserving names, we come to the vocal department, the head of which is Mr. Vittorio Carpi, Commendatore etc. Signor Carpi has been an operatic baritone, and has the manners both physical and mental thereunto appertaining. No doubt he is a master in his school of music. He occasionally appears in public as artist. Representing a different school, and a much more catholic one, is Mr. B. Bicknell Young, a baritone of wholly exceptional excellence. Mr. Young is one of the most effective singers we have in the city, and as teacher has a very large list of pupils, all of whom seem to regard him as in some sort especially created for their particular benefit. It is unneces-



S. E. JACOBSOHN.

sary to add to this that Mr. Young is a gentleman of engaging manners and pleasing person. There is no effect without a cause.



J. T. OHLHEISER.

Mrs. Mazzucato Young is a daughter of an Italian composer, and herself a fine pianist and a very clever and versatile composer. At many of the frequent musical performances of the conservatory her songs are sung, and always with success.

The veteran artist and teacher of violin Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn is well known to all amateurs and professionals, as teacher of a brilliant list of solo artists, among whom may be mentioned Michael Banner, Max Bendix, etc.

A pleasing and venerable appearance does the old master make, were it not for the youthful fire which so contradicts gray locks and the long and honorable record as solo artist, concertmeister of the orchestra, and teacher.

His pupil, Mr. J. T. Ohlheiser, is another artist whose quiet way might permit a stranger to overlook his merit.



HART CONWAY.

At the head of the dramatic department of the school is Mr. Hart Conway. His wide practical experience and personal ability as a dramatic artist fit him in a particular manner for li

work in this department, and the results he has achieved thus far have called forth the highest praise from both the press and individual witnesses. Mr. Conway has been actively engaged in professional dramatic work for over twenty years, having spent several seasons with A. M. Palmer's company, Charlotte Cushman, and E. L. Davenport. During five years association with Mr. Augustin Daly, as a prominent member of that superb company, he acquired a vast fund of practical stage experience, especially in the field of modern comedy; and with Edwin Booth he became thoroughly versed in Shakespearean and legitimate drama. Mr. Conway enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Edwin Booth, and upon his assumption of his present responsible position received his hearty congratulations, as well as those of Joseph Jefferson and other artists of this rank.



ANNA MORGAN.

Ever since the organization of the Conservatory the department of elocution and physical culture has been under the direction of Miss Anna Morgan, whose great success places her in the highest rank of teachers of the Delsartean system. She has studied long and



CLARENCE EDDY.

deeply the principles upon which the great French philosopher founded his system of expression, a system that is now taught in nearly every school of elocution and dramatic art in this country; and, based upon these principles, she has devised methods of her own, whose remarkable success is a sufficient testimony to their worth. Before her connection with the Conservatory Miss Morgan was for several years a successful and popular dramatic reader, and from the time of her appearance, during the season of 1880, until she assumed charge of the department over which she now presides, she was in demand in New York and Boston, and was engaged by the principal lyceum courses throughout the country.



FREDERICK GRANT GLEASON.

One of the most famous and eminent members of the faculty is the celebrated organist Mr. Clarence Eddy, who is well known in Europe, no less than in America. In this connection the injustice unwittingly done his concerts at the World's Fair may be corrected. In place of the three organ concerts with which MUSIC credited him, he really gave twenty, and the programs cover the widest possible range of ancient and modern organ music. It was through Mr. Eddy's management,



GERTRUDE FOSTER.

moreover, that the great French organist M. Guilmant was brought over, for Mr. Eddy made it a personal matter to secure for him engagements enough to make the American trip profitable. This on the other hand was a great advantage to the art in this country, since Guilmant represents the most advanced of recent organ styles and as well as of virtuosity.



DOVE BOETTI.

Another well known name connected with the conservatory is that of Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason, celebrated as composer, and not less celebrated as teacher of pianoforte, theory and organ. Mr. Gleason was educated at Leipsic and in Berlin, and for years has devoted himself to composition in large forms. He has written several operas, which are yet unperformed, and a variety of other compositions. Some years ago he published a collection of anthems for choirs, which contained many interesting pieces. Some of the songs and concerted pieces from his earlier operas have been published, and it would be very nice if the conservatory, where he has for several years done so much good teaching, would produce one of his operas, or a part of it, in actual scene. The resources are at hand, and enterprise to venture, as well as practical and experienced masters in every department to carry it to a triumphant success. When the American composer is indiscreet enough to write a grand



EDITH V. KANN

opera, it is not enough for him to "hire a hall" in order to hear his work; he has to suborn an entire army, and it is too much, unless some one helps him.

It is easy to see that a school having among its teachers so many eminent names as those here recounted, all of them actually co-operating in the daily work of the school, must exert an influence for art of no small vigor and operative quality. This sort of thing is cumulative. It grows by what it feeds upon, and when the conservatory has been in operation for a quarter of a century, its scope will have just begun to be felt.

W. S. B. M.



MLLE. EMMA CALVE.

DURING the long continued season of grand opera in our city it has been my very good fortune to have had the pleasure of meeting many times, privately and on her reception days, the idol of the hour,—upon whom the *critiques de journeaux* have showered every expression of praise and lavished every emphatic word in the emphatic American vocabulary—upon whom the swarthy Spaniard, the enthusiastic Italian, the excitable Frenchman, the discriminating American—in short, all our art-loving cosmopolitan population, have turned admiring eyes as the flower of the south,—*le plus grande* Carmen—Mlle. Emma Calvé—the most gifted French opera singer of the day.

In the face of these long newspaper columns it seems well nigh impossible to state anything new about Mlle. Calvé, but if the writer can impart to his readers a little idea of Mlle. Calvé's private life—her life as a cultured, dignified, warm-hearted yet withal shrewd woman, he will be contented.

Calling upon a prima donna is always an exciting thing. To come face to face with the one who has so thrilled you by some powerful scene, whose magic voice yet rings in your ears, whose spirit and power seem part of the grand opera house, emanations of those vast spaces, those lofty balconies, those mysterious corners where lurk echoes of a hundred operas, vibrations from a score of marvellous voices, whose tones have displaced that art-imbued air,—to come face to face with the real, living woman, perhaps to be disappointed —is both exciting and pleasureable—pleasureable when you are *not* disappointed, as is the case with Mlle. Calve.

The tremendous magnetism, which exerts such an influence upon the audiences at the opera, is felt very keenly in Mlle. Calve's presence. She seems to belittle her sex by a certain forcefulness of manner, intimations of reserve power, and an exuberance of vitality altered to perfect mental



MLLE. CALVE.

poise. At a first visit she seems to stun your faculties, to benumb your enthusiasm by the wonderful influence, but after having seen her more, her powerful personality stimulates your faculties and seems to kindle new fire in your brain, to engender new ideas, and above all to suggest a hundred images of romantic nights in tropic climes, Italian vintages, streets in Spanish cities, palm-enlaced balconies and passionate lovers. All these ideas traverse the mind of a sensitive person on first beholding Calve. So truly is she a daughter of the south that she constantly reminds me of a glowing flower, sun-burnt and strong, transplanted to our northern clime. Much has been said of Mlle. Calve's night-black eyes, which seem to dilate with emotion and intensity of feeling when she speaks, and which suggest latent fire, but which can assume a most cruelly bored expression when occasion demands it. One thing however has not been said about her eyes. Their purple-blackness is not so much the eyes themselves as is it the way they are placed in her head. Set rather far in, their brilliancy is increased while their lustre is also borrowed somewhat from the rich waves of dead black hair which cover Mlle. Calve's head. Her exceedingly mobile features in repose assume a rather haughty look, which is most becoming.

Like most great artists Mlle. Calve is rather large—large, not stout, and her full white throat and ruddy cheeks are a delightful sight. One of the most stormy days in January, when snow covered the streets, Mlle. Calve told me that she had walked two hours in Central Park with Mlle. Lozeron, her distinguished companion and chaperon. These long walks, which are of daily occurrence, are the prime factors in preserving Mlle. Calve's health amid the rigors of our climate. She loves the fresh air, the healthy stimulus of out-door exercise; and indeed are not all truly great natures alike in this regard?

One could not imagine Mlle. Calve living in steam-heated apartments, fearing a breath of air, dreading a storm and striving always to avoid draughts.

Mlle. Calve has repeatedly expressed herself to be much

gratified with her success in America, but there is one thorn upon the rose of triumph. It is, and she considers it rather trying to an artist,—who is prominent in several rôles—in "Mignon," "L'Africaine," "Aïda," to be obliged to sing "Carmen" so many times. That the public should so evidently appreciate her art in Bizet's opera is of course pleasing, but a woman who can make two or three other rôles quite as thrilling and marvellous as "Carmen" is naturally anxious to sing them. Mr. Hubert, musical critic of *The Herald*, has most cleverly analyzed Mlle. Calvé's work in "Carmen." I beg leave to quote fragments of his writing:



MLLE. CALVÉ.

"The salient points of Mlle. Calvé's "Carmen" are sufficiently original and interesting to dwell upon. Her intellectuality throughout is indisputable. Hers is not the transitory glance of insight, but the process rather of 'deliberate illumination.'

"Nothing that could contribute to make of the character a new and living entity did the artist ignore or forget. She brings with her the very moment she appears, the true Seveltian atmosphere.

'Personal observation and literary research have no doubt enabled her to merge herself completely into the character she represents. Note even so small a matter as the woman's

gait. As "Santuzza" Mlle. Calve stumbled along just as the peasantry in Sicily is in the habit of doing. As "Carmen" she walks as much with her hips as she does with her feet—a 'smiling gait" as Heine called it. Note moreover the woman's disheveled hair, her demoniacal self-confidence, her alluring smile, her flashing eye, the strange mixture of coquetry and slatternliness of her dress. A dangerous, a heartless woman and a woman with much of the tigress in her composition you would say the moment you laid eyes on her. Her glances always invite the man who is nearest. Lovers she has had as many as Messalina, and in quest of some new prey her eyes happen to light on poor, susceptible Don Jose."

The above quoted extract gives a fairly good sample of all the press criticisms upon Mlle. Calve, and that they are flattering does not imply that they are untrue. In many ways and indeed in Mlle. Calve's own estimation, her Santuzza is a most realistic and greater achievement than her "Carmen," combining as it does infinite womanly tenderness with great dramatic power.

Although the writer may appear unduly strong in his encomiums of praise, having a personal admiration for the great diva, yet it is true that thus far Mlle. Calve has carried everything by storm in whatever city she has sung.

As to different audiences she has remarked that the Chicago audiences pleases her most as their enthusiasm is more spontaneous than with us. The American audiences, in spite of foreign ridicule, are now considered by truly great artists to be the most discriminating in the world and when they pour out their applause upon Mlle. Calve we can easily think so.

New York City. Frank E. Sawyer.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

MUSICAL EXAMINATION IN SCHOOLS.

TOWARDS the close of a term, two teachers in charge of a ladies' boarding school in the south, decided to give the music pupils an examination.

As was expected, all the students objected, saying they had never heard of such a thing; but as the object was two-fold it was given nevertheless.

It was not so much to find out what the scholars were deficient in, as to help the teacher in classifying them, and to see how much of the rudimentary things the scholars lacked.

As teachers we take too much for granted, and if a scholar comes to us playing fairly well, we too rarely inquire into what they know or remember from the early teaching, while if the truth were known in many instances their music has sprung up like Topsy, and apparently had no beginning.

So, realizing these deficiencies, and wishing to form a class in grammar, the following questions were put on the board:

1. How long have you studied music?
2. Why are you studying?
3. What is sound?
4. What is the staff?
5. What is the clef?
6. How many do you know of?
7. What is the signature?
8. Explain 3-4 time.
9. Explain C.
10. What effect does a dot after a note have?
11. What is accent?
12. Define *mf*, *mp*, *pp*, *ff*, *sfz*.

13. What is a chord?
14. What is an arpeggio?
15. Give the intervals of the major scale.
16. What is a scale?
17. On what chord does the new sharp come?
18. On what the flat?
19. What is a pedal?
20. How many, and what their use?
21. What is syncopation?
22. Define *Cantabile*?
23. What is phrasing?
24. Define melody and harmony.
25. Name four great composers.

The questions may not have been well chosen, but then neither were the answers. The questions had to fit all grades, hence their variety.

The question missed by the greatest per cent. was the eighth, for "time" seems to be "the root of all evil" in music. Most of them knew what the 3 stood for in 3-4 time, but not one in ten could give a lucid answer as to what the 4 was for, in fact had no idea at all. Very few knew of what use the clef was, or could tell what it was. One of the most advanced failed utterly on the clef, and when asked a reason for not knowing that, said she "had not studied those things for five or six years."

One answer on "Harmony" called forth an amusing answer: "Harmony is the agreement of music written in *different qualities*."

"An Arpeggio is a group of notes with about three in a group, and they are to be played lightly." If any one can play arpeggio after that description he is up on definitions. Another said, "An Arpeggio is the tones of a scale played in rapid succession."

A new definition for *mf* was found, "Muffle loud," *mp*, "Muffle soft," "*sfz*, "Equally loud and soft."

So we could go on and give the answers, many of them wide of the mark, and yet these same students seem to have the average amount of intelligence, and I think these

answers that sound so funny are on the average as nearly right as any other set of students of same age could give.

Aside from the information contained in these answers, these two teachers have learned one thing, and that is, never take any thing for granted, and no matter how well a pupil plays, begin at the beginning and ask questions; and above all things drill on "time," for it is on this and the study of fractions that they fail. Half the students if asked "How many quarters equal a sixteenth?" would say four, or eight, or even one, and seldom see the way the question is put. The fault there lies largely with the teacher who teaches fractions in the day-school, but it always falls to the lot of the music teacher to "rub it in."

One thing was accomplished; the scholars found out how little they knew! One question that brought forth a uniformity of answer that suggested "Webster Unabridged" was the answer as to what a pedal is. "The foot key to a piano or organ." And in one instance the answer was, "A pedal is a foot key for the piano or organ, in the organ it pumps the wind, but in the piano it makes it loud or soft." Still another, "A pedal is to soften or *louden* the music." Of course these answers called forth a lecture on the pedal, or so-called "loud pedal," and the object of the pedals.

Now the question comes up, whose fault is it that these rudimentary things are forgotten, or are not impressed on the minds of the scholars enough to last them all through their education and even after?

How often should a teacher review? Is a review necessary? Does it matter, or not, whether they know all these things? Is a knowledge of "early beginning" necessary to a good performer?

The most advanced, and the one playing with the most style and intelligence, is playing Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and yet failed on some of the simplest questions. Only one out of a class of thirty-eight answered all the questions, and she is fitting herself for a teacher and so is keeping up review and advance.

This is not written to show up the deficiencies of either

scholars or teachers, but as a suggestion to some other teachers situated as these are.

Give *your* scholars an examination, written and not oral, and see how they average. It will do them good, and help them to bring into definite shape vague ideas, and help them to give intelligent, concise answers. As far as possible, give one word definitions, even if not in the exact words of Webster.

At any rate give an examination, and teach afterward according to the light received at that time. E. M.

DEVITALIZED ARM, ETC.

I WISH to ask you in regard to the devitalized arm touch, or more particularly as to the difference between the devitalized arm and the devitalized hand touches.

(1.) Is there as much actual motion of the hand in the arm touch as in the hand touch in playing the exercise on five notes with one finger?

I think I understand the devitalized hand touch more thoroughly than that of the arm, and understand that in the former the impulse comes from the fore-arm, and in the latter from the upper arm. Now does the impulse coming from the upper arm constitute the only difference, or is the hand itself more quiet?

(2.) My understanding of an up-arm touch is that in springing upward, the wrist leads and the hand hangs. But from the introduction to the latest edition of the Two Finger Exercises, I should judge that in the devitalized arm there is an up and down motion of the hand with the main impulse coming from the upper arm. Am I right?

(3.) In discussing this subject with an earnest musical student, he said that when the arm hangs by the side in a devitalized condition, and the preparatory exercise as given Vol. I Touch and Technic is used, the hand naturally goes contrary to the arm impulse, going *in* if the impulse is *outward*, and *vice versa;* but that in the devitalized hand, the

hand follows the same direction as the fore arm. Is his distinction correct?

I hope to take the earliest opportunity of studying Dr. Mason's works with a teacher but in the meanwhile I want to do the best I can with the knowledge I can gain by self study and inquiry. I use the work in teaching, and find them a great help, as I also find all of your studies.

(4.) I should also like to have your opinion as to the best course to pursue with a pupil, a girl about fourteen, who has a very large hand, and is inclined to be exact and mathematical rather than musical. Still she loves music and said the other day she would be willing to practice all day she loved it so. She has taken both your introductory and Volume I of Phrasing Studies, and is now taking more of Heller and is also just completing your graded studies in the 4th grade, and is especially delighted with the Bach prelude, and wants to study more of his works. It seems to me that your phrasing studies Vol. II would be better for her musically, and perhaps let her technical work be entirely confined to her Mason books. She has taken quite a variety of forms in all four books, and can execute quite well in the the 4th grade except in the triad arpeggios. Would it be better to have very little technic for a few months and to devote her time entirely to the more musical works?

I thoroughly enjoy "MUSIC," and would be pleased to see my questions answered there. In case there are so many ahead of me that it would necessitate a long delay however, I would be greatly indebted for even a brief personal reply, and enclose stamp. Sincerely yours,

E. W., Colorado.

ANSWER.

Strictly speaking there is no difference between the "devitalized" arm and hand, since devitalization means that active life is removed from the apparatus for the time being, and when this happens to the entire arm all part are alike devitalized, clear to the end of the fingers.

(1.) When the devitalization is more localized in the hand and fore-arm, there will perhaps not be quite so much mo-

tion of the hand. Your friend is right in thinking that the motion of the hand in all the devitalized performances takes place in the opposite direction from impulse, exactly as when the hand and arm hang limp by the side and are moved from the shoulder. I hope Dr. Mason will not rebuke me for betraying secrets if I venture to say that the probability is that the doctine of devitalization, as first publicly taught in piano technics in "Touch & Technic" is perhaps not worked out so thoroughly and clearly as it might have been, had the eminent author and the secretary had the assistance of a good teacher of Delsartean philosophy.

(2.) You have the difference between the hand devitalization and the arm devitalization—in the latter the impulse comes from the upper arm. All the motions in the devitalized performances are intended to be very slight and wholly passive, and indirect (or rather opposite.) The intention is to place the condition of devitalization within control of the player, so that it can be assumed momentarily at any time in performance when fatigue intervenes and threatens to stop the playing entirely. This art is not a new one. Dr. Mason told me twenty years ago that in concert work on difficult bravoura passages, like the Schumann Toccata, for instance, where the same kind of difficult motion is kept up for a very long time, the hand will gradually get constricted and the wrists begin to ache until it seems as if one could not possibly play ten more measures. If at such a moment the player gives it up and stops in public he fails; and if he gives up in private practice at such a point he forms a habit which will make him fail in public. But if he can manage to "let go," to assume a devitalized condition, in other words, for a few moments, (as Mason expressed it "Sojering the motions,"—*i. e.* performing them incompletely) the hand will almost immediately resume its full elasticity and the player will be able to go on and finish without fatigue. Dr. Mason therefore puts this as one of the cardinal principles of practicing his long forms of scales and arpeggios, that the exercise is to be continued quite through to the end, no matter how long or difficult.

(3.) You are right about the motion of the wrist in the "up arm" touch; the motion of wrist leads, but note well: The touch is delivered at the moment when the motion begins, and not after the wrist is half way up. The point of the finger is upon the key, in actual contact with it when the touch begins, and the touch is made as the first expression of the impulse, or push, of which the motion of the wrist is a significant expression.

(4.) With regard to the pupil I will say (with some diffidence) that I still believe the pieces in my Book II of Phrasing to be extremely well adapted for her use. You have two things to do in this case: First be sure and render the pupil musical. This you will do by giving her a sufficient number of properly selected and contrasted *musical* pieces of strong vitality, and making her play them until they are ingrained in her mind—in other words until they are memorized, well played and perfectly digested, which means that they must have been well played some months after first being learned. It is the second and third learning of this class of pieces which does the cure. The music "strikes in" as I say. This is a much later process than memorizing. It is memory become "by heart," and chronic.

For technics use the Mason forms plentifully. For with a smart girl (supposing she has two hours or more a day to practice) you can develop technic rapidly at her age. And it is in this department that you must complete and supplement the work of the pieces mentioned. That is you have to make the playing *unconscious*, in so far as regards muscle. In pieces it is *Music* and *Idea* which must occupy the mind; and for this you have to prepare in technical exercises by making these also unconscious, fixing the attention upon the musical idea, the rhythm, the tone qualities intended or sought for, and the like; and reducing the exact attention to muscle as such to a minimum. I am half inclined to go with my friend, Mr. Cady, in thinking that any kind of musical self-consciousness is a damage to a player.

At all events the central idea of the Mason technics is to regulate the playing by musical considerations. Hence the attention to long rhythms, to the velocity forms, and to the graded rhythms, where extremes of muscular adaptability are called into immediate use. All these prepare for musical playing. At the root of all these lies the devitalizing principle, for it is precisely this which tend to keep the apparatus flexible and responsive, and at the same time frees the mind from laborious supervision over details which if properly approached will regulate themselves from lower motor-centers. I traced out this doctrine to a brief extent in the old work, "Mason's Pianoforte Technics," (Ditson Company), being then just fresh from some very interesting psychological studies.

There are certain pieces which you will find useful as outside technical helps. Among them are Mason's "Silver Spring," which has the merit of calling out arm touches unconsciously, and of promoting breadth in playing; Mason's "Danse Rustique" (4th grade), and for fingerwork; Mason's "Au Matin" (Two Rêveries, 5th grade) for finger work, lightness, and greater prominence of the fifth finger; Mason's "Monody" is another very profitable piece, 5th grade.

To return to the pupil, after the Bach pieces in my second Phrasing are played, I would start in for a serious course in Bach, giving of the two-part Inventions numbers 1, 4, 8, and 13. Then of the Clavier preludes 1, 3, 5, 7, and the fugues in C minor, D major, G minor, and G major and later C sharp major. By this time, if the work is well done, her thematic playing will have remarkably improved. Then give the first movement of the Italian Concerto, and have it played until it sounds pretty, pleasing, interesting, in short is *musical*. My learned friend, Mr. Liebling, will very likely turn up his nose at the brevity of this for a Bach course; and there are plenty more to come later. But the question turns upon how it is done: and these pieces played until they are musical (until they interest the teacher, the pupil, and her friends) will be found to have effected the musical ends proposed by the study of Bach. M.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

AT the second concert of the Apollo Club, February 1, the program was made up from M. Camille Saint-Saens' "Samson and Delilah," which although written as an opera is here given as an oratorio—a very appropriate modification in consideration of the "sacredness" of the subject. The work as given was from the Schirmer score, which is most likely not all of the opera. Practically it consists of three parts. The first is laid at the city of Gaza in Palestine, then under Philistine rule. The Hebrews at prayer and in dejection, encouraged by Samson. Then enter Abimelech, satrap of Gaza, who reviles the subjected Hebrews and in turn is defied and at length killed by Samson; then in scene five the Hebrews are singing their songs of deliverance. Scene six brings us the house of Delilah, who enters with her maidens. Samson sees her, is enchanted, is warned by an "aged Hebrew" and the act closes with Delilah's song, "My heart I'll surrender." Act II is mainly occupied with the loves of Samson and Delilah, the interference of the high priest of Dagon, who urges Delilah to betray Samson, the whole culminating in the betrayal, which takes place in private. The third act brings us to the prison at Gaza, and the festival in the temple of Dagon.

Immediately we consider the subject matter of the libretto as above outlined, we see that this is no opera, since it wholly lacks dramatic movement. There is historic movement, but no drama. There are no actions, properly so-called, in the entire story, the sole interest centering in the conflict between Samson's passion and his sense of duty to his God. Quite in consonance with this view, the chorus appears only in the first and last acts, the entire second act being occupied by the two principals, the high priest being of the nature of an interruption more honored in the breach than in the observance. The chorus is spectacular, afford-

ing in the first act alleged Hebrew music, and at the end a lovely female chorus, and in the last act some very fine Philistine music of which more later. There are two ballets provided for, the music being very charming and diversely colored. Hence in calling the work an opera, M. Saint-Saens practically certifies that it is not an oratorio, but calling it an opera does not make it so. Stage settings and picturesque music do not make an opera. Be this as it may, there are certain beauties in the work which make it well worth hearing, and of these now more in detail.

* * *

The work opens with a chorus of the Hebrews, in which the vocal parts are generally written with a certain rudeness, as if suggesting the undeveloped character of music in the days when the action takes place. The orchestra, however, is treated with great freedom and elaboration, so that the total effect is artistic in a high degree. This long choral scene is not one choral developed, but a series of strophes, like a song "composed all through," and after a certain emphasis has been reached Samson emerges from the throng with his first solo, promising deliverance. Then Abimelech comes in reviling the Hebrews and speaking contemptuously of their god. Now Samson rises to his full power and calls upon the Israelites to seize the opportunity. This is a very telling bit of regularly composed ballad, with choral interludes. The two short scenes which follow, the High priest learning of the death of Abimelech, and his address to his people, are quite one side the main purpose of the work, and while interesting to the story have no value in developing movement. The musical interest of the first act is concentrated in the fifth scene where the Hebrews praise Jehovah, in great sombre phrases, almost unison, at times wholly so, to an orchestral accompaniment elaborated with a perfection of art. The total result is very impressive, but calculated as an object lesson in the possibilities of instrumental music rather than an illustration of choral work.

The gem of the work, from a popular standpoint, is the female chorus with which Delilah and her companions enter.

To the words "Now spring's generous hand brings flowers to the land" she comes in with a delightfully evasive melody, and a charmingly beautiful orchestral elaboration. This same subject is afterwards in the third act given again with full chorus. It has nothing Philistine or Palestinian in its composition; but is one of the most attractive part songs of recent production.

Delilah is written for alto, and her music affords a great artist opportunities which she might search through many celebrated operas without finding. Of course, being French, and of Saint-Saens, the fundamental conception is declamatory, but this is managed with an art which as applied to the original French text must be exquisite, and as here given with only an English text, missing many of the finer nu ances, is still very interesting. She begins in a free arioso style "I come with a song of splendor," the orchestra putting in many charming bits, while Samson, in asides, shows that her fascinations are beginning to affect him like those of the "Maid of Plymouth" as applied to the puritan elder, and an "Aged Hebrew" also adds asides, warning Samson not to permit himself to be tempted. The situation is absurd, for one wants immediately to know why, unless for spectacular purposes, Samson appears here by the temple of Dagon, when he has so recently slain the satrap and carried off his people from the Philistines. This, however, is a detail. The scene is interrupted by a ballet, in which the maidens of Delilah (every operatic Principal, like an old time highlander, is entitled to a "tail") perform dances of a semi-religious and semi-sensuous sort, which having had their value in adding warmth to the situation presently give Delilah's charming "couplet" "The spring with her dower of bird and of flower, brings hope in her train." This is lovely, extremely simple, yet with an art which conceals art. It is a beautiful song such as only a great artist could have put in such a place. The trio which precedes this, where Delilah, Samson and the Aged One carry on their several asides together, à la Wagner, or more properly à la the old Italian school, merely serves for a foil to make this couplet more

beautiful when it comes. Perhaps it is enough to say that the music is so well done that if we were to hear a great artist in it we would surely forgive Samson for yielding—this, the acme of virtue, to forgive others their faults!

From an æsthetic standpoint it is perhaps a mistake to close the first act with this sweet and sensuous music of Delilah, since but for the momentary interruptions of the High priest the second act is wholly in the same æsthetic key, with only Samson and Delilah upon the stage. The English text of this act is thoroughly conventional, and one can only desire to see if it be possible that the French is no better. That it must be better in lightness of touch and poetic sensitiveness one is sure, for this goes in the nature of French drama and poetry, even in libretto poetry—which is not Browning, nor even Shakespeare. The play of the second act occupies itself with the art of the High priest in making Delilah think that Samson is insensible to her charms, and in awakening in her a jealous desire to reassert her supremacy, in order to betray him in turn. Hence her music passes through all phases of passion, and at last culminates in warm love, followed by a few reproaches, and the betrayal as a sort of instantaneous climax. The love music for Delilah here is something delightful, sweet, poetic, sensuous, yet heartfelt and capable of great effect when done by a great artist. True, there is no action, properly so called, but there is at least a poetically conceived situation, and the music and the singing for illustrating it. And I doubt whether the music at "My heart at thy dear voice opens wide like a flower," and again at the return of the same melody with a totally different treatment in the orchestra, "As fields of glowing corn in the morn bend and sway"—I doubt, I say, whether these have ever been surpassed, in their way. They are fascinating in a high degree.

The third act opens with the same chorus of the temple, the praise of the sun god, "Dawn now on the hill tops heralds the day," but treated with basses added. Then there is a highly elaborate Asiatic ballet, which in the words of several who heard it, reminded them of the Midway. And

at last a rather long "preachy-preach" by the High priest, and an elaborate finale in which Delilah and the priest praise Dagon with choral interlude, and at last an ensemble. Then the catastrophe, Samson having only brief passages and an invocation at the last.

* * *

Throughout the work the orchestra is used with the mastery of the composer of "Phaeton," "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Danse Macabre," etc.—a mastery not equalled by any French composer excepting it be the great Berlioz. As to the principles which have ruled over this music, there could be no better commentary than the luminous discussion of the nature of music, which MUSIC this time presents from "Harmonie et Mélodie" of the same great master.

* * *

The choice of this work for performance by a choral club is rather strange. I fancy that it was influenced by Mr. Tomlins' desire to show that the current charges of his inability to read and interpret a modern orchestral score of the first-class are unfounded—as these are. On this point, since I have mentioned it, I note that one of the newspapers spoke of his want of control over the orchestra, as if it were a well known limitation. Nothing could have been less justified in the performance. The orchestra played beautifully, and were held in proper subjection to the solos and choral parts of the work, and that this sort of thing does not happen by chance in an orchestral performance, I have repeatedly noticed. No doubt Mr. Thomas had drilled the musicians more or less privately upon the important parts of the score, but this had very little to do with the performance. Here it is always a question of the conductor actually at the bâton, and of his indication of nuance and tempo.

It is stated by those who ought to know, that the manner of the orchestral musicians at rehearsal was insubordinate and disrespectful. If so it was simply a matter of disgrace for them, who, however successfully disguised as art-

ists under Mr. Thomas' training, have not all of them the instincts of gentlemen. At the performance, however, there was perfect propriety of deportment. And as already said, the playing was lovely and did credit to all concerned, the players and Mr. Thomas himself.

* * *

The central figure in this performance, naturally, was that of Miss Mary Louise Clary, the Delilah. This young artist possesses a very beautiful voice, of exquisite timbre. It is not yet equal in all the registers, and perhaps will never be so; or perhaps she will in time learn to feign in the weaker parts the tone-quality which comes of its own accord in the best parts. She has a musical temperament, and at times sang well, once or twice with beautiful effect. As a whole, however, the part is as yet beyond her. It needs not only fine quality of voice and youth, as we had here, but also mature artistic conception and that experience which enables an artist to marshall her forces and save them for the climaxes. This co-ordination of the rôle with itself and the dramatic progress of the scene, was not fully mastered. Nevertheless it was a pleasure to hear so young a singer do so well, and if Miss Clary is not too much puffed up to study and take instruction, there is promise of a great future in her.

The rôle of Samson was taken by Mr. J. H. McKinley, (not of tariff) who has a good voice and style, but is far from being the artist required for this rôle. Upon this point it may be said once for all that Mlle. Calve and Jean De Reszke are the two artists who would be able to do M. Saint-Saens music as he intended it. It is written for artists of the first-class, and for them affords great opportunities. Mr. Geo. Ellsworth Holmes as the High Priest made a good impression. Another artist who filled several rôles in the course of the play was Mr. Karleton Hackett, personally known to our readers through his easily written articles. Mr. Hackett has an agreeable person and a basso cantanto of fine quality and excellent cultivation. He had no oppor-

tunity for great effects, his rôles being all of the utility order. He made a good impression, except that some of the papers seem to blame him for not dominating more—when his music had been carefully written in such wise that he could not dominate.

The chorus acquitted themselves well. If it was not one of their great nights, this is to be counted against the selection, and against the training. And the audience has at least the satisfaction of having heard one of the most notable of recent works by one of a very small number of the most famous composers in the world. Surely this should be enough. Even the largest clocks are not able to strike twelve at every hour of the twenty-four.

* * *

The giving up of the wage-workers' concerts by the Chicago Apollo Musical Club proves to have been more in seeming than otherwise. The down-town repetitions of the regular concerts have been abandoned—both by reason of the expense and because it was not sure that the class intended cared particularly for some of the serious works given. In place of the down-town concerts the club has now given a few concerts each in different parts of the city, in the large halls where workingmen generally gather, at a nominal rate of admission of ten cents. One of the circles gave a concert of this character a short time ago at Scandia hall, just off Milwaukee Avenue, near Peoria street, before an audience of between two and three thousand hearers. The program consisted of part songs, a chorus or two from the "Messiah" and solos by members or their friends. The audience was large but the verdict was a trifle too much that of the Scotch jury, "not proven"—for the enthusiasm was only moderate. One reason for this was probably the unfortunate selection of a time, the concert following the next night after the down-town concert, when all the singers were tired from too many rehearsals and the fever of a concert.

The experiment is interesting, and if it comes to anything there will be time to mention it later.

* * *

The program of the Chicago Orchestral Concert for January 20th was given in the previous number, but the concert itself took place too late for notice, which was a pity considering the unusually high character of a part of it. The program consisted of Goldmark's "Prometheus" overture, Brahms violin concerto, and Raff's "Leonore" symphony. The central point of interest was the Brahms concerto, and the playing of Mr. Henri Marteau. The work is extremely fine, elevated, and beautiful. It is like a symphony for orchestra and solo violin. The remarks on the program stated that Brahms had carried the "subjection of the solo part to an extreme"—an oracle which would naturally be understood by average readers as meaning that the solo violin had a very poor chance. The contrary is true, the violin has a delightful opportunity, and the accompaniments are managed with consummate ability. The playing of Mr. Henri Marteau was of the most masterly and noble description. Fresh, full of fire and musical intelligence, with a tone singularly pure and a technique equal to the highest flights, the effect was prodigious. He was recalled again and again, giving in the afternoon and again at night for a recall the "Preamble" in E major, from one of the violin sonatas of Bach—the same which is so well arranged for the piano and so popular there. This tremendously difficult piece he took at a terrific speed, and carried it through in a manner leaving little or nothing to be desired. In the evening in response to yet another recall he played an air of Bach's. One of the papers, with that luminosity concerning music which is so edifying to all who happen to know something about the subject, reported that he played for a recall Paganini's "Perpetual Motion." This fable teaches that an artists gets little credit for playing Bach, unless at the same time he have something concerning it upon the program. Another of our mentors, so much "more elder than their looks," spoke of Marteau's playing in the half-hearted manner so dear to the managing editor, saying in effect that while the performance was very promising the young man had "still much to learn." This remark is always in point,

and never can be successfully contradicted, since the man who had nothing more to learn was killed a short distance outside the Garden of Eden. An account of this unfortunate but highly instructive occurrence may be found in one of the early chapters of the book of Genesis, translations of which are to be found in nearly all newspaper libraries.

* * *

In contradistinction to this half-hearted praise of a singularly gifted young artist, I may quote the opinion of Mr. Theodore Thomas. Delighted to find something of Brahms' which I was quite sure that I liked, and charmed as I always have been with the playing of Marteau, I took occasion during intermission to pay my respects to Mr. Thomas. Apropos to Marteau he said: "During the past two years I have made two musical acquaintances; one was Paderewski, the other this young man Marteau." The manner in which this was said was much more than the words. It meant that in the view of Mr. Thomas this young man possesses gifts and acquirements such as the musical world very rarely experiences.

* * *

The concert of Feb. 10th had the following program:

FUGUE, in C minor, - - - - - *Mozart*

SYMPHONY, No. 1, in C minor, op. 68, - - *Brahms*

Un poco sostenuto; Allegro.
Andante sostenuto.
Un poco allegretto e grazioso.
Adagio piu andante; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio.
First time in Chicago.

CONCERTO, for Piano and Orchestra, No 1, in A minor, *E. A. MacDowell*

Maestoso: Allegro con fuoco.
Andante tranquillo.
Presto. (First time in Chicago.)

OVERTURE, "LE CARNAVAL ROMAIN," - - *Berlioz*

As will immediately be seen the program contained two very strong elements: The first performance here of Brahms first symphony, and Mr. E. A. MacDowell's playing of his own first concerto. The symphony is very long, very elab-

orate, noble and masterly. The first movement is a little dismal—a quality due to the nature of the motives themselves, the minor mode, and the absence of any strong contrast. After two hearings of this I confess that it seems to me still dismal. It suggests the desirability of small doses of calomel or other good alteratives. The view of the universe is too sombre to be pleasing. Still the instrumentation is able and in places highly effective. The sombre tone is scarcely less pronounced than that of Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," while in the concert room there is no dramatic action to explain the need of the darkness.

The second movement is very noble and beautiful. The sombre tone still prevails, but as the key is major this is more bearable, and the treatment of themes is exquisite. In fact it may be said that not since Beethoven has there been a composer able to create so sustained and noble a slow movement. Nevertheless Brahms has to work very hard—while Beethoven did not. This makes a world of difference to the hearer. The third movement is lighter, but still serious, and while short in form and occupying the place of a Scherzo, it still avoids breaking the dominating tone of the work. The finale is introduced with some of the Introduction of the first movement, newly treated, after which comes the Finale proper, which either intentionally or otherwise has a strong suggestion of the leading motive of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the famous Hymn of Joy. The entire work lasts fifty minutes and is certainly very noble and strong. It was composed at about the time when the Wagner "Nibelungen Ring" was first made public. There are many points of instrumentation in Brahms copied after Wagner.

* * *

Among other remarks upon the program concerning Brahms I find the following, taken I should imagine from an English writer:

"His stoutness of musical construction is hardly surpassed, and every page of his bears his own unmistakable stamp. For internal heat, for warmth and vehemence of feeling, for

spiritual exaltation, he is almost incomparable; yet his habitual modes of emotional expression are singularly at variance with the generally more dramatic style of other contemporary composers, and with all that the musical public at large has been accustomed to look upon as passionate and intense."

To this in general no exception need be taken, excepting to the point where it is said that his style is at variance with what the musical public has been accustomed to look upon as "passionate and intense." On the contrary I should say that Brahms had in the highest possible degree the qualities of style which the musical public would recognize as "passionate and intense." This lies naturally first at the very heart of the work,—in the nature of the ideas themselves, the quality of the harmonic treatment, and above all in the multiplying of parts, whereby the chords are very full and impressive; and in the instrumentation no less than in the strongly conceived and ingrained contrapuntal movement, which gives "work" to every least important instrument. In respect to this combination of qualities, which amount to natural and acquired musicianship in the highest degree, Brahms is the first of living masters, nor has any one arisen to compete with him, unless one might say that Tschaikowski might have been expected to have reached equal or greater heights. Whatever may be the ultimate place of Brahms in history, he is at present the foremost and most masterly tone poet in the whole world. He has touched upon most of the smaller provinces of musical creation, in every one producing something of novelty and elevation. Ever since Remenyi brought him to Liszt at Weimar, in 1853, when the boy of sixteen had his first trio with him, Brahms has been recognized as a genius. His works have made way slowly, partly on account of their great difficulty. This symphony, for instance, occasioned Mr. Thomas about ten rehearsals, but it was well worthy the time.

* * *

Mr. Thomas was one of the first to understand the new star, in America. When Mason came back from Weimar,

in 1855, he brought back Brahms' first trio, and it was played by Mason, Thomas and Bergman at the first of the famous Mason-Thomas chamber concerts, in 1856. Speaking of Mason's office in introducing new composers, I may mention that in 1850 he sent the Boston symphony orchestra of that day the parts and score of Schumann's first symphony, which after rehearsing two or three times they did not venture to bring out—so far was it thought beyond the public.

* * *

There is one respect, however, in which these symphonies of Brahms stand upon a very different footing from those of Schumann. While they may be difficult now and then for the instruments, they are generally well scored, and the tone color is successful. When well done they sound well, and the tone-color is of the same piece as the motives and the entire treatment. Whereas in Schumann the orchestral work is somewhat on the happy-go-lucky principle. It does not always succeed. Here again we come upon a difference between the two men. It was more than twenty years between the trio of Brahms and his first symphony. During this time he wrote much chamber music, and explored the characteristics of the instruments in many directions. Schumann came to Leipsic in 1833, but he did not begin to write chamber music until 1840, and his first symphony was written in 1841. If only his creative period could have been prolonged from the twenty years it covered to forty or more, as Brahms has had, what exquisite works might we have had from him!

* * *

The second principal feature of this concert was MacDowell's first concerto, played by the composer himself. The work is charming and light, cleverly instrumented, somewhat in the style of Raff, and the pianoforte is cleverly treated. Mr. MacDowell is a pianist of great ability, a virtuoso. He played delightfully, and was several times recalled. The first concerto is not so good as the second,

which he played in Detroit some years ago. But he is easily the foremost of American composers, though there are several younger men who are pressing close behind. As Mr. MacDowell is still young, (only thirty-two years of age) many and great things ought to be had from him.

* * *

One of the happy incidents of the presence in Chicago of a first-class orchestra, in which many of the leading players are artists of high attainments, is the multiplication of quartettes for the production of chamber music. Of these organizations there are now five. Beginning with that of Mr. Max Bendix, which perhaps antedates the others in time, there are also the quartettes of Mr. Jacobsohn, Mr. Spiering, Mr. Listemann, Mr. Marum. The personnel of the Bendix quartette is as follows: Max Bendix 1st voilin, E. Knoll 2d violin, Aug. Junker, viola, and W. Unger, 'cello. During the past month this organization has played twice at the concerts given for the benefit of the Visiting Nurses organization at Hooley's theatre. The audience being a charitable one quasi-popular in its selection, the programs were purposely lightened.

The following is a sample:

1 QUARTETTE—E Flat (No. 3) - - - *Mozart*
Allegro ma non troppo — Allegretto
Andante con moto — Allegro vivace
BENDIX STRING QUARTETTE

2 Ave Maria Koenigin - - - - *Max Bruch*
(From Cantata "Das Feuerkreuz")
AGNES THOMSON

3 *a.* "Pastorale," - - - - *Sieriking*
b. "Valse de Concert," - - - - *Albeniz*
c. "Second Polonaise," - - - - *Liszt*
MARTINUS SIEVERKING

4 *a.* "Dans le Sentier, parmi les Roses," - *Massenet*
b. "The song of love and death," - - *Harris*
AGNES THOMSON

5 *a.* Adagio—Quartette in D - - - *Haydn*
b. Finale—Quartette in A Major - - *Schumann*
BENDIX STRING QUARTETTE

The playing of the quartette was very smooth and finished. The singing of Mrs. Fisk at the former concerts

was pleasing and artistic. That of Mrs. Agnes Thompson at the second was also commendable, but several of her numbers lay in a range of voice which no doubt sounds more trying than it is. She would do better to sing in the medium register more.

At the last concert the pianist was Mr. Martinus Sieverking, lately arrived in Chicago. His technique is admirable and highly finished up to a certain point. That is to say he possesses apparently plenty of well trained fingers, and a clear musical head; but he stops shorts of the point where music begins to have something in it. Much of the Liszt polonaise was admirably played, but the work as a whole was ineffective, and the piano sounded badly in the middle register—which was also no doubt the fault of the touch.

* * *

The last organized of the quartette parties was that of Mr. Bernhardt Listemann, mentioned in the preceding number of MUSIC. The personnel of his quartette is this: Mr. Listemann 1st violin, Bruno Kuehn 2d violin, Eugene Boegner viola, and Bruno Steindel 'cello. This is a very strong combination indeed, and the playing is singularly even in all the parts. Jan 23 the following program was given at Kimball hall:

* * *

1 QUARTETTE in A Major, Op. 90 - - - *J Raff*
a. Allegro *c.* Andante
b. Scherzo *d.* Presto.
LISTEMANN STRING QUARTETTE

2 VOCAL—*a.* The Vision) - *Schumann*
b. I Will Not Grieve)
c. Before The Dawn - - *Chadwick*
MISS KATHRYN MEEKER

3 VIOLONCELLO—*a.* Adagio - - - *Mozart*
b. Papillon) - - *Popper*
c. Elfentanz)
BRUNO STEINDEL

4 VOCAL—Nymphs and Fauns - - - *Bemberg*
MISS KATHRYN MEEKER

5 QUARTETTE in G Minor, Op. 27 - - *E. Grieg*
a. Un Poco Andante—Allegro Molto *c.* Intermezzo
b. Romanze *d.* Presto al Saltarello
LISTEMANN STRING QUARTETTE

It is to be observed that the playing of all of these organizations is much better than the average, all the players being strong solo artists. Which one may be expected to impart to its interpretations that something which, when present, thrills and uplifts the hearer, even in pieces no more sensational than the chamber music of Haydn and Mozart, it is too soon to tell. But it is not too soon to realize that through this unexampled richness Chicago is having opportunities of hearing chamber music previously unrealized.

* * *

The future of the Chicago orchestra is just now in doubt. The original contract of the Chicago Orchestra Association with Mr. Theodore Thomas was for three years, the fifty gentlemen composing the association binding themselves in the sum of one thousand dollars each per year for making up whatever deficit might ensue from the ticket receipts of the concerts. Mr. Thomas on his part undertook to bring together a first class symphony orchestra equal to anything in the world, and by its aid to present a series of programs illustrating the best and noblest of music of this class. All of this he has faithfully performed. He has a body of players of exceptional merit, and the training of the orchestra is most excellent, and in the opinion of the great majority of good judges fully equal to that of any other orchestra anywhere. The sixty programs given, or underlined for completion during the remainder of the season, have been satisfactory from a musical point of view. From an art standpoint these concerts have been as satisfactory as any similar series given anywhere. But from a financial standpoint not only has great loss been made but the situation does not yet show signs of becoming better. The entire guarantee fund has been exhausted every year, and a further sum amounting to about $10,000—which has been quietly taken care of by a few personal friends of Mr. Thomas.

In establishing the association it was expected that these losses would occur; but it was not expected that

they would continue through the three years without showing signs of mending. The present season is indeed an exception, in that the panic would justify the public in a certain abstention from first-class entertainments. But even when allowance is made for this there is still too much loss, and not enough sign of improvement. Hence the question now confronts the active movers as to whether the prospect warrants further persistence in so serious a pecuniary loss.

A modern first-class orchestra is the most expensive apparatus known to art. It costs fully $125,000 to support these concerts through three months in the year. The musicians have to receive enough per month to make the earnings of the entire year (with what they can get from summer engagements) about the same as they would earn in New York. This necessitates an average weekly salary of about $44 per man. Even then is difficult to retain the man, since in New York they stand a better chance of extra engagements for playing in society and in chamber music. Notwithstanding this the Chicago association has been able thus far to retain here first rate men, as already seen.

* * *

In dealing with the panic and public apathy, the orchestral association has shown a degree of liberality wholly commendable. The prices of seats have been reduced until at the present rates if the house were to be entirely sold out at every performance there would still remain an annual deficit approaching $20,000. There are something like 800 seats at every performance sold at 25 cts. each, and about 1000 more at 50 cts. Then the back part of the first floor is sold at 75 cts. and these are the most desirable seats in the house. The front part of the first floor, about 900 seats, is rated at $1 for matinees and $1.50 for evenings. These, however are almost entirely taken up by the season subscribers. It is to be seen therefore, that Chicago this season offers first class symphony concerts at lower prices than prevail even in Germany, where the standard of expenditure is much lower than here.

Yet while further and large aggregate losses are sure to be incurred, there are excellent reasons why the Chicago orchestra should not be disbanded or carried off bodily to New York, as is now proposed. And this first because it is the Chicago way not to go back from an advance once made. Other cities may have to wait until they are some centuries old before having large libraries full of rare books, art galleries, marvels of architecture, and public spirit so high as not to be measured along side of that of any other city. The Chicago way is when something ought to be had here, to *get* it and to keep it, and to use it when they have got it. This is the way Chicago has always done. Thus also was done with the orchestra. The city will go on increasing in population without an orchestra. The lunch counter and dry goods shops do just as well; nor will the Texas steer postpone his taking off for lack of strains of slow music. Everything will go on just the same. But with a difference. The people will be different.

Music is the art of this century and of our civilization. Tone-poetry is the most sensitive expressson of soul life. Instrumental music, meaning thereby the music of a first class orchestra, is precisely that form of music which represents soul life in its manifoldness, and in its intensity and lofty ideality. While a first class orchestra is the most expensive art-apparatus known to civilization, except grand opera, it is also the most complete and responsive. A gallery of painting formednow may have many beautiful works in it; but all the great master-works by which criticism sets its lines will be wanting from it. Nor can they by any means be brought together. They are all the property of foreign governments and cannot be bought, begged or borrowed. There was not one classical masterpiece of painting in our great world's fair. The best that could be done was to bring together representatives of the modern sehools, when it is no longer a question of creating something better than the old, but simply of doing something creditable. With music it is different. There is no great masterpiece of tones but it may performed,

recreated, in any city whatever that has the performing artists. In this art every first class orchestra may reduplicate the works of the Raphaels, Michel Angelo's, Da Vinci's and Rubens of music. The whole world is open from which to choose. Moreover the popular pleasure is greater from musical performance than from any kind of gallery of paintings. Indeed this is the main trouble with the present situation.

* * *

When it is a question of an art gallery, nobody expects that the admissions paid at the door will do much more than pay the janitor fees and the care of the place. If there is an art gallery it must be a beneficence pure and simple. And accordingly a few public-spirited gentlemen come forward and create the best they can in this line. But in music there is so much public appreciation that it is always a question whether the thing might not carry itself commercially, without the element of public beneficence entering into the account at all. And in many cases this is what happens. In Boston great sacrifices were made for many years to maintain a respectable orchestra. At last Mr. Higginson came forward and offered to pay the deficits for a series of years. He got what he wanted, a really superior and first class orchestra. At last there came a time when the public paid all the bills, and began to return a portion of that which had been sunk. So it would be here after a while, but not very soon.

* * *

Just at the last minute as the forms are closing, comes the not unexpected news that Hans Guido von Buelow departed this life in a private retreat at Cairo, Egypt, February 12, 1894. Thus another of the great names associated with the stirring history of music in our century, and particularly with the Liszt and Wagner armies thereof, is removed from the role of the mortals and carried over to that of the immortals. Dr. Von Buelow was one of the most vigorous personalities of all that remarkable Weimar circle, and his part in the progress of Wagner's music ha

been very great. Originally designed for the law, music claimed him for her own. With a small and rather unpliable hand, he made himself one of the very greatest virtuosi of our time, by dint of sheer hard work and intense intellectual application. As a pianist he was known and admired the world over. As orchestral director he was even greater, and his is the glory of having trained the forces and conducted the first performances of that colossal improvisation, Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." The "Meistersinger" he knew so well that he could conduct it without score. All the realm of pianoforte literature, old and new, seemed to be stored up in that wonderful brain. He was highly gifted intellectually aside from music. His position in the world of art was wholly his own. In the next number of MUSIC there will be several articles devoted to his memory.

* * *

Sometimes a teacher has a pupil whose playing fails to interest him, and when a few months have elapsed since her lessons terminated he is only able to recall concerning her the general impression that the work was very bad. Now in teaching it is as in life, the unexpected always happens—and you may be sure that sooner or later, and generally later, you will get a letter from her asking for a testimonial. Mr. Liebling had such a case not long ago. A pupil of eight or ten years back wrote him from a distant part of the country something like this:

"DEAR SIR:—

As crops are very bad this year, and the hogs have not done well, father finds times very hard, and I have decided to take a situation to teach somewhere. Please send me a testimonial, and make it good and strong. And oblige,

Very respectfully yours,

CYNTHIA."

To which the following testimonial responded:

"*To Whom it May Concern:*—

Miss So and So studied the piano with me some months ago. She can teach it. EMIL LIEBLING."

She got the situation, but she did not write to thank for the testimonial.

* * *

The following letter received by the Chicago house of Mason & Hamlin affords a pleasing illustration of the manner in which political affairs sometimes intermix with those commercial or artistic. The delightfully original spelling and capitalization of the fair writer are scrupulously followed:

Dear Sir i didn't pay the rent on the organ my folks got back from the Strip just as i was Starting to the Bank and they had spent all the money they had and of course i had to let them have my money the Works is all Shut Down here Since i Bought the organd then my folks are all out of Work until i dont think i can pay for it a tall But i will try to Sell it for you What is the least Sent you will take for it if there was one more Cleveland in office you couldn't Sell a hand organ nor papa couldn't Borrow money i never Saw that kind of a time be fore and just 3 more long years before that Soft head is out of office

Write Soon and let me know what you will Sell this organ for.

. S. B. M.

ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

It may be I am partial, 'cause I've alluz loved the lake
From floatin' on it all my life, most, sleepin' or awake,
But if you've ever been there when the lake is soft and still,
When its only been June long enough to take off half the chill,
Why then you'll know the way I feel, and likely you felt too,
Especially if you went out a feelin' kind o' blue.
It's the finest place agoin' on a lovely summer night,
When it's moonlight on the water, and the stars are shinin' bright:
When the wind is just a breathin' soft an' easy, off the shore
Enough to make the moonbeams dance around a little more.

Or perhaps the bory allis goes atrapsin' cross the sky
In beautiful long streamers, areachin' way up high,
As though they had a searchlight, an' was lightin' up the stars
Or looking for their cattle there, the big an' little b'ars.
When it's awful queer and quiet, an' the lights along the shore
Seem somehow twice as fur away, an' maybe somewhat more.
It may be you are startled by a funny flutterin' sound,
But you know it's jest the paddles on some steamer upward bound.
You see a little speck o' green a-creepin' long so slow
An' you wonder if the folks is glad they haven't fur to go.

Away off to the south'ards there's a little spot o' light
That's sendin' up its streamers too, away out through the night
Until it an' the rory seem to meet away up there
An' symbolize the union of Heaven an' the Fair.
An' now you see the reason why that wonderful grand show
Has alluz guv you feelin's that you liked but didn't know.
Fer there you see it's lightnin', an' Heaven's, way up high
A-minglin' with each other to illuminate the sky.
You think that it's most likely that the men that built the Fair
Must ha' mingled with the angels, an' ha' got their plans up there.

Why nothin' seems just like it does at any other time,
It's all so kind o' quiet an' impressive, an' sublime.
It's all so sweet an' peaceful. You can't think o' nothin' bad.
It kind o' goes agin the grain, you feel so sort o' bad.
You think o' what a lovely world this here is, after all
An' how you'll hate to leave it when you get your final call.
Perhaps you see a shootin' star go whizzin' cross the sky,
An' wonder if the folks up there had time to say good-bye,
Or whether you'd be ready, if this world should take a freak
To go a-tirrin' round the sky like that there little streak.
Then pretty soon you sort o' start, an' find you've been asleep,
An' feel all sort o' crampy, from lyin' in a heep.
You look around, an' way off east you see a sort o' glow

That shows the night is passin', an' it's time for you to go
It's likely several miles to land, a rather heavy pull,
But somehow you don't notice that, because your mind's so full
Of what you saw the night before, an' how it made you feel:
Of what a grand thing nature is. An' then you want to kneel
An' say your prayers just like you did when you was young, an' then
You think about your mother, an' how many years it's been
Since you used to tell her everything, your sorrow or your joy.
When you made her burdens lighter 'cause she shared them
with her boy

You wonder why you never thought o' things like that before.
An' then remember that you used to vote such things a bore.
But when you get to land an' find that she's been up all night
A'watching fer you to come back, an' hopin' you're all right,
When she breaks down completely, an' you take her in your arms
Just like she used to take you, why then your old heart warms.
You wish you'd know this sooner, an' you needn't ha' been so blue.
If you'd only told your mother she ha' lightened it fer you.
You see a new light in her eyes, you never saw before,
A sort o' happy tearful smile. It seems as though a door
Had opened to another world, a door you never tried
But could ha' opened years ago. But now it's open wide.
An' now each knows the other fer the rest of this here life
An' it wont be any different if you ever get a wife.
So somehow though you're sorry that you staid out on the lake,
You're mainly awful glad, because it stopped a big mistake.

J. L. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

(From the Boston Music Company.)

FOUR PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. Composed by CLAYTON JONES.

1. Valse. Key of A. Dedicated to Paderewski. $1.00.
2. Romance. Dedicated to Fernando Fierro. Key of A. 65c.
3. Canzone. Dedicated to Ethelbert Nevin. Key of A. 50c.
4. Promenade. B flat. 35c.

These four pieces are cleverly done and have merit. The first is a rather elusive waltz, which will require to be well played in order to sound well. It will have a good finger study. Fifth grade.

The second is an excellent melody and is well treated, and will be played with more relish than either of the others except the next following. Fifth grade.

The Canzone is a trifle less difficult than the other pieces in the series, except certain very extended chords for the left hand. It is a good healthy movement and short.

The promenade is again somewhat elusive, and will require to be very well played in order to sound well, when at best it is a trifle undecided, with dude-like pauses upon sweet chords. Fifth Grade.

All of the pieces are printed in elegant style, with uncommon liberality of margin and blank leaves, which however are by no means forgotten in making up the price mark.

JOTTINGS ON PIANOFORTE PLAYING. BY W. H. WEBBER

Auckland, N. Z. 1893. Pp. 64. Paper.

This is one of those comprehensive little works which when known become indispensable "to any gentleman's library." It consists of short essays upon practical points, and theoretical chapters taking the place of a piano primer. The workmanship is rather good, and writer, Mr. W. H. Webb, a teacher for some ten years resident in New Zealand, shows excellent practical sense. The book has to be judged entirely from a practical standpoint and not at all from the standpoint of theoretical completeness. A new and enlarged edition is said to be presently appearing in London.

(From F. Mueller, Jr. Spokane.)

THE NEW STACCATO POLKA. By FRANCIS MUELLER. OP. 28

"SLEEP, LITTLE BABY OF MINE."

The first of these songs is dedicated to Mme. Marie Decca, "the American Jenny Lind," whereupon one desires to know whether to admire this as a compliment to Mme. Decca, or to the Lind. It would make a difference. The polka is a good exercise in staccato singing, with considerable running work interludes. Key of C. Soprano. Not very high.

The cradle song is melodious and pleasing, but the words are so

goody-goody as to be well-nigh profane. This song was sung at the World's Fair by Miss Bernadine Sargent, "Singer for Washington." They are published in very good style.

(The John Church Company.)

W. L. Blumenschein. "A Song Of The Sea." Male chorus unaccompanied. 25 cts. 8vo.

"The Blessings." Short choruses for the offertory and other parts of church service. 8vo. 75 cts.

"Jesus Liveth." Easter Anthem. 8vo. 20 cts.

The male chorus first on the list above, is well made and works up to an effective climax. As Mr. Blumenschein is an experienced conductor of male choruses, he has written with a good understanding of the possibilities and limitations of this sort of thing. The short sentences are also excellent, and furnish quartette choirs a valuable addition to their repertory, especially as Mr. Blumenschein is always musical. The Easter anthem is more novel in its selection of words, and at the same time perhaps less successful—or perhaps one takes it in this sense on account of its unusual nature. It begins with quite a long passage in minor, "See the children of the King, helpless, dying," followed by an alto solo, "One from Eden cometh," leading to a fugue, "Sing, rejoice with heart and voice." The latter is well treated as also is the air to solo. So on the whole perhaps the novelty of Mr. Blumenschein's work will not prove its least recommendation to choirs.

AGENTS WANTED!

To Canvass for this Magazine.

Liberal Commissions Paid to the Right Persons

Among the regular contributors have been the following

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE,
CALVIN B. CADY,
JOHN C. FILLMORE,
THOMAS TAPPER,
ARTHUR FOOTE,
JULIUS KLAUSER,
WILLIAM L. TOMLINS,
EDWARD BAXTER PERRY,
H. W. GREENE,
JOHN S. DWIGHT,
GEO. P. UPTON,
EMIL LIEBLING,
E. M. BOWMAN,
J. DE ZELINSKI,
ARTHUR WELD,
JOHN HOWARD,
HOMER MOORE,
CONSTANTIN STERNBERG,
DR. JOHN C. GRIGGS,
FRED. W. ROOT,
JAMES PAUL WHITE,
EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY,
W. FRANCIS GATES,
CLEMENT TETEDOUX,
ALFRED VEIT.

For Terms Address,

MUSIC MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO.

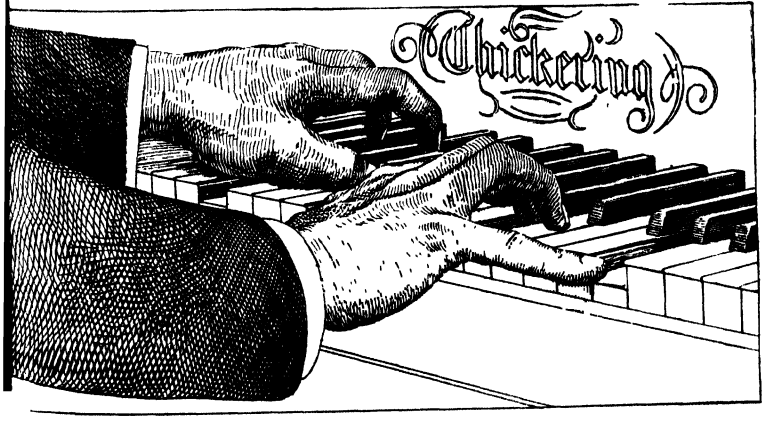
S. S. MATHEWS, Manager,

240 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

A STUDY OF HANDS.







MUSIC TRADE DEPARTMENT.

AWARD TO PIANOS OF A. REED & SONS.

SOME months ago MUSIC, in a carefully considered article, described the new system of pianoforte construction invented and perfected by the firm of A. Reed & Sons. The system was mentioned as a new departure in piano making, and as having in it a great promise for the future, especially in the matter of improved tonal capacity.

The following is the award of the judges at the Fair:

TO THE COMMITTEE OF JUDGES:

CARD NO. 14,812

EXHIBITOR, A. REED & SONS, CHICAGO.

EXHIBIT, PIANOS.

COMMENTS:

I report that this exhibit is entitled to an award.

The TONE quality, sustaining power or VIBRATION, sympathetic RESONANCE and VOLUME of TONE, in these Upright Pianos is MOST EXCELLENT.

The scale is WELL BALANCED throughout.

The action is of the BEST and WELL REGULATED.

The touch is EASY, ELASTIC and repeats RAPIDLY.

In construction the material is of FINE QUALITY, the workmanship and finish being of the SAME HIGH ORDER.

These pianos are built upon a NEW and SCIENTIFIC METHOD known as the REED SYSTEM, patented in England, Germany, France, Canada and the United States.

THE NEW FEATURES OF EXCELLENCE ARE:

1. A flanged Metal String plate surrounded by an outer rim of wood.

2. A Metal Arch upon the back of the plate, sustaining the pin block.

3. A Sound board with edges clamped between two rims of wood making its VIBRATIONS ENTIRELY UPON AND AGAINST THE WOOD,

4. Edges of the sound board being held more securely in position between the two rims, PREVENTING THE FLATTENING OF THE ARCH in the board and the CONSEQUENT LOSS OF TONE.

5. Absence of contact between sound board and metal string plate, AVOIDING METALLIC QUALITIES OF TONE.

6. A vibrating bar whereby the upper edge of the sound board is freed, allowing its GREATEST VIBRATION.

7. A WHEEL AGRAFFE pressure bar reducing the friction in tuning.

8. Lateral or side extending pedals.

This construction is ORIGINAL, PROGRESSIVE and of GREAT STRENGHT, producing MAGNIFICENT TONE QUALITIES.

(Signed) EDWIN P. CARPENTER, *Judge.*
(Endorsed) K. BUENZ, *President.*
J. H. GORE, *Secretary.*
Board of Judges, Liberal Arts.

This award is without exception the most ample and sweeping of all awards in the pianoforte department, as well it might be, since the Reed system furnished the only considerable point of novelty in the whole pianoforte exhibit. The firm has lately published a descriptive pamphet of the system, in which they have analyzed the wording of the award, showing how completely it covers the ground.

Such a proceeding is interesting to the happy fathers of the new system, but it is not necessary for the public. To explain the above award is like painting the lily or gilding a rose.

It is a great award. And if the Reeds live up to it, as they say they mean to, they will be among a very small number of the foremost pianomakers of the whole world.

THE CELEBRATED

STEGER" PIANOS

Are preferred by leading artists and purchased by the highest musical authorities, on account of their liquid quality of tone, elasticity of action, and great durability.

The Steger Patent Techniphone

(Patented April, 1892.)

Is considered the most practical invention yet introduced in the art of Piano making.

STEGER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS,

WAREROOMS: Wabash Ave. and Jackson St.

FACTORIES: Columbia Heights and Cook County.

CHICAGO, ILL.



Nearly 60,000 Sold!

Pease Piano Co.,

316 to 322 W. 43d St. N.Y.

46 Jackson St. Chicago.

A GOOD BROTH IS HALF A DINNER



EVERY ONE can afford to use Clam Bouillon for Lunch, Dinner and Tea at **20 cents** a quart. Enough for a whole family. Prepared in five minutes from a **bottle** of

BURNHAM'S CLAM BOUILLON

Quality improved, price reduced, larger bottles. All Grocers sell it.

E. S. BURNHAM CO.,
120 Gansevoort St., N Y

Sample bottle, 10 cents; makes a pint.

THE "3" DROMEOS.



"Hand in Hand - like Brothers"—Not one, &c

"YANKEE"—15c. SHAVING STICK—25c. SHAVING CREAM—50c.

All similar in *quality*—making an equally—rich—creamlike—*never-drying* LATHER.

They **differ**—in style—size—odor——to suit various tastes.

The drug store that does not keep them is hard to find If your druggist does not have the kind you want—write to us.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
(ESTABLISHED 1840.) **Glastonbury, Conn., U. S.**

Lightness, Solidity, Durability, Permanence of Alignment, Interchangeable Carriages, Manifolding Power, Speed, Ease of Manipulation, Touch, Improved Ribbon Speed and other points in its General Superiority, make

THE

"Densmore"

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TYPEWRITER.

☞ This is the Universal Verdict of all who have seen it, and will be yours if you will investigate thoroughly.

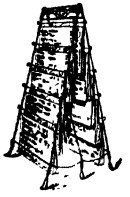
Send for descriptive circulars, naming this magazine. We want every Operator of every machine and every person interested in Typewriters to know the "DENSMORE."

Address

THE DENSMORE,

333 The Rookery, - - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

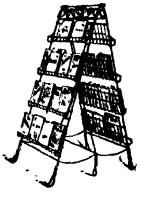
Andrews News Paper File AND Rack, also Magazine Rack



News Paper Rack.

For Libraries, Hotel Reading Rooms, Offices. Fine enough for most luxurious Club-house Light, Smooth, Strong, *Attractive*, composed of *STEEL* finished in Antique Copper, Dust and Fire-proof.

The Andrews File showing 3 Needles for binding papers for filing away.



Magazine Rack.

Send for Illustrated and Descriptive Circulars to Mfrs.,

A. H. ANDREWS & CO., 215 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PIANO CHAIRS



New Adjustable and Duet Chair.

Copper, Brass, Silver or Nickel Finish

They support the back where it is needed.

Elegant, Comfortable and Indestructible.



MUSICAL NOVELTIES.

For Sale by All First-Class Music Dealers.

VOCAL.

EVENTIDE. Meersabend. For women's voices and Bass solo. English words by J. A. Homan. Music by Dr. N. J. Elsenheimer. A-flat. 5. 50c

HER SMILE. Song. Words by E. A. Price. Music by Lino Mattioli. In two keys. Soprano or tenor in F. 3 1-2 F to B-flat. Picture title. Price 40c. Alto or baritone in C. 3 1-2. C to F. Price . . . 40c.

Malaga. A Southern Idyl. Poem by Major Henry T. Stanton. Music by George Schleiffarth. G. 3 1-2 d to g. Portrait title. Price 50c

YOU CAN'T WIN A SWEET LITTLE WIFE EVERY DAY. Serio-comic song and chorus. By Charles Graham, composer of "Two little girls in blue." etc. B-flat. 3. F to E. Price . . 40c

LULLABY SONG. Words by Elmer E. Vance. Music by E. Melville Browne. G. 3. d to E. Price. 40c

VIOLETS. Song for Soprano or Tenor. Words by Eward Hulme. Adapted to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" by Paolo La Villa. G. 4. c to g. Pr. 75c.

BABY'S ASLEEP. Slumber Song. Composed by M. L. Bright. E-flat. 3. E to E. Price 40c.

FOR THE PIANO.

VALSE IDYLLE. As played at the popular Concerts at Music Hall. By Max Grau. A. 4. Price . . 40c

MAJESTIC GAVOTTE. By E. Melville Browne A-flat. 4. Price 60c

THE LIBERTY BELL MARCH. By John Philip Sousa. Arranged for four hands by A. J. Boex. B-flat. 3 1-2. Price $1.00

TOCHTER LIEBE, By Carolyn Pearle Rodgers. B-flat. 3. Price 40c

VALSE. By Carolyn Pearle Rodgers. E-flat. 3. Price 40c

BARCAROLLE. By Emil Wiegand. Op. 3. A, 4. Price 40c

IN THE GONDOLA. Valse Barcarolle. By Eugene Kaeuffer. D. 3 1-2 Price . 60c

GREETING. By Carolyn Pearle Rodgers. A-flat. 3. Price 40c

BEATRICE. Spanish Danse Gymnaz. By E. Melville Browne. B-flat. 4. Pr. $1.00

VIOLIN AND PIANO.

GUTE NACHT. Good Night. Serenade for violin and piano. By Charles J Richter. F. 3. Price 40c

FOR MANDOLIN, GUITAR BANJO, ETC.

THE LIBERTY BELL MARCH. John Philip Sousa. Arranged for Banjo and Piano. G and E. 3. Price . 50c
Arranged for Banjo and Piano. G. 3. Price 50c
The same for Mandolin and Piano. G. and E. 3. Price 60c
The same for Guitar Solo. G. 4. Pr. 40c
The same for Banjo Solo. E. 4. Pr. 40c
The same for Mandolin Solo. G. 4. Price 40c
The same for Mandolin and Guitar. G. 3 Price 50c
The same for Banjo Duet. E. 3. Pr. 50c
The same for Mandolin, Piano and Guitar. 3. Price 75c
Each of the above has a fine portrait of the great band-leader and march writer on the title page.

SPANISH MELODY. Guitar solo. By Jose Sancho, of the original "Spanish Students." C. 3 1 2 Price 25c

BRISAS DEL TURIA. Mandolin and Guitar. By Jose Sancho. A. 3. Pr, 50c

IN THE REDWOODS, Gavotte. Guitar solo. A. 3. Price 30c

EASTER MUSIC.

SHEET MUSIC.

ANGELS ROLL THE ROCK AWAY, E. Marzo, Price 75c
The above is published in both high and low keys.

O, REJOICE! By P. Mascagni Price 50c

OCTAVO.

CHRIST IS RISEN. Anthem, By F.L. Eyer Price 15c

LOOK, YE SAINTS, Anthem. By Carrie B. Adams. Price 15c

CHRIST, OUR PASSOVER. Anthem. By P. F. Campiglio. Price 25c

JESUS, VICTOR OVER DEATH. Anthem By W. T. Porter. Price 25c

NEW EASTER SELECTIONS.

A collection of bright and pleasing carols by prominent writers and a responsive reading which can be used if desired. 16 pp. Price, per copy 5c

NEW EASTER SERVICE.

THE LIVING CHRIST. By J. E. Hall. This is a series of connected re adings etc., with music. 16 pp. Pr, per copy5c

Catalogues and Price-Lists furnished on application. Any of the above, or all music, no matter where published, sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the marked price.

The John Church Company,

CINCINNATI, O.



DR. HANS VON BULOW

MUSIC

APRIL, 1894.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE DISCUSSION OF "AMERICANISM" IN MUSIC.

IN all human probability those persons who are at present so noisily demanding an "American School of Music," will never see their apparently hopeless, and possibly undesirable, ambition gratified; no, not they, nor generations of similar "patriots," after them, in this century or many others to come. Indeed these ardent enthusiasts would seem either totally ignorant of the influence of racial peculiarities upon the growth of schools of art and thought, or else they deliberately disregard this all-important factor, in their loud-mouthed and ill-judged patriotism.

There is no race in this country and in all reasonable probability there never will be one. At least, it is impossible under existing circumstances to conceive of how such a miracle might be brought about here. However, for the sake of argument, let us assume that by some means immigration could be wholly stopped, and that after perhaps a couple of centuries, the many conflicting elements of the various nationalities already here, might, through some great national catastrophe or some similar and equally powerful agent, become amalgamated into some semblance of a race:—it would still require many further centuries before the various characteristics of this new-born race could become sufficiently marked and unconsciously innate to produce any school of art or thought which would be pregnant with the feelings,—not merely of a nationality but of a race.

Copyright, 1894.

As yet, it must surely be admitted that we have not even taken the first step of this long journey. Why then, when we are not yet even a nationality, demand results which will only be attainable in the not only very remote but also highly improbable event of our ever becoming a race?

We should remember that a child born, with notable musical talent, of German, French, Italian, Spanish, Slavonic or Scandinavian parentage, has in his blood itself the forceful characteristics of both the nationality and race from which he springs. When the proper time for the intellectual development of his latent talents arrives, these inborn peculiarities have already been unconsciously strengthened and increased a hundredfold, by the constant hearing of the national music of his country. And at this point it seems fit to point out as an all-important factor to be borne in mind, that these self-same characteristics and peculiarities are not merely of a melodic nature but, what is still more important, they are striking and individual in harmony, rhythm, accent, and even in manner and mannerism of phrasing.

To return to our argument, however, the child in question, born with the musical stamp of race a part of his very nature, has lived thus far surrounded by the cumulated characteristics of this same race and probably shut off greatly if not wholly, from the musical influences of other races and nations. When he begins to study, then, after these preliminary and unconscious mouldings of his talent, it is more than probable that his first earnest efforts are made in his own country and under masters of his own nationality and race, and thus the thought-seed already more than sufficiently impregnated with these same characteristics, acquires its growth in an atmosphere of circumambient nationalism which becomes second nature.

But how can we in America even dreamily anticipate any such conditions as these? A musically talented child born here has inherited an absolute gift but not a characteristic one. If the musical side of his nature be tinged with any national or racial coloring whatever, it is a perverted and di-

luted influence, inherited from which ever parent possessed the stronger artistic nature, inherited by that parent in turn through a broken and wavering line of mixed ancestry.

His early artistic associations instead of being limited but definite in compass, are as a rule an "olla podrida" of the music of all countries and nations and up to the present, with lamentably few exceptions, roughly and inartistically performed. There is certainly little encouragement to be gained from the contemplation of his artistic growth thus far, and now we reach the crucial point; the beginning of his earnest studies. As are his first serious artistic affiliations, so will he assimilate his first positive artistic feelings, for it is easy to comprehend that the colorless, unformed and kaleidoscopic impressions he has thus far obtained will certainly be immediately diverted into the first strictly defined channel of art-thought opened to them. If then his first master be a German he will become musically a German himself and so on.

Furthermore, as it is considered, up to the present time, (rightly or wrongly, does not matter for the moment), more or less impossible to obtain a thorough musical education in this country, he will doubtless go to Europe to complete his artistic education. In doing so he will only naturally choose that country for further study with whose characteristics his absorptive nature has already become impregnated, and consequently the early "foreign" influences will only be strengthened and rendered still more forceful in their effect upon his artistic impressionability.

If we stop here for a moment to query *why* it should be considered impossible to obtain a thorough musical education in America, we find ourselves relentlessly led back by a not too circuitous route to the same arguments and considerations. It is certainly undeniable that there are plenty of good masters here:—the violin, the piano, composition and singing are all represented by artists who have held the highest rank in Europe and who, individually, cannot be excelled. These are supplemented also by the very best musicians America herself has produced, and thus there is no

lack of admirable instruction,—but it is regretfully but freely admitted by these very gentlemen and ladies themselves that we have not (yet?) the proper "artistic atmosphere." And here we have completed our circle and returned to the starting point, for is not this unfortunate fact directly traceable to the circumstances already stated?

How can we be expected to have an "artistic atmosphere" in a country which is sternly obliged, however unwillingly, to either borrow or steal its art from the rest of the world wherever it can find it?

It is certainly not our fault, being as already claimed the result of purely natural conditions, but it is just as certainly our grievous misfortune.

Undoubtedly we can produce,—have produced, thousands of artists in the abstract sense of the word, but for the reasons stated above they are necessarily more or less imitative, and their work, bearing as it must the distinct stamp of those national influences of some other nation, under which it was nurtured and perfected, is wholly lacking in even the rudimentary requirements of those conditions which might point out even the future possibility of an American "school."

Thus far, and not unnaturally, as most of our prominent musicians studied in Germany, the American composers of note should all be ranked (nationally) not as American, but as German musicians. Let any one carefully examine the admirable works of Messrs. Chadwick, Paine, MacDowell, Foote, Parker, Whiting and all the rest, and then attempt to deny that it is essentially German music! German in conception and in execution; German in its general aspect and also in the detail of its construction. Nor is this in any least degree to the discredit of these gentlemen or their productions as art-products pure and simple, although it does certainly seem to disqualify them from any claim to being "distinctly American" musicians in that sense of the word used by the enthusiasts to whom we have already referred. Had these eminently talented artists studied in France or in Russia instead of in Germany, the result would have been

the same in both theory and practice. Being gifted with a distinct inborn talent for music as an absolute art, but having no inborn racial characteristics strong enough to transform this absolute art-force into a special and particular one, they must *par force majeur* become members of whatever "school" they selected as their means of education, for later it must inevitably become also their channel of expression.

Nor could one individual, nor even many, alter this state of affairs until many more centuries have rolled by. Even were a certain Mr. Smith to be born in this country endowed by nature with a talent or genius so astoundingly original that he actually created, not merely new works, but even a new style, (or to speak academically a "new school!") it would be strictly speaking, not an "American school," it would be a "Smith school!"

In other words it would be individual and not national, for its peculiarities would not arise at all from any characteristic mentality which Mr. Smith might possess *as an American*; they would simply spring from the more interesting, perhaps, but also more limited and rudimentary originalities which made Mr. Smith,—*Mr. Smith*.

Here let us retrospect briefly. A moment ago we claimed that we not only had no race in America, but also, as yet, not even a nationality. This may at first seem astonishing but can it be denied?

Since its inception we have thrown open the gates of this great republic to the nations of all the earth, who have cordially accepted the invitation although, unfortunately, they have by no means selected their own most desirable anthropological specimens wherewith to enrich the human characteristics of America. These people however, such as they were, Germans, French, English, Italians; Slavs, Cechs and Scandinavians; (and even the Irish, it is claimed!) have poured into America all these long years by thousands and tens of thousands. They have spread north, south, east and west and they are to be found everywhere.

Our idea was to purposely seek this incongruity of nation-

ality, this very lack of racial characteristic; or to word it differently, we have endeavored to produce an amalgamation, the sum total of which was intended to contain what was desirable in each nation eliminating as far as possible the faults of all. Indeed as Senator Vilas, admirable orator, once said in a speech made in Milwaukee on "German Day:"

"We have gone out of our way to seek commingled blood."

But,—how far have all these Eutopian plans succeeded? Some one cries out here, "What Knownothingism!" but we are not speaking politically by any means. On the contrary it would seem that from its political aspect the scheme has been widely and considerably successful. In those respects we are not only a nation but an amazingly full-grown and healthy one, but politics, however admirable it may be, is widely removed from art; at least such politics as thrive in this country. It is precisely in those social conditions which give rise to a wider sense of nationality than is possible at our perverted ballot-boxes, that the plan of amalgamation has utterly failed. Yes, and that of commingled blood has failed still more so. The German in this country however good a citizen he may be otherwise, is dead set at what he calls "Americanism." He retains all and every individual one of his own home customs. In large cities he has his own theaters, his own clubs, his "vereins" and so on. He speaks of this and that custom sneeringly as "Amerikanisch" and something to be scorned and avoided. The French and Italians are worse yet, and as for the Scandinavians, Slavs and Cechs; these seldom even learn the English language! And do they intermarry by any chance? Is not the Irish race as distinct to-day in this country as at home in Erin? Do the French immigrants seek out German brides, or do many alliances take place between the Swedes and the Italians? After a hundred years what "commingling of blood" has actually taken place?

But perhaps what has not yet been, may be.

As was said at the opening of this article if the incongru-

ous mass already assembled here could be busily shaken for a century or so (but without further addition of foreign material, mark you!) the desired amalgamation might take place, although we ourselves do not think so; but others do and one opinion is as good as another when the question under discussion is of such a problematical nature. If the unexpected in this direction should ever take place we might then have a *national* music; sure it is that an art, musical or otherwise, founded upon the more positive conditions of *race*, we shall never have.

That which appears most undeniable at present is that those who hope in this direction are in far too great a hurry. All we can possibly say at this time is that we have some eminent musicians who were born in this country, and why go further? Why ask more? Why not be merely glad and proud that George Chadwick and Arthur Foote, being citizens of these United States, write the beautiful music which they do, without bothering our heads as to the "lack of nationality" (or whatever the phrase may be,) in that same beautiful music?

Beyond this it is hard, nay impossible, to know what the upshot of it all will be, but one thing being certain, that however the problem may be solved, it will still remain a problem for years. Did we say *years*? Lusters, decades, generations, yes, centuries rather.

Our epoch-making and world-astounding rapidity of progress and development has blinded us somewhat to the fact that in some things the longest way is not only the best but even the only way and thus paradoxically, the shortest.

"*Ars longa, vita brevis est.*"

Let us bear that firmly in mind!

With the example of the whole world-history as both a warning and a guide, in those things which can be *learned*, America has learned quickly, and indeed almost without exception improved upon in the learning!

But there are matters which can be neither learned nor taught, and here in that weird and boundless realm of those intangible things which must be *felt*; and of these the won-

derful cobweb of art is surely spun;—neither ambition, determination nor previous success in the speedy overcoming of obstacles availeth aught.

Such a crop must lie sewn for centuries, which in their turn follow centuries of preliminary ploughing and harrowing, before the time for harvesting may come. In all practical things we have worked veritable world-wonders, but in the province of those peculiar, nay miraculous mental processes, which, partly personal, but still more under the mystic guidance of a not yet defined and indeed undefinable omnipresent spirituality, lead to the thought birth of something *actually created*, (that is, Art!)—here even the restlessly progressive spirit of America must consent to wait, however impatiently, for the slow, but all conquering hand of Time.

MILWAUKEE, FEB. 1894. ARTHUR WELD.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF CHAMBER MUSIC.

EVERY art has its ranks and degrees. In painting he who represents the human face by a kind of imaginative reflection upon the canvas as in a mental mirror, he who reproduces by ever so cunning similitude the mystic face of nature in landscape, must give way, in point of artistic dignity, to the artist who presents in suitable grouping those great historical characters who have been the factors of civilization and to him who places upon canvas in ideal beauty the highest aspirations of the heart and soul. In literature the lyric poet is not the compeer of the epic, and though Heine have the perfection of sentiment and satire, and though there be much real salt in his tears, he cannot measure shoulder to shoulder with Milton, Dante or Homer. In like manner Chopin is the perfect poet of the piano, and breathes into this cold, glittering instrument fiery passion, delicate sentiment, fairy-like grace, so that, like some mystic sea-shell, it not only shines, but murmurs with the solemn voice of things half guessed from the land of dreams. No man ever wrote for the pianoforte as did Frederic Chopin. His ideas take fast root in the effects natural to this semi-percussion instrument, and seem to cool themselves from their too burning heat amid the liquid freshness of the tones like those flowers of Keats.

"Hushed, cool-rooted flowers, purple-eyed!"

But exquisite as Chopin is in his peculiar domain of the piano, he cannot be named with Beethoven, who lived in the orchestra as much a native to the manor born, as was Chopin to the beautiful, romantic province of the singing keys.

The same difference of rank and intellectual dignity pervades composition. Works may be admirable in small forms, for instance the "Songs Without Words" of Men-

delssohn; but they cannot be compared in musical value with those rough, jagged masses of imaginative music, the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, which, like mountains, push heavenward and leave many an abrupt precipice and craggy ledge which the performer must struggle over as he best may. At the very summit of pure, intellectual value must be placed the fugues of Bach which, whether written for the majestic organ or the tinkling harpsichord, are perfect models of foresight and calculation, embodying variety, contrast, unity and climax with ideal beauty, within the narrowest limits, and developed out of meager resources.

In the growth of musical art we find that gradual progression from unity to variety, from a uniform type to manifold species, which seems to be indicated as the method of material creation. In the early historic ages song and speech not only ran side by side, but hand in hand, the poet chanted his own verses to his own accompaniment and the idea which Wagner has striven to embody in the complex grandeur of modern art was the every-day realization of the strolling rhapsodist. Even as late as the sixteenth century of the Christian era, there was little or no instrumental music, and though instruments were constantly brought into use it was merely as servitors in attendance upon the voices which they supported and guided, as slaves and fan-bearers carry and tend upon the despots of the Orient, and the rude beginnings of instrumental music were to be found inserted as brief interludes between the strophes of the vocal parts.

Johann Sebastian Bach in this, as in other departments, was the father of modern musical art. The Protestant movement, by laying greater stress upon the congregation and simplifying the services at the altar, brought into existence those slow and solemn melodies known as chorals, which were exactly fitted to the massive upheaving body of vocal sound from a concourse of people of small musical learning, though genuine musical feeling. The monotony of these melodies, however, caused them soon to become unsatisfying to the mind and taste of scholarly musicians, and the

practice (still prevalent in German churches) arose of setting upon the organ a large number of varied chords, still further complicated and beautified with intervening voices of more rapid progression, so that what was at first almost bald in its severity became rounded, enriched, surcharged with emotion and the finest devices of imaginative structure. In no way can a student better establish in his mind the foundation ideas of musical form than by thoroughly studying these simple learned chorals, where melody, in its plain outline, and harmony with its minute details, blend in mutual good will. No composer, before or since, approached Bach in the art of inventing a series of chords where strength and ease were perfectly united, and ofttimes in some modest nook of the counterpoint a tone will lurk which pierces the heart with a profound emotion.

Bach was chiefly an organist, and his writings for that instrument are held in the same comparative esteem as are the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven. He wrote also for other instruments and his sonatas and other many parted pieces for the solo violin are still played by the virtuosi as consummate illustrations of their art. In the days of Bach the orchestra and string quartet scarcely existed, and the forms in which they are familiar to the connoisseurs of our time were brought into being by old Papa Haydn who, with his contemporary, Mozart, and his successor, Beethoven, created the classical or Viennese school of music.

Under the term Chamber Music is comprehended all purely instrumental work from the solo to any concerted form less ample than the full orchestra, and adapted, therefore, to being heard in a diminutive concert-hall or chapel. The sonata form of composition first developed by Haydn, rounded and perfected by Mozart, enriched and altered by Beethoven, is the pith and substance of all chamber music. Nine-tenths of all the works comprehended under that head will be found cast in some one of the familiar sonata forms, and whatever beauty, therefore, can be developed out of these will be found in chamber compositions.

All the great German minds, and those few artists of

other nations who have been affected by the study of German composition, men like Saint-Saens, Sgambati, and others, have poured out their choicest thought on these abstract forms, and the enjoyment of them is one of the crucial tests of musical temperament as well as a gauge exact and faithful of the intellectual development which the hearer may have reached.

Performers familiar with all the rare treasures hidden away in the royal palace of pure, abstract chamber music, are easily inclined to load their programs with varied novelties, taking for granted in their hearers a familiarity with the standard works, such as is possessed by no American audience as yet. The leading works for orchestra are far more familiar to American music lovers than the corresponding works in that more abstract, more subtle, more mysterious apartment in the great temple of music, where are deposited the varied creations of chamber music, diversified in form from the sonata to the octette.

There are thousands of aspiring students in this country full of vague but earnest longing for the best things, yet having little means for developing judgment or skill in discrimination. To such a few words of simple analysis and advice may not be without value. How shall I hear a string quartet? I select for illustration the string quartet because it gives the most perfect musical symbol of unity and variety, unity, for the four instruments express one homogeneous and emotional species of tone; and variety because the executive resources of the four instruments are practically exhaustless for the expression of every known rhythm, from a shuddering tremolo, quicker than that obtainable on any except bowed instruments, to sustained tones of streaming and steady duration like an organ. I will attempt to depict verbally a few prominent effects, not desiring to give them scientific system or orderly progress, but merely offering them to the student like a handful of specimen ores, suggestive rather than intrinsically valuable.

First then, chord effects from strings are characterized by sweetness and a certain tender, half-vocal thrill, different

from the metallic brilliancy of a chord on the pianoforte, or one from a choir of brass instruments, and while much weaker than chords from the grand organ they succeed, nevertheless, in impressing the ear with a feeling of positiveness and energy even more emotional by reason of its seeming to strain through and overload the mere physical substance of the tone. One peculiar beauty of chords from stringed instruments is their power of making a sudden crescendo, which lifts the emotion like a flame fanned by a sudden gust. It is interesting to note how Haydn makes his chords usually with one tone from each instrument, thereby leaving it somewhat thin but beautifully transparent; Mozart makes them a little heavier; Beethoven has some strange power of making all his chords, whether on the orchestra, the quartet or the pianoforte, heavier than those of other composers, without increasing the mere physical bulk in any proportionate degree: modern writers, not excepting Schumann and Brahms, so reduplicate the tones as to produce great sonorous breadth, at times heavy and obscure.

Second, the great beauty of melody on stringed instruments is its likeness to the human voice. A melody has two primary elements, the time relations of its tones and their pitch relations, analogous to the drawing which produces form and the coloring which gives emotion in painting. It will be found no bad classification of melodies to divide them into three kinds: those which consist of long tones, equal or nearly equal, such as plain hymns; those which consist of tones equal in length but moving rapidly, and those which are made of tones of intermixed lengths. If the listener would follow the gold thread of melody through this Aleppo silk tissue of high-wrought musical imagination let him catch it quickly when the leading motive first glitters athwart the music, fixing at once its form upon the memory, if possible note for note, well analyzed and mentally placed upon the scale. Having thus caught the initial motive, watch for its return or its remote excursions through the heights and depths of the four instruments. Much of the progress of a quartet movement is affected by the repetitions of the leading melody in

various keys, now on this instrument, now on that, now in unison from two instruments, now entire, now in part. The first victory of the studious listener over this audible enigma of a quartet, this coy wonder of subtlest emotions, will be in learning to trace the gyrations of the short initial motives and the flights of the longer counter-theme, which sings a more defined melody and perches, bird-like, now upon this instrument and now upon that, piping shrilly as a lark in heaven, from the highest regions of the violin, again hiding, shy as a nightingale in some leafy bush, amid the intricacies of the inner voices.

Not every variety of melody suits well these high abstract compositions. Indeed the very elements which give a tune popular acceptance oftentimes would make it ill-adapted for use in an elaborate quartet; thus, "The Last Rose of Summer" is in one period a perfect theme and is certainly a melody of ravishing beauty and immortal charm, yet it would require almost super-human genius to work out of it a graceful string adagio. The reasons are not far to seek.

> "To gild refined gold or paint the lily
> Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

So to attempt any enlargement or elaboration of the emotional expression of this divine song would be simply to dim and distort, for all that it attempts to express is brought to completeness in its plain, free phrases. Again, its harmonization is too meagre to suggest many lines of progressive elaboration, and indeed that is precisely what an accompaniment should be for such a song. The melody is all in all, and the harmony should be the barest possible support that, like the rose of which it plaintively dreams, the melody should be held up full-blown in beautiful roundness and perfection upon a slender stem of harmony. Now let the student compare the "Variations in G minor" belonging to Schubert's D minor quartet. Here, agreeable to a custom of Schubert's, one of his own songs is selected as a theme, and despite its tragic monotony of rhythm, the harmonization is so varied, without confusion, that it imparts an im-

pressive richness to the whole, and it is not easy to imagine a theme better answering all the conditions of unity and variety for polyphonic work, or variations more appropriate. In this wonderful movement the sensuous charm of tuneful song and the intellectual, æsthetic charm of unfoldment and elaboration unite in their highest perfection.

In the third place, let the student carefully watch for the ornamental phrases, where each instrument speaks out as a soloist. The steady march of the development gives place at times to short excursions or flights of cadenza, which appear now on this, now on that instrument, and are naturally made of its most effective materials. Some technical knowledge of the violin, the viola and the 'cello will assist greatly in appreciating the appropriate and effective introduction of such ornaments. It is not necessary to go through the long and painful training of the muscles and nerves requisite to make a performer, in order that one may intelligently follow and justly appreciate passages of virtuososhiip, any more than one must have the manual skill of the painter in order to see the effectiveness of a painting. A book containing analytical studies of the tone materials of various instruments, and describing the methods of various composers in language non-technical, or semi-technical at least, would be a great boon to the constantly increasing number of sincere music worshipers in our country. For example, the first rudimentary notion of what is here intended will be obtained by observing that the easiest and most brilliant keys on the violin are those which use the open strings as tonics. The student should make every possible effort to develop the faculty and habit of recognizing absolute pitch, that is, knowing whether the tone heard is G-G-E-A, etc. It will be found much easier to determine these differences upon the violin than upon the pianoforte, because the ringing brilliancy of the open strings is in marked contrast with the pathetic mellowness of the same tone when produced by stopping the next lower string with the fourth finger; and similarly, all tones obtained from long strings, that is, strings stopped near the thumb bridge, are freer than those which are produced from the strings

when greatly shortened. From this point onward let the student develop the idea suggested here by learning what chords lie well upon the strings, what scales are easy, what difficult, what peculiar forms of motive or melody or ornament grow naturally out of the mechanism, in order that these details may be followed by the listening intelligence with that precision and dexterity rendered necessary by the fleeting character of musical ideas, for they must be caught upon the memory by a species of instantaneous photography.

In the fourth place, train your thoughts to read the four instruments in parallel lines; that is while fixing in the mind that instrument which has for the time being advanced to the foreground, observe, by a flash, what instruments have sustained tones, what have the running counterpoint, what is its special character. A beautiful song may be chiefly beautiful merely because it enspheres one mood in one perfect expression. It is like a dew-drop, tiny but brilliant, and molded by the same law which has shaped the planets. A theme suitable for quartet work should sound incomplete in itself and have a somewhat fragmentary, suggestive character. In a kaleidoscope, small, irregular bits of glass, variously tinted, are placed behind a plate of clear glass which admits the light, and the eye beholds them from the other end of a tube formed by three mirrors placed edge to edge; thus one can see a symmetrical and brilliant image built up of materials irregular and insignificant. Such a kaleidoscope is a well-wrought quartet. Its elements must be small but brilliant, and the composer's imagination combines with his calculating science to cause beauty and symmetry to arise out of the chaos.

The foregoing are some hints as to the intellectual methods of following a quartet, but, after all, the best way to listen is not with the head but with the heart. And with equal truth we might say of music what Mrs. Browning says of books:

> Plunge, soul-forward, into a book's profound,
> Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth."

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

PROFESSOR STUMPF ON MR. GILMAN'S TRANSCRIPTION OF THE ZUNI SONGS.

IN the issue of this magazine for November, 1893, I published a review of the transcription by Mr. Benjamin Ives Gilman of Cambridge, Mass., of the Zuni songs collected with a phonograph by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes. Since then, Dr. Franz Boas has kindly lent me a review of the same work, the existence of which I was not aware of, published in an appendix to the *Vierteljahresschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, 1892, by Professor C. Stumpf, of the University of Munich. The views therein expressed correspond so nearly to my own that I should be glad to translate the whole review for publication in MUSIC if my time and strength were not already so overtaxed. As it is, I must content myself with presenting the main points here, enough to show those of the readers of this magazine who are interested in the subject what are the views taken by the most eminent European authority on folk-music, the distinguished author of the most important treatise on "Ton-psychologie," yet produced.

Professor Stumpf starts by giving an account of Dr. Fewkes' work in recording the songs by means of a phonograph, a kind of record which the professor had previously recommended as a desideratum, both as a corrective of the tendency to too great "subjectivity" on the part of students who record primitive music by ear and as a means of making permanent records of folk-music in authentic shape for the use of many students. He then goes on to give an account of Mr. Gilman's work in transcribing the music from these records; how he ignored entirely the fundamental point of *relative* pitch, seeking only to record absolute pitch as nearly as possible; how, further, he not only disregarded the primary fact of tonality and obscured it by using sharps exclusively for the representation of tones which could not

be expressed by unmodified letters, but also chose an unfamiliar mode of expressing rhythmic relations, by refraining from the use of the bars which are in common use to divide tones into metrical groups, thus complicating his notation unnecessarily. He also notes that Mr. Gilman expresses the opinion that the songs are not based on any definite scales.

"With this opinion" says the professor "as regards *the most important point* (the italics are mine) I cannot agree;" and then goes on to lay down the principles which, in his judgement, ought to govern the interpretation of such musical material as is here brought together. He has previously pointed out the fact that Mr. Gilman's method of transcription, using a harmonium and noting down each tone by means of the key nearest to it in pitch, may often result in giving a tone quite a semi-tone removed from the one really intended by the singer. He points out that uncultivated singers cannot always be expected to sing precisely the tones they mean to sing, since even our most highly educated singers fail to do so, and that it is a fatal mistake to assume that, if we could always represent the absolute pitch of the tones, just as they were sung, we should then have a correct idea of the intention of the singer. "Let us imagine" says he "any person we please in this country set down before a phonograph and the melodies sung by him reproduced and noted as these songs have been, *i. e.* representing every aberration of a quarter-tone from the true pitch by the harmonium key next above or below it; we should certainly get melodies quite different from those set down in our own song-books and which form the expression of our own musical consciousness. And what astonishing songs might be constructed out of materials so obtained! He points out further that Mr. Gilman, in neglecting the essential quality of tonality in favor of a record of absolute pitch, has failed even to secure that; and indeed was bound to fail in it, from the nature of the case. Assuming that the record was correct, the transcription could at best be only approximate; but the original record was taken by a machine run by a treadle and

therefore likely to be run more less unevenly; while the transcription was made from a machine run by an electro-motor. Professor Stumpf believes, and in this all competent investigators will agree with him, that the Indian music has tonality; that the Indian no more emits a series of unrelated tones when he sings than we do; that we may discover the tonal principle which lies at the basis of them by the careful study of a "philologically amended text;" *i. e.* by a text which represents not always what the Indian actually sang, but what he meant to sing.

I translate now a paragraph which conveys Professor Stumpf's idea as to the advantages and disadvantages of the methods heretofore employed in the study and transcription of primitive music.

"However gladly we greet the objective reproduction of the material by means of the phonograph as an advance on the former strongly subjective noting of it by mere hearing; however hearty our recognition of Mr. Gilman's striving after the utmost possible objectivity in the notation of exotic songs; however necessary it is to guard ourselves against importing our own ideas into them or changing them in any way to suit our own notions (to say nothing of the desire to harmonize them): nevertheless it would be unjustifiable and wrong to regard this fixed material, tone for tone, as the exact expression of the melodies intended by the singers. If we distrust, in the former method, the educated and critical ear of the observer, we still must not trust too much, in the later one, to the presumably rude ear and unmanageable throat of the natural singer, nor be too certain that they have combined to give us precisely the tones which correspond to his musical consciousness. The singer has indeed the advantage that he is at home in the songs he sings; but on the other hand he has neither the ability nor the intention to reach ideal purity of intonation; while the whole attention of the listening observer is concentrated on accurately grasping the exact tones and intervals. Thus the advantages of the new method would be turned into disadvantages if we should refuse to subject our material to a critical discussion. We

should have escaped the disturbing influences on the part of the observer only to give ourselves up the more slavishly to all sorts of accidents on the part of the performing subject."

In this paragraph and in the other points he has made, Professor Stumpf gives us the soundest of sound doctrine. Primitive music *has* tonality, *always*, although the primitive sense of tone-relations may frequently be short-sighted and be limited to each successive clause. Any transcription of it which ignores or deliberately disregards this fact is not only inadequate but misleading and there is real danger that it will do more harm than good. Further, it is essential to any real comprehension of primitive music that we should know not merely what tones the singer actually sang, but what tones he *meant* to sing; *i. e.* whether the tones he produces actually represent his conception. And here is the point where, as I have found again and again in actual experience, personal intercourse with the singer, the singing with him and after him under his criticism, forms a most valuable if not indispensible supplement to a phonographic record. The two methods are complementary of each other and both ought to be employed wherever that is possible.

Professor Stumpf was evidently not aware, at the time when this review was written, of the fact that some primitive singers, at least, require the addition of chords to their melodies when they are played on a piano or organ, in order to make them sound natural and satisfactory. Nor had his attention been called to the fact that so many primitive melodies actually embody complete chords, while all of them imply a natural harmony as truly as do those of our own race. The studies of Miss Fletcher, supplemented by my own, have, I venture to think, placed this matter beyond all reasonable doubt. There is, I believe, much less danger of "subjectivity" than has sometimes been feared; simply because the music-making of all races has a common basis in the natural laws of physics and of physiological acoustics. But all this I have fully set forth elsewhere.

JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

HANDEL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

HANDEL'S music was immensly popular in the eighteenth century, and in the early years of the nineeenth, and some of that popularity has lingered until the present day, though, of the vast quantity of music that he composed, we hear to-day little more than the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" in the concert room, and occasionally a chorus from "Samson" or a solo from "Judas Maccabæus." Now and then a singer will bring forward a song from one of his operas and once in a while one of his organ pieces will be played. Few composers were more prolific than the great Saxon master, but of the vast quantity that he put forth during his long career only a very small proportion has survived. The German Handel Society has, since 1856, been publishing his complete works in one hundred volumes, and though the task is not yet completed the whole of the volumes are announced and the end of the series is rapidly approaching.

But in this last decade of the nineteenth century there is noticed a very perceptible falling off in the popularity even, of the two great works on which, chiefly, Handel's fame rests. For nearly a hundred years no great festival or musical event in England was considered complete without at least one of his works on the programme, and the Triennial Handel Festival in England is always a three days' affair at which the two great oratorios always fill the first and third days, the intervening day being given up to a miscellaneous selection. All of the great English provincial festivals had the "Messiah" on one of the days, generally the first. When the Birmingham festival began in 1786, the first programme was entirely Handelian and so were also the programmes of several of the succeeding festivals. But there have been given in England in recent years several festivals in which Handel has not been represented at all.

In the United States, the "Messiah" was first performed in Trinity Church, New York City, in 1770, but little more than twenty years after its first production in Dublin. The Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, established in 1816, has performed it annually at the Christmas season for over half a century, and the New York Harmonic Society, during its nineteen years existence from 1849 to 1868, sang this work every year, and in other places and by other societies, frequent performances of this work have been given.

Handel wrote forty three operas and twenty-two oratorios, a number of cantatas, twenty-eight *Te Deums*, Jubilates anthems, etc; a vast number of organ and pianoforte pieces, and much orchestral music, and who, beyond the musical student, knows anything of them, outside of a few which can be counted on the fingers of one hand almost? In fact, Handel is almost synonymous with the "Messiah," and the mention of the name of this composer instantly calls to mind that of his greatest work. He composed the "Messiah" in 1741 in twenty-four days. It was the sixth of his work of that class and was first performed in Dublin on April 13, 1742. It was heard in London for the first time on March 23, 1743, and has been performed there every year since. The text was a selection from the Old and New Testaments made by Charles Jennens.

Now, what is there in this work which has given it such a wonderful popularity, extending to over a century and a half? The musician cannot answer this question, for, in his view, the work in itself does not contain any reason for such an extended success. From the musician's point of view, many better works have been composed, both before and since. Palestrina's great masses and motets in the polyphonic style, which preceded it by two centuries, Bach's great oratorios and cantatas which were contemporaneous, and Mendelssohn's and Beethoven's oratorios, cantatas and masses, half a century and more later, are all far ahead of the "Messiah" in musical beauty and dramatic propriety. The answer must be sought outside of the field of the musician.

If this work were to be placed before the public to-day as a new composition, it is safe to say that it would be very lightly regarded. The music critics of the present would undoubtedly condemn it, and the public would reject it. The taste in music has changed, the people have advanced in appreciation, and an entirely different effect is now demanded. Yet there are many who still proclaim their belief that the "Messiah" is the greatest oratorio ever composed, and whenever it is performed they go to hear it, and give every manifestation of appreciation, and this too, whether the performance be good or bad. Indeed, some have gone so far as to say that it is wrong to criticise a performance of this oratorio. They put it on the level of a religious service. No other work has ever been so mutilated in performance. It has been cut without judgment, the sequence of its separate numbers altered, and every variety of accompaniment from a piano or reed organ up to a full orchestra has been used. From Mozart's day up to the present, many musicians have altered, added to, arranged and rearranged the orchestral part, for even those who profess the greatest admiration for Handel would not tolerate the orchestral score of the "Messiah" performed exactly as Handel wrote it. A few years ago Mr. Walter Damrosch tried the experiment, and its success was not such as invited repetition. A century and half ago the orchestral apparatus was very meagre compared with what we have to-day, and even that meagre apparatus was not handled with skill by Handel, for, great as he may have been in writing for masses of voices he was decidedly weak in writing for instruments. All of his purely instrumental compositions have entirely died and been forgotten, except a few organ pieces. Bach, who was Handel's contemporary, far surpassed him in this particular also, and his works sound modern when compared with Handel's.

The work came at a peculiarly opportune time. The era of the George's in England was the deadest and dullest in all that nation's history. The stolid and thick-witted Hanoverian kings of England had no artistic appreciation,

and from the accession of George I in 1714, to the death of George IV in 1830, all forms of artistic achievement in England were at their lowest point. All the great names in the English art world have either preceded or come after this century of dullness. The second of these phlegmatic German sovereigns of England was on the throne, when Handel, after losing a fortune in opera, turned his attention to oratorio. His motive was not a religious, or even an artistic one. It was purely a business motive. He had failed in opera, and he now thought that he might recover his losses by a different sort of entertainment. Although the oratorio as an art-form was far older than the opera, just at this period it was practically unknown in England, and in striking out into this new and untilled field, Handel at once appealed to one of the strongest feelings in human nature, the fondness for something new. Englishmen had been surfeited with opera. They had witnessed the struggles of rival managers, and had heard the best that were to be heard. Now Handel gave them something new. His first English essay in the oratorio form had already been made in 1720, with "Esther," while he was still writing operas. Handel was then under the patronage of the Duke of Chandos, for whom "Esther" was written, who was so pleased with it that he presented £1,000 to the composer. In 1733, Handel wrote his second oratorio "Deborah," and his third "Athalia." In 1739 came "Saul" and in the same year "Israel in Egypt." In 1740 he gave up the opera finally and in 1741 wrote the "Messiah," in fourteen days as he notes, and this work was produced the following year.

It was his only Christian work, and the English people have always been a Christian people. The appeal was made directly to their religious feelings. Handel had been feeling his way for some years. He saw that the people of England were religious by nature, and in his preceding oratorios he had endeavored to touch this feeling, and had measurably succeeded, but they were on Jewish subjects. Now, however, when he took up a Christian theme, he found the road to the hearts of the English people, and this one of

all his oratorios has been a lasting success. Those that came after, alike with those that went before, are forgotten. It was not a question of music, for in "Samson" and in "Judas Maccabæus" are some fine things, equal to anything in the "Messiah" and, in the estimation of many, superior, while the choruses in "Israel in Egypt" are much grander than any of the "Messiah" choruses.

There is nothing in Handel's whole life or career to warrant any belief that he was actuated by any higher motive than the desire for success. In this respect, as in so many others, he is in striking contrast to Bach, who worked unremittingly for a long life in obscurity, pouring forth those great church cantatas, which, though small in size, are great in conception and execution. Handel had the wit to invoke and gain the patronage of some of the powerful members of the English nobility, and with these and George II on his side, his fame and fortune were both assured.

Tradition, in England, has the weight of law, and tradition has worked powerfully in favor of the "Messiah." The king was pleased with it, and therefore his loyal subjects were also pleased. The kingly wave of his hand commanded the people to stand when the Hallelujah chorus was sung, himself setting the example, and they have been standing ever since. Great singers have chosen the solos in this work to show off their voice or their training and minor singers have followed their example. A soprano thinks that the summit of art is gained when she can sing "Rejoice Greatly," or "I know that My Redeemer Liveth," and the basso who can deliver "Why do the Nations," feels that he has nothing more to learn, while the tenor bends all his efforts to "Every Valley," and the contralto finds her opportunity in "He was Despised." Church choirs all take a try at the choruses, and the words being taken directly from the Bible, the music may be sung in churches of all denominations. Every element that could enter into a popularity was in some way connected with this work.

There is no question among musicians that "Israel in Egypt" is a far greater work. The choruses are not only

more massive, but they are also more dramatic, that is, more truly interpretative of the text. Both in this work and in the "Messiah" Handel borrowed right and left, both from his own previous works and from the works of other composers. In modern times these borrowings would be called plagiarisms, and composers have been condemned who have been far less guilty of this musical crime than Händel was, but with the blind Händel adorer everything goes. The borrowings in "Israel in Egypt" are much more appropriate than those in the "Messiah," being largely from Erba's "Magnificat." In the "Messiah" are several instances of a most glaring inappropriateness, and in a few cases this is so manifest that the real music lover who craves a harmony between text and music is grieved and shocked. Take, for instance, the chorus, "And He shall purify:" the long roulades of sixteenth notes on the word "purify," are simply vocalises, very difficult to do well, and without musical beauty or dramatic significance. When heard in chorus the effect on the listener is purify-yi-yi-yi." etc. It is a fugue of of course, for fugues were Handel's strongest point, and of all forms of composition, a fugue is the least dramatic and expressive. Liszt is about the only one who ever has succeeded in putting expression into a fugue, and he only in the orchestra. The same thing occurs in the chorus, "For unto us a child is born" the long passages in sixteenth notes on the word "born" would provoke a hearty laugh had they been written by any composer now. Again this same device appears in "His Yoke is Easy" and still again "All we like Sheep." Did Handel think that the word "turned" should be musically expressed by long roulades and turns in notes? At the end of this chorus he evidently became ashamed of himself and the concluding phrases. "And the Lord hath laid on him," are deeply significant, solemn and expressive.

So we might go on through the work and the result would be that the greater part of the music would be found to be merely choral virtuosity. The thought of harmony between word and note seems to have been generally absent. The performance of such choruses must have awakened wonder

and admiration. In the middle of the eighteenth century they were immensely difficult and the over-coming of difficulty is always provocative of admiration. Vocal flexibility in solo singers was common enough, particularly in these unsexed castrati who abounded in the last century and lingered until Velluti; the last of the great male soprani of Italy made his final appearance in London in 1829, where he was heard by Mendelssohn with a feeling of intense loathing according to his letter of May 19, 1829 to Devrient. Velluti died in February 1861 at the age of 80, and with him departed the race of castrati, as far as the public is concerned. But such flexibility in chorus singing was rare, if not previously unheard of. This was one of the causes of the instant success of the work, and every one knows how much it counts that a work shall have an initial success. It is true that sometimes a good work has failed at first and afterward gained the success entitled to by its worth; but many excellent compositions have sunk into obscurity because a first production was made under unfavorable circumstances. But when an immediate success is attained, the power of fashion maintains that success. The patronage of the nobility the religious nature of the English people and the edicts of fashionable society all combined to maintain the initial success, and the "Messiah" was lifted to the top most wave of popularity on which it still rides, though the wave has indeed subsided somewhat in recent years.

It is strange indeed to what extent some unthinking rhapsodists have gone in considering the work. There have been, both in England and America, those who have declared that every note in the "Messiah" shows the evidence of direct inspiration. Handel himself gave the start to this sentimentalism, for when questioned as to the influence under which he composed the work, answerd, "I did think I did see all heaven before me and the great God Himself." But as a matter of fact, very much of the music in the "Messiah," is not original in that work, but was adapted from previous compositions which had been forgotten, and Handel was not above even taking the work of others and incorporating

it in his own, without a word of acknowledgement. This will come as a great shock to the minds of those who would like to accept this oratorio as an eloquent and consistent publication of Handel's "faith-became-tone," as some one has expressed it, but the search of recent biographers, and especially the publication of the complete work by the German Handel Society , have made it perfectly clear that the "Messiah" is not a homogeneous inspiration, but a mosaic of unrelated and frequently inconsistent parts. In the volume containing the chamber duet will be found an amorous madrigal beginning "Situ non lasci amore?" This appears in the oratorio as "O Death, where is Thy Sting?" From other duets in the same volume were constructed the four choruses "And He Shall Purify," "For unto Us a Child is Born," "All We Like Sheep" and "His Yoke is Easy." The light-hearted juggling roulades that so offend the religious and even serious-minded in these choruses were perhaps admissible in love-duets, but we cannot admit that they are proper in oratorio, and especially in such a solemn oratorio. Even the Pastoral Symphony, in which some enthusiasts can see the angels hovering over the plain of Bethlehem, was adapted from a bag-pipe tune of the Roman pifferari.

Then, too, following the fashion of the time,—a fashion which has happily departed—Handel repeats the words *ad libitum*, especially in the solos, sometimes to a ridiculous degree. For instance, in the soprano air "Rejoice Greatly," the repetition of the word "rejoice" occurs tediously often, and is several times vocalized on long roulades of sixteenth notes, and the continual alternations of the same phrase in voice and accompaniment is a prominent characteristic of all of Handel's solos. Another illustration of both these peculiarities is afforded in "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and "The Trumpet Shall Sound" has so many of these repetitions, both vocal and instrumental, that this air is almost always cut.

By a very strange misunderstanding of the whole idea, the "Messiah" has long been considered to be especially appropriate for performance during the Christmas season. The

mistake was not Handel's! He produced it first in April, in Easter week. The next performance was in March, and from 1750 to 1758, Handel gave it annually in London for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, and always in the spring of the year. The last performance of it that he conducted was on April 6, 1759, only eight days before his death. The fourth time it was given in the Christmas season was in 1791, by the Cæcilian Society of London, which continued the custom until 1861. The London Sacred Harmonic Society sang it regularly at Christmas time from 1836 to 1883. In this country it has hardly ever been sung at any other season of the year.

And yet, when the work is carefully studied, it will be seen that, taken as a whole, an oratorio more unsuitable for Christmas tide could hardly be selected. Only a very small portion of it is appropriate to the festival of the Nativity. Mr. Jennens laid out the work with considerable skill. Though there is no dramatic connection, there is an unbroken sequence of idea and event. The fifty-seven numbers which comprise the work may be divided into five distinct parts. The first eleven, including the overture, is of the prophecies of the coming Saviour. These form the Advent portion. The next six detail His birth, and the following four are prophecies which relate to Him. This is the Christmas portion, and the only portion of the whole work appropriate to the Christmas season. The next ten numbers are concerned with the solemn scenes of the Passion and the Crucifixion, forming the Lenten portion of the oratorio. The impropriety of singing these solemn numbers at the joyful Nativity season can hardly be exaggerated. Then come the celebration of Christ's Resurrection and Ascension, and the descent of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, and in thankfulness of the fulfillment of the Promise, the Hallelujah chorus concludes this part. The last part of the oratorio celebrates the victory of the Ascended Christ over Death and Sin, and the work ends with a chorus of praise to the Lamb that was slain, but who now sitteth on the Throne forever and ever. Ten numbers at the most, out of fifty-seven,—less than one-fifth

of the entire work—are appropriate for Christmas, the remainder being more or less inappropriate.

The weak, ineffective, and indeed archaic character of Handel's orchestral score of the "Messiah" was felt very early. Mozart, in 1783 re-scored the entire oratorio for performance in a hall where there was no organ. It was Handel's custom to sit at the organ and fill in all the weak places by his masterly organ playing. But this organ part was never written out, and without it, the accompaniments are very thin in places. Since Mozart, many additions have been made to the orchestral parts of this and others of Handel's works by Ignaz Franz Mosel, Mendelssohn, Ferdinand Hiller, George A. Macfarren, Sir Michael Costa, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and many others, including George Perry for the London Sacred Harmonic Society, and Theodore Thomas for the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. The latest of these attempted improvements was by Robert Franz. His score was published in 1885, and Franz made some very important and effective additions and alterations, especially in the wind instruments. To many of the numbers he added oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons, which, added to and contrasted with the stringed instruments, provided a variety of tone color, much lacking in the original and only partly attained in Mozart's arrangement.

All these additions and arrangements have been designed to bring the work more in consonance with modern feeling. No audience of to-day would be content with the thin and colorless orchestration of a century and a half ago. Mr. Damrosch's experiment with the New York Oratorio Society in 1892, when he reproduced, to a certain extent the original Handelian score, was an interesting and instructive one to musical students, but to the general public, which looks only for temporary pleasure and æsthetic gratification, the variety, color and sonority of the modern orchestra was greatly mixed. The Oratorio Society uses generally Mozart's arrangement. The Boston Handel and Haydn Society now makes use of Franz's score, and other choral societies now generally use this latest arrangement.

If the "Messiah" is to keep its place in the concert room, all these modern aids to its performance must be employed. At the best the music is archaic, and were it not for the religious element, the oratorio would long ago have been abandoned as a whole. Certain of its airs and choruses will remain as concert pieces and church solos and anthems, but the day is not far distant when the work will be entirely superseded in the concert room by later, fresher and better interpretations of the theme on which it is composed. In the case of some other of Handel's works this has already been done. Dr. C. H. H. Parry has composed a new setting of "L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso" which has displaced Handel's, and his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," though not to the same text as Handel's is on the same subject. One after another Handel's oratorios have followed his operas into retirement. At rare intervals "Samson" or "Judas Maccabeus" is performed, and now the "Messiah" counts fewer performance each succeeding year. It is only in recent years that critics and writers on musical subjects have been bold enough to say anything like this. To dare to criticise the "Messiah" was little short of sacrilege, and the annual performance of the work was regarded as a religious solemnity. But a change is coming and rapidly too. Musical critics and audiences are coming to think now more of pure musical beauty and dramatic propriety than of the traditions of the past, and people are beginning to open their eyes and their ears to the weaknesses and inadequacies of Handel's work, and in increasing numbers, both in England and America, writers are beginning to demand that this oratorio shall be put aside in favor of better and more modern works. An English writer, whom I have not identified, is quoted in a New York paper recently as saying:

"In the infancy and childhood of the art of music such works as the "Messiah" were possible, but they are possible no longer. And indeed, it might not unfairly be asked whether Handel achieved so complete a union of religiou and artistic elements as is commonly supposed. That is to say, are not the religious emotions attributed to those who

listen to this work, rather the product of previous connections and associations, and would the music itself be as effective *qua* music, were it wedded to and the story less hallowed by pious associations?"

And with this bold, though heterodox assertion I leave this subject.

D. E. Hervey.

THE BRIDE'S RETURN.

Then a little child with his innocent eyes
 And hair of sunlight that streamed and flowed,
Floated down and down from the infinite skies,
And he looked like a smiling god in disguise,
 For love, dear love, in his visage glowed.

He breathed and he breathed on the mountain of sand
 Out of his beautiful pearl-set mouth;
While under his feet in that desolate land
Sprang flowers, and fountains gushed forth from his hand,
 And winds blew soft from the far, far South.

As he gazed with his innocent, star-soft gaze
 Into the depths of my stricken soul.
Now the skeleton world, all hoary with days,
Green-budded and bloomed, as the life-giving rays
 Shot over the earth from pole to pole.

For an infinite life-throb burst forth anew,
 And the grizzled world waxed fresh and strong;
While the little forget-me-not grew and grew
So fragrant and large in the crystalline dew,
 Birds lit in its branches, and built and sung.

She has come, my beautiful bride,
 From over the silver sea afar!
As her feet bounded over the sounding tide
Leaping high on the billows from side to side,
 Her crown gleamed forth, like the morning star.

J. H. Temple.

CARL HAUSEN'S WIFE.

PART VII.

CHAPTER XIX.

"While those that fly may fight again,
Which he may never do that's slain."

Butler.

"Of all the plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, Oh! save me from the candid friend."

Canning.

WHILE Carl and Cleo were living through scenes which seem but commonplace on paper, though fraught with so much of joy and sorrow to them, Millie was learning a lesson of a different sort. With a keen sense of satisfaction she disposed herself and her belongings in the comfortable railway coach, for now the first step was really taken and she would soon be free. It was all nonsense, she assured herself, for any woman to live unhappily so long as she had a will of her own. If every abused woman could only have *her* independence of spirit, men would soon learn to treat them with proper consideration.

How glad they would be to have her at home once more, and what a relief it would be to hear nothing of music or concerts! Elmwolde was a much more desirable place to live in than any dirty city, she was very certain; there were so many nice friendly people to keep one from being lonely. But the train was already "slacking up" at the station, and presently she was in her father's arms, he was murmuring loving words to her, and looking again and again into her face to be sure she was not heart-broken, while Mrs. Town trotted around, picking up and setting down the valise and hand-bag Millie had brought,

sniffling, crying, nodding and smiling like a veritable Judy who had forgotten to be angry with Punch. Of course Millie gave a recapitulation of her numerous woes as they all gathered around the cheerful wood-fire; for though the evening was only comfortably cool her mother thought the house damp. Mr. Town declares it seems like old times to have her with them again, and for this one evening she is really happy.

The next morning, however, the disenchantment begins. The sitting-room looks so much more bare and dingy than it did a year ago; and how dreadfully faded the carpet and curtains are; they must have new ones directly, for these dull things would give her the horrors. The pretty porch with its wealth of graceful vines, and the old-fashioned garden looked more promising and Millie enjoyed to the full the privilege of picking as many flowers at one time as she wished. The house literally bloomed from ground floor to garret, while every vase, cream pitcher and goblet the place boasted was pressed into the service.

Sunday morning came and she arose betimes, anxious to look well, and determined to make a leisurely toilet, for this would be her first appearance in public since her return, and she was not above a certain vanity in showing off her city-made dresses. Very beautiful she looked as she entered the little church where she had first met Carl, and a subdued whispering and turning of heads proved that her advent had not been unnoticed. Mr. Town ambled forward to a pew near the altar and Millie followed him up the aisle with a sense of gratification in her own beauty and the attention it attracted, added to anticipations of regaining empire over her old associates, who would doubtless flock around her when the service should be over, and welcome her with outstretched arms; but nothing of the sort happened. The benediction was pronounced; the organist executed a meandering melody, which seemed to be frightened into absolute incoherence every now and then by a deep bass groan, and Millie turned with a sweet smile to receive the affectionate greetings and friendly handclasps she

had so confidently expected. A young lady of some twenty-nine years, who had invariably been dubbed an "old maid" when Mrs. Hausen was Millie Town, stood in the next pew, and with a cool nod she passed on while her doting mother apologized for her haste.

"Ah! Mrs. Hausen!" in a tone which would better have fitted, "Ah! A South Sea Islander!" "Back at Elmwolde, are you? You were going to say something to Minnie, but she's so giddy; and we old folks can't expect the girls to care for our society."

Millie nodded, by a supreme effort keeping her temper under control. Her father touched her arm at this juncture, saying:

"Here's an old friend, daughter."

A hard-featured, forbidding-looking woman whom Millie could remember as the particular *bete-noir* of her Sabbath school days, grasped her hand, exclaiming:

"Why, *Mrs.* Hausen! I've been so concerned about you—"

Millie's haughty stare caused the woman to hesitate, but only an instant; then she continued in a stage whisper, which her victim afterward declared could be heard to the uttermost corners of the church:

"Yes, I hear you are going to get a bill for divorce, and I've been wanting to come over and advise you; I know all about such things, for Mr. Dulcimer's my third husband. I'll come over and have a season of prayer any day—"

The officious person was elbowed aside, and without a glance of recognition at the numerous curious faces around, Millie made her way to the door with an air of offended dignity which at once convinced the spectators of their wisdom in avoiding her. She remained in her own room the rest of the day, pleading headache as an excuse, and before she left it the following morning, a conversation came to her ears which added fuel to the flame of her anger and resentment. She was dawdling over the dressing table which looked so cheap and countryfied with its muslin covering, and comparing it to the elegant affair she had possessed in

her city home. A faint suspicion that things were going to turn out to her satisfaction, in Elmwolde, made little wrinkles pucker the fair forehead. Not one of her old friends had called though she had expected a host of them to meet her at the depot. She had looked forward to resuming her old life where she had dropped it at her marriage, but others seemed to think differently. Musing thus her attention was attracted by a loud voice which came from the direction of the kitchen.

"Yes, Mrs. Town, I've been here a long time; and I *don't* forget my place; but I've got something else to do besides getting two breakfasts every morning for people that's too lazy to get up when other folks does!" "There, there, Marthy," murmured Mrs. Town soothingly.

"I don't mean no disrespect to you, Mrs. Town, but after being what I have in this house all these years I don't deserve to be snubbed and treated like the very dirt under her feet. She never did have any too much heart, and if she put on as many airs over strangers as she does here, I don't wonder her husband run away and left her."

"Why Marthy—"

"Don't get mad, for now I've got my mouth open I may as well say my say. I thought it was queer for you to take on so and be so glad over her coming home, but I made up my mind you couldn't know how folks was talkin' or you wouldn't be so chirk about it."

"I've no idea what you mean, Marthy."

I have! they say she was so lazy and extravagant she broke her husband all up in business, and he had to run away 'cause he owed so much—"

"*Marthy!*"

"Yes, an' that a'n't all; for they say you didn't show very good sense in encouragin' her to come back to Elmwolde, for if you've taken a white elephant onto your hands you'll have a hard time gettin' red of. It would be bad enough if your daughter was a bit industrious, or cared for anything but her own pretty face; but folks don't sympathize much with grass widows when husbands are so hard to

"... and men don't just hanker after divorced women, specially when they ain't got no money nor yet an extra amount o' brains." The kitchen door closed with a bang, and Millie could distinguish nothing further, but the pucker had become a frown and the blue eyes looked wicked.

Was it possible that people were talking about her in this fashion? This solved the riddle of her reception Sunday, and the avoidance of her old time friends. Had she left a home were she was absolute mistress to become the laughing-stock of an ignorant lot of boors like these villagers? She had lost all admiration for the people she had so longed to dwell among; but her father's voice now roused her from these bitter thoughts.

"Millie? Millie!"

"I'm coming," she answered, glad of any interruption; but her faced clouded once more when she reached the lower hall and Mr. Town held toward her an old overcoat, with the question: "Can your just take a stitch in this for me? Mother's busy, an' Marthy a'n't got time. It'll soon be cold in the mornin's, this here'll be the very thing to fuss round the store in. A little work'll do you good, I reckon. 'Satan finds some mischief still,' you know."

Millie returned to her room with the coat, and holding it at arm's length surveyed it with a tragic look that bore little resemblance to the beatific smile daughters are supposed to assume when they undertake "a little mending." It seems almost absurd to say that this old overcoat was an important factor in the summing up that decided Millie's future course; but it is a fact nevertheless. It was really a deplorable looking garment; worn and frayed at the seams and edges; a huge rip where the collar and coat should come together, both sleeves nearly out, and every pocket torn down at each side; but Mr. Town had bethought him that his daughter had nothing to do, and if this coat could be properly repaired it would be a real stroke of economy. Perhaps the task would have been easier of accomplishment had not the conversation between her mother and "Marthy" roused all the opposition in her nature. She sat down near

the window unmindful of the fact that she had had no breakfast and looked out over the neighboring garden, wondering how any one could spend so much time and labor laying out flower beds, digging, weeding and transplanting, as the man did who kept these grounds in order. Working for work's sake was altogether a ridiculous idea in Millie's estimation, and a smile of superiority curled her lips as she watched the gardener while he removed every weed and decayed leaf from his cherished bed of foliage plants. Then she began to speculate concerning the owner of this lovely spot. She had heard that he was a widower who lived perfectly secluded from the outer world, and grieved continually for his wife, who had been snatched from him in her youth and beauty by the most pitiless of all enemies, death. She wondered if he were handsome and melancholy looking, and if he liked music. Suddenly the object of her thoughts appeared as if by magic, gave some direction to the gardener and vanished; but his coming had been like a bow of promise to Millie, and kicking the unoffending coat out of her way, she descended to the garden with a smile that boded little good to the widower.

CHAPTER XX.

"Then die, and die cursing, and call it a prayer!
Is earth but a top—a boy—god's delight,
To be spun for his pleasure, while man's despair
Breaks out like a wail of the damned through the night?"

JOAQUIN MILLER.

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Dr. Coleman, it will be remembered, disappeared in the direction of the stables after his unsatisfactory interview with Cleo. Mike, who was seated in an arm-chair contemplating the toes of his boots, and hoping he would be allowed to go to bed in peace, sprang down the stairs three at a bound as his master's abrupt summons warned him that the gentleman was in no enviable frame of mind.

"Mike! Mike! you infernal loafer! Will you ever open this door?" called the doctor.

"Be tdhe powers! is it 'mesilf ud be flyin' whin tdhe wings fwhat'll be growin on me whin I'm dead and gone airn't so much ez sprouted yit? *I'm comin'* docther dear! *Howly Moses*! it's an ill humor he'll be in."

"Mike! are you asleep? or will you move your lazy carcass?"

"If yez'll be quoit like. It's knocked under tdhe fate o' tdhe bastes I'll be intirely, if yez kape on persistin' in forcin' tdhe dure in on me. Here's fur ye now—it's open, an'—"

"Stop your palaver, and bring the light buggy around in less than a minute. And Mike—at twelve o'clock you'll go through the house and see that all the doors are locked; do you understand?"

"An' how whin I'd locked all tdhe dures foninsht mesilf wud I foind me road to tdhe barrun? or wud yez be willin' I'd lave be tdhe windy?"

"If you'd stop talking long enough to think, you'd remember that the front door has a spring lock which you understand how to work as well as any one."

"Thrue fur yez," muttered Mike as he hastened to do the doctor's bidding'ere some chance word should arouse his uncertain temper anew, and the faithful fellow was not thoroughly at ease until horse and driver had disappeared in the darkness.

Ralph Wilder's prediction had been verified, and in less than half an hour Dr. Coleman drew up before a t'ny cottag in a side street, and hurrying up the steps was admitted by Mrs. Merlin. It lacked but a few minutes of two o'clock when his horse's head was turned once more toward home. He was curious to know whether Cleo had quitted the house as she had threatened to do and tried the knob of her door softly as he passed it on the way to his own room. It was securely fastened, and peeping through the keyhole he was gratified to find the key stillin the lock, and also to discern a faint streak of light which convinced him that Cleo

was within. It did not suit him that she should leave his house, though his sentiments toward her more nearly resembled hatred than love. He really feared lest the woman he had neglected and subjected to countless humiliations for years, might turn upon him, and enlighten society with a history of his underhand dealings and more than devilish deceitfulness. A sense of security succeeded these tormenting fears, and a triumphant smile hovered about the sensuous mouth as he thought how fortunately everything had worked into his hands of late. Mr. Merlin was safe behind bolts and bars, and it would be strange if some means could not be found to keep him there; it is always an easy matter to convict a man who has suffered even the briefest term of imprisonment. The doctor was so well satisfied with himself that he lay for more than an hour staring at the ceiling, planning fresh mischief, ere he closed his eyes and gave himself up to slumber.

Mrs. Coleman did not appear at breakfast the following morning, and as the doctor neither lunched nor dined at home for several days they did not meet until both had gained sufficient self-control to enable them to treat each other with cold politeness. No allusion was made by either to their late quarrel. Six weeks passed uneventfully away. The doctor busied himself during the day among his patients, and whiled away the evenings at the cottage he had secured for Mrs. Merlin's accommodation. Her two children had been placed at a school before her removal from Handsome Flats, so there were no listening ears or tattling tongues to mar the happiness of the pair. An evening came however, in late November, when the wily doctor started out with less assurance than usual. He had been detained at the office till a late hour, and when he at length found himself at liberty, he buttoned his coat closely up to his chin, dodned a slouch hat, and started at a brisk pace for the cottage. It was a dismal evening indeed. The wind whispered and moaned as it glided down the street like an evil spirit seeking whom it might devour, then turned the corner and rushed away with a mad roar as if all created things

were but playthings which it might lull to sleep with its monotonous murmurs or dash to pieces and annihilate in its wild fury.

An unwonted feeling of nervousness and apprehension possessed the doctor. At intervals he hesitated, paused an instant, turned around as if looking for some one, scanned either side of the street, then drawing a long breath of relief, pursued his course, muttering:

"I must be getting superstitious, for I feel haunted. I'd have sworn some one was following me, and there isn't a soul in sight. I believe I'm right though. I can *feel* a presence near me." He stepped into the shadow of a doorway and again gazed searchingly in every direction; but no one appeared in view and after waiting a few minutes he once more emerged into the street. In spite of all his efforts the uncomfortable sensation would not be shaken off. Shivering by spells, at times tempted to turn back, he struggled along against the wind, starting in fear as an unusually sharp gust swept down a cross street with an eerie cry that seemed to freeze his very blood.

"The witches are all abroad to-night I should think," he muttered. "I can fancy I hear them clamoring for prey. How my teeth chatter! I wonder if I'm going to be sick. I surely never experienced anything like this before."

Stumbling over the rough places, for the streets were not in the best repair in this obscure quarter, muttering, mumbling, and occasionally swearing when a more awkward lunge than usual threatened to send him sprawling upon the pavement, he gradually neared the cottage. One block more and he would be out of all this. But what in the world possessed him? something seemed to urge him to flee in an opposite direction; but the more strongly the inner voice persuaded him, the more determined was he to press forward. The doctor's presentiment of evil was not without good grounds. As the moon glanced forth for an instant from behind the thick curtain of inky clouds, a figure appeared, crouching close to the protecting shadow of the scattering houses, stealing stealthily along, but keep-

ing an even distance between itself and the doctor, whom it pursued with noiseless footsteps, and deadly determination. Faster and faster the dark shadow moved, until only the width of a dwelling house separated it from the doctor. He had reached the cottage at last, and with hurried steps, arrived at the door, still haunted by the nameless dread of—he knew not what. He hesitated at the threshold with a last moment's indecision, then raised his hand toward the bell, when a sharp click sounded like a knell in his guilty ears. Quicker than thought he faced about, and beheld, less than two feet from him, a white face and a pair of mocking eyes which seemed to glow and scintillate with an unearthly light as a shrill voice cried: "I've come back when you least expected me, and we won't go through the formality of a trial this time. I am plaintiff, judge, jury, and executioner all in one. Die, you accursed hound! and may God forbid any mercy to your contemptible soul."

Dr. Coleman stood speechless, spell bound for an instant, unable to move a muscle; but as the gleam of a pistol flashed before his eyes, instinct rather than reason guided his hand to his hips; almost instantaneously there was a double report, two men fell headlong into each other's arms, and Mrs. Merlin, whom the noise had brought to the door, uttered shriek after shriek as she beheld at her feet the lover and husband, whose life-blood mingled in a ghastly pool upon the pavement.

CHAPTER XXI.

"There is a higher law than the constitution."
WM. H. SEWARD.

"Why hast thou opened that forbidden door
From which I ever flee?
O vanished joy! O love, that art no more,
Let my vexed spirit be!" STORY.

A strange unrest seemed to pervade the air this November evening. Cleo crouched before the library grate, unable to read, tired of thinking, weary of everything; without

heart for the present, or hope for the future. No heroic feeling of exaltation had upheld her since the night when Carl's first and last kiss had brought with it a heaven of happiness and an eternity of despair. She knew they had pursued the only honorable course; but the human longing to be loved; the hunger for affection and sympathy, from this one heart among the millions of earth's creatures, absorbed every feeling, and banished all lesser emotions, though the longing was without thought of fulfilment, and the hunger without hope. She was no thoughtless dreamer, and realized that the few agonized seconds when they had been carried past all bounds of conventionality, and dared to acknowledge their mutual love had separated them more effectually than the widest distance could do. There was no temptation to dishonor. To belong absolutely to Carl, and while enjoying the most intense devotion and fullest affection from him, be less either in her own eyes, or the opinion of the world than she now was, would have been impossible; but the hopeless love for him remained which seemed to eat like a canker into her very heart, paralyzing all energy and ambition.

She shivered and drew closer to the fire as the windows and doors rattled and the wind shrieked along the wide street; then fell to wondering how long this life would last. Would she grow fretful and ugly, cross and peevish, as all unloved people do? Would the doctor come and go, year in and out, with his hypocritical anxiety regarding her health, and officious courtesy when any one was by to notice? The thought was unbearable and she started up impatiently, stirred the coals into a blaze, and determined to fix her attention upon reading or study; anything rather than give way to such fancies. A loud peal of the bell held her motionless before the table, and when a moment later a servant appeared with a telegram she took it without any evidence of surprise though the words seemed to dance before her as she read the brief message:

"*Dr. Coleman lies dead at the home of Mrs. Merlin, 29 Mordaunt St. Come at once.*

Dr. Hallard."

"Tell Mike to bring the phaeton round at once," she said to the girl. "I must leave the house directly."

But once more alone she made no immediate movement toward getting ready. A sense of overpowering relief carried all before it. She was free! The man who had become a veritable jailer to her would never torture her with his smiles or frowns again. Once more she might think her own thoughts, go her own ways without the incessant keeping up of appearances, the living a lie which had embittered the best years of her life. No thought of Carl obtruded itself as yet. The one priceless gift of freedom was hers, and she could think of nothing else. I am aware that she should have forthwith begun to worship the man who had never been anything but a hateful unfeeling tyrant to her, for all perfect women, the womanly women we read of, always weep bitter tears under such circumstances, and endeavor by the expensive bouquets with which they adorn the grave of the lost one, and the quantity of crêpe in which they drape themselves, to prove to the world how great is their loss and how undying is their grief; but Cleo was so excessively human that her own release from a hated bondage was the first consideration which claimed her attention; and if she failed in the usual display, there was but one thing to be said for the doctor: As he had sown so he must reap. The minutes were passing however, and with a sudden consciousness of the demands of the present she hastened to complete her preparations, and stood at the door when Mike drove round. It seemed but a moment until she stood before No. 29 Mordaunt Street, and when she was admitted by Mrs. Dawley, the seamstress, the fact occasioned no surprise, so dazed and bewildered had she become, in her attempts to account for the suddenness with which the doctor had been called to the unknown world beyond. She scarcely heard the greeting of the good little soul, who, taking both Cleo's hands in her own exclaimed, as she softly closed the door:

"I can scarcely believe my eyes! Of course I never knew the handsome gentleman was Dr. Coleman, and when they

brought them both in I'd just brought home sewing I'd been doing for Mrs. Merlin—" "Both," whispered Cleo, "who beside—" "Why Mr. Merlin, to be sure! They killed each other you know, him and the doctor, and she, poor soul,—don't be angry and say hard things to her, though I know you've the right,—but she's in there with the poor dead doctor, and Merlin's in the back parlor."

"I'll go to her," said Cleo quietly. Mrs. Dawley looked doubtfully into the proud face, but led the way silently to the tiny parlor, where on a hastily improvised stretcher, consisting of a door placed upon the two chairs, lay the lifeless form of Dr. Coleman. A woman started from the floor as they entered, and without waiting for Cleo to speak hurried toward her crying.

"You are Mrs. Coleman and have come here to make fine speeches to me, I suppose; to rob me of him dead, as you robbed me of him living. Go away! don't speak to me! what do such as you know of love and hate like mine?" "Leave us for a few moments," Cleo whispered to Mrs. Dawley who stood looking from one to the other bewildered and uncertain what to do or say. She obeyed at once, glad to be relieved of all responsibility.

"I am very sorry for you," Cleo began but Mrs. Merlin interrupted her: "Yes, no doubt; and you've come here to preach about my soul and all the rest of it."

"No, I have nothing to do with your soul," was the quiet answer. "You loved that man, and I hated him; and it is not for me to judge you. I am aware that you could not live with him without violating the law which compels a woman to cleave to her husband, no matter how grave reasons she may have for hating him, unless he chooses to attack her with a butcher knife or revolver. I could not separate from him, lest the same people who would overlook any wickedness while cloaked with a husband's name, should fail to leave their worthless cards at my door, and look upon me as a disgraced, because divorced woman. I know there are really bad women in the world but I believe most of them are driven from right ways through misplaced

affection for some worthless member of the opposite sex, and the ill-natured scorn and contempt of their own. I have no reason to suppose that you love vice, though you have certainly loved a vicious person."

"And you didn't come here to reproach me?" cried the astonished Mrs. Merlin. "Why should I? I did not know your husband, and cannot guess how valuable the affection of even so worthless a man as Dr. Coleman may have been to you. Perhaps under the same circumstances I should have been guilty of the same foolishness. I am not your conscience. We have no right to judge each other; only the all wise One may do that. As long as men are upheld by both law and custom in their selfish practices; as long as a wife is the absolute property of the man she marries, while he belongs to himself and the army of courtezans with which the world is infested, the same pitiful state of things will continue to exist. There is nothing for it but endurance, and but one course left us; to continue hypocrites to the end of the chapter. We have both lived the lie for so long in our own way, a few days more or less does not signify. If you keep your own council matters may be quietly arranged. Mrs. Dawley will be a witness at the inquest; as she knows the doctor was instrumental in having Mr. Merlin arrested revenge will probably be brought forward as the cause of his violence; self-defense a motive for the doctor. I will leave you now. The undertaker will arrange all necessary details."

Mrs. Merlin had remained motionless, her face hidden in her apron, while Cleo spoke, but now she came close and looking into the eyes of her visitor with an air of touching humility said:.

"I can't thank you right; you are so different from what I supposed you'd be, but I can say to you what I couldn't to any one else, and I know you'll believe me: I was a true wife to Merlin till his fault finding and grumbling drove me nearly crazy. If I went away from home he abused me for gadding; if I stayed in the house there was some other excuse till at last I got tired and even refused

sometimes to get his meals. We hear people say 'virtue is its own reward,' but if it's a virtue to live with a man and let him treat you worse'n a brute, it didn't bring me any reward except to make me hate him. I'd have left him, but mother said t'wouldn't be right, for it would disgrace the children; so I lived along from day to day until the doctor came, and how could I help loving him, when he was kindness itself, praising every little trifle about the house, even to the freshly scrubbed floor, and polished stove. I never enjoyed housework before, but after *he* began to come I was so happy over it. No least thing escaped him, and even the very dishtowels he'd praise for their whiteness, and often said he'd be willing to be poor all his days if we might only be together. We often talked of going far away from here and —''

A fresh burst of sobs completed the sentence, and bending over her Cleo smoothed the tangled hair from the tear-stained face as she murmured: "You were more sinned against than sinning. It is all dreadful, but you *couldn't* know he was *all* deceit, though you might have been sure no honest love would place you in such a position.'' It is so easy to be wise in the affairs—of others.—"I will see you again after—'' with a significant glance toward the rigid form on the stretcher. Then bidding Mrs. Dawley do all in her power for the poor creature she was leaving, Cleo returned to the house which seemed so silent and empty now she need never dread the commanding tones or heavy tread of Dr. Coleman within its walls. There was no temptation to sleep, and sitting by the fire once more she thought of Mrs. Merlin, and wondered what she could do to help her and the children Mrs. Dawley had spoken of, but of course nothing could be done until the murdered men were consigned to their graves.

Two days later the fashionable church was crowded with curious people very few of whom had respected Dr. Coleman when living, or mourned him dead; but the affair had made a considerable sensation, and every one was anxious to see how the widow would conduct herself. She, however, was too busy with her own gloomy reflections to note the sea of faces around her, and consequently was dubbed,

"heartless," "unfeeling" and the like, because she had failed to furnish the spectators with any melo-dramatic weeping, raving, or fainting scene. She had treated him with every outward mark of respect while he lived, because she was compelled to bear his name; so she followed his remains to the grave because it was customary for widows to do so; but there was no slightest affectation of grief; only a subdued manner which was rather the result of pre-occupation than any study for effect.

In a more quiet part of the city, a plain hearse followed by a single carriage passed slowly away from a tiny cottage. Mrs. Merlin, owing to her obscure position, was spared any annoyance from scandal mongers at this time, as the coroner's inquest still furnished food for speculation and discussion, and the neighbors contented themselves with watching from behind drawn curtains as Mrs. Dawley followed the single mourner into the carriage.

The quiet cemetery was reached at last. Dust to dust, was pronounced once more, and the two men of such widely differing ambitions, found a common resting-place in the bosom of Mother Earth. Cleo with the assistance of her lawyers set about disposing of house, furniture, horses and carriages, and soon found herself possessed of a comfortable fortune, having realized some fifty thousand dollars upon stocks, bonds and the like, left by the doctor. She made over to Mrs. Merlin one half of the amount, justly considering the woman entitled to some support which should keep her from further temptation and enable her to devote herself to her children.

Mr. Crosby strongly opposed her in this matter, and assured her she was but encouraging vice; but she shut his mouth with the curt observation: "You're not a woman, and can't understand." The result proved the wisdom of her course, for Mrs. Merlin at once returned to her parents, who were in somewhat straitened circumstances, and managed the funds placed at her disposal to such good advantage that not only were her children well educated, but her old father and mother were helped to many comforts they would not otherwise have enjoyed; which proves, there are various ways of reclaiming the fallen beside preaching and praying. ERATO.

ANECDOTES OF VON BULOW.

WITH the possible exception of Liszt, there has perhaps never been a pianist about whom have centered so many curious and interesting anecdotes as are related of the late Dr. Hans von Bulow. Many of these anecdotes have found their way into print, while others are preserved only in the note books of his pupils, who retail them with infinite gusto for the delectation of private circles. From such private sources have been gathered many of the following reminiscences, though a few of the stories have already achieved some publicity. Bulow did not give private lessons, but was accustomed to have a class for a month in May at Berlin, and in June at Frankfort, to which students were admitted for 200 marks, and listeners for 100. At these large gatherings those who had anything ready to play sent in their name, or he chose what he wanted, while the rest waited in terror for their turn to come, and their terror was not without cause. An awkward English girl once went to the piano, and, half frightened to death, managed to play her piece after a fashion. "*Ach Gott!*" roared the irate doctor, "you play the easy passages with a difficulty that is simply enormous!" And he swept the poor girl from the keyboard. Bulow absolutely forbade the use of the pencil in the class room, and it was with difficulty and peril that any of the bright things that fell from him were preserved.

Bulow's tastes were in general for the classic school. Bach he adored. "Bach and Beethoven," he said, "must be the musician's Old Testament and New Testament; he must believe in them and feed on them every day." Nor did he agree with those iconoclastic critics who think that Mozart's music is dead. "Everyone" he used to say "must study the concertos in A, G, C minor and D minor." But Bach was his delight—his recreation. "The most amusing of composers," he declared. He thought him exceedingly modern,

and found in him a resemblance to Wagner. "Bach and Wagner," he said, "have more in common than Liszt and Wagner." Nevertheless he regarded Beethoven as on the whole the greatest of composers, and protested energetically against the notions that in his earlier works Beethoven was a mere mirror of Mozart. "Beethoven," he said with expressive emphasis, "was Beethoven *from the beginning!* There is nothing like Mozart in him!" Of the modern composers Brahms was by all odds his favorite. "But beware of Brahms for the concert room," he cautioned, "he is not popular." The sonata Op. 1 he regarded as the greatest sonata since Beethoven's Op. 106.

As might be expected with his hard head and restrained fire, he despised unbridled emotions and affected sweetishness. "Liszt, Chopin and Wagner," he said, "are often hysterical; Bach, Beethoven and Brahms never; therefore the latter are the higher." "Tristan and Isolde" he called a nervous fever, but Handel, he said, had no nerves, and for his colossal genius he had a great admiration. "Handel cannot be played with dainty fingers; he must be pounded out," said Bulow, and he would doubtless have recommended as he did for one of the Mendelssohn preludes, "to shoe your fingers with iron." Beside Brahms, of the modern school he had great affection for Mendelssohn and for Raff. Schumann he did not like so well.

Bulow's remarks upon some of the pieces that he taught were amusing and piquant in the extreme. The unction with which he spoke of Bach's works was specially refreshing. "The Bach inventions," he said, "are mother milk for the would-be Bach player." He strongly recommended his pupils to learn the organ fugues arranged for four hands. The Bach Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor (2nd Book,) he lovingly calls a "Salon-Stuck." His remarks on Beethoven were characteristic and keen. Op. 31. No. 3 he regarded as an especially original and interesting work. Op. 81 he called "a fantasie stück of the very highest order, more difficult than the 'Appassionata.' " In the "Adieux, Absence and Return" he scouts the image of an exiled

lover. "Picture rather," he says, "a big Newfoundland dog whose master has left him for a time." The Kreutzer and Wallenstein sonatas he found rather "langweilig" and uninteresting, but the concerto in C minor was one of his favorites. "*There* is a virtuosity that is music," he would say, "and not a mere opportunity to sling the hands around on the keyboard." The slow movement of this concerto he thought fully as beautiful as that of the Chopin F minor. Mendelssohn, he thought, exhausted himself in his first work, the exquisite "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. "He started out," Bülow remarked, "as a prodigious genius, and ended as a fine talent." He always thought that there was much kinship between Mendelssohn and Mozart.

Bülow's eccentricity showed itselfin his hatred of particular editions. When a young lady presented herself with a Speidel edition of a Beethoven sonata, Bülow raved and pranced around the piano like a maniac. "Has anyone an edition of Beethoven? he howled, and when a Czerny edition was produced, "There," he exclaimed as he threw it on the piano, "Czerny at least knows *something!*" Kullak, he said, was too much of a salon-spieler to make a good edition of *anything!*

His criticism of playing was strict and clear-cut. No muddy enthusiasm could win his approval. "Klarheit vor Schnelligkeit," was his motto, "clearness before velocity." Piano pounding was in his eyes an atrocity. "The only excuse for playing the piano," he remarked, "is that we play it musically." The mad scrambles of the half-fledged virtuoso were to him simply disgusting. "One can no more rush on the clavier gracefully than a lady can walk fast on the street gracefully." All mere virtuosity was obnoxious to him. The A major Liszt concerto he took to be the first virtuoso concerto where execution alone was sought. In his opinion finger technic was merely a means to an end. It is necessary in order to play the works of the masters, whereby it must be learned. "One must have much finger-technic," he said, "*and then not use it much.*"

With such views he naturally thought it better to play music that was too easy rather than music that was too hard. "One can learn more," he said, "from easy pieces than from the last Beethoven sonatas!" He was disgusted because everyone wanted to play the last sonatas instead of taking the simpler ones.

Bulow was always fond of putting his statements in a paradoxical way. "*Crescendo*," he would say, "means *piano; diminuendo* means *forte*," meaning that you must begin soft to work up to any climax, and that if you are not playing loud a *diminuendo* has no effect. In the same way he says "there is no adagio in which you will not find some passages of a faster tempo, and no *allegro* in which there will not be some slower passages."

Bulow's opinions of contemporary virtuosi are in general fair and sometimes even enthusiastic. Liszt he regarded as the Beethoven player *par excellence*. But Liszt's teachings, especially in his later years, he disliked exceedingly. "In 1840," he remarked epigrammatically, "Liszt's motto was *multum in parvo;* since then he has precisely reversed it." For Rubinstein his admiration was unlimited. Of his fingers he said, "Rubinstein's fingers are so good because they are so heavy and have so much flesh on them." For Clara Schumann he had a singular aversion, which amounted to a positive hatred. In full class he would sit down at the piano and burlesque her style, remarking as he finished, "*So spielt Frau Schumann.*" He was accustomed to say that there were now three pianists living, Rubinstein, Bulow and d'Albert, "and," he would modestly add, "they come in the order I have given them."

Bulow would play whole movements from Beethoven's quartets and symphonies just as though they were sonatas, and had them all stored away in his marvellous memory. During the whole month that he taught at Frankfort he hardly had to use a note. Whether it was Bach, Raff, Brahms, Chopin, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Rubinstein, Liszt, Schubert or Scarlatti, he would sit down at the piano, begin anywhere and play without hesitation as

though he had learned it first that morning. He was also remarkably rapid in memorizing. When Rheinberger's "Chase" and "Fugue" first came out, he was to play at Hamburg. The manager desired to have those compositions played and telegraphed to know if he would do it. He took a copy with him on the train, learned them between Dresden and Hamburg and played them without notes that night, never having tried them on the piano.

Prodigious as his memory was, it failed him sometimes, and some of the most amusing Bulow anecdotes relate to his ingenious devices for covering up the slip. In the midst of the great fugue in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 109, he lost himself and promptly pulled out a large handkerchief and mopped his face and head as though he had stopped on account of the heat. Then he carried the fugue through to a triumphant finish. On another similar occasion he rushed from the room and swore that the piano must be tuned before he could go on.

Bulow was probably the most eccentric artist that ever lived. Once he stopped abruptly and demanded that the ushers turn the piano round. When his reason was asked he replied that a certain lady in the audience annoyed him unspeakably by fanning herself out of time. When it was suggested that it might be simpler to ask the lady to stop, he said he could not think of giving her so much trouble;and the piano was turned.

In Leipzig Bulow was always known as the "Concert Preacher" on account of his talking so much. He used to mix political speeches into his programs until the police made him sign a contract not to open his mouth, before they would let the performance go on. He was not even allowed to announce the date of his next concert, for fear that he might mix in incendiary matter. But the most serious difficulty that he got into was in Berlin. He had a low opinion of Von Hulsen, the conductor of opera, and after he had himself made a great hit in Berlin with a Meyerbeer march, he said to the audience, "No wonder that you like it, after hearing it at the circus that Von Hulsen runs." Of course

this brought down the wrath of the court. He was deprived of his rank as court pianist and stripped of his medal. But worse was to follow. At the commemoration concert for Von Hulsen the successor of the dead conductor gave to the ushers photographs of Bulow and directed them to turn him out. Accordingly, when the Herr Doctor arrived he was spotted and ignominiously bundled out of doors. The public, who were fond of Bulow, was much incensed at this treatment of their favorite conductor, and enjoyed the characteristic revenge which he took the next night. At a concert at which he was to play he took a familiar air of Mozart, the words of which happened to apply, and improvised variations on it. The audience saw the point and there was a tremendous roar of laughter and applause. Bulow used his tongue as lightly and freely as Bret Harte's hero did his revolver, and it is no wonder that he got into trouble. In private life, however, he was unusually gentlemanly and considerate.

Some of the best Bulow stories are those which pertain to his orchestra conducting. With him the *vox populi* was far from being the *vox dei*, and he always made it a point to do as he pleased—if he wanted to. On one occasion the orchestra which he was conducting had just given an immense Brahms symphony, very long and ponderous, and quite beyond the comprehension of the audience. When the audience, whose main sensation was one of relief that it was over, failed to applaud as enthusiastically as Bulow desired, he turned around and remarked to them in his energetic way, "What, you do not like it? I will teach you to!" and he made the orchestra play the entire composition through again, from ginning to end. Brahms was always applauded after that, if only in self-defense.

On another occasion, by the way, he manifested exactly a contrary spirit. When a Leipzig audience insisted on recalling him in spite of his repeated refusal to play again, he came forward and said to them very emphatically, "If you do not stop this applause I will play all of Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues from beginning to end!" The audience

laughed, and, it is needless to say, did not insist upon the recall.

Bulow particularly hated to have any audience present at his orchestra rehearsals. In one occasion some ladies had effected an entrance in some manner and were patiently waiting to hear him drill the orchestra. Bulow took in the situation at a glance. "We will have a rehearsal of the fagott parts first," he remarked, as he stepped to the conductor's place. The faggots started out with 32-measure's rest, but Bulow gravely beat through that interval and then the fagotts came in with a few spasmodic grunts, such as fagotts make. Then they had a 64-measure's rest. Before the repeat was reached the audience had fled. Bulow, with the curious expression that he used to wear at such times, set the whole orchestra to practicing. As may be imagined, his rehearsals were not often disturbed, and yet those rehearsals were a sight to risk something for. He did everything but stand on his head, and sometimes came near doing that. On one occasion, when the rehearsal did not go to suit him, he rushed down into the orchestra and threw kettle-drums and things around until the performers beat a hasty retreat. These are but a few of the innumerable anecdotes that may be related of the great pianist. When his biography appears we may expect a full collection.

FRANCIS E. REGAL.

THE PASTOR AND HIS CHOIR.

IT is the word "his" in the above title which especially claims our present attention. To properly emphasize and define this word would be to solve many problems which arise in this midwinter season when plans for another year's choir are often discussed. It would also obviate much of the dissension which frequently arises between minister and musician. The word however should not be emphasized in its usual sense of mastery or possession only, but should be understood as denoting a peculiar relation involving mutual responsibility. The pastor and his church is not a phrase which suggests mastery. It suggests rather a peculiar and complicated relation involving obligation as well as authority, — a relation which can be fully defined only by reference to the church history of centuries. In like manner this relation between pastor and choir demands careful study and much of effort for its best development and for the greatest benefit to the church itself.

The pastor even in the most democratic of church organizations has, in relation to the services of the church at least almost the entire executive authority. Looked at from one point of view he is the presiding officer of the meeting and as such is responsible for the whole of it. Here then is a suggestion both of his authority and his duty in respect to every part of the service. The service as a whole is a season of worship and spiritual culture. Each part must help toward these objects and the only test of its fitness to the whole is whether it affords such help or not. There is no one person so advantageously placed to apply this test as the minister in whose hands the general management lies. But for him to extend his general management to the point of controlling the music of the church requires both sympathy and a peculiar kind of intelligence.

I am strongly of the opinion that the frequent lack of

harmony between the pastor and the choir and the more frequent lack of full co-operation even when the conditions are peaceful is due to two faults, one or both of which almost every minister has. The one fault is a position of willing and sometimes modest indifference to the general subject of choir management and worship music; and the second is the interference of the minister in minor musical matters which are only technical and have little or no bearing upon the general development of a complete and appropriate service. The first mentioned fault is no less a fault when it arises from the modesty of the minister, for in any case where it is present he fails to exercise the authority and judgment which are possible only to him and which should be of the greatest value. For instance if he recognizes, as he should, the great expressive as well impressive value of worship music and consequently the importance of congregational singing, his duty is to urge some well considered plan upon his people by which his choir will help and not hinder this object. Lack of interest or even lack of familiarity with musical matters can hardly excuse the pastor from this obligation. Even if he does not call himself a musician, he yet should have such well defined ideas of the history and the purpose of music in connection with worship as to feel himself perfectly competent in consultation with the musician who is his choir-master, to determine whether the musical part of the service is really devotional or not.

If he is not thus competent and has not these well defined ideas it is because proper attention to such matters has been neglected in his ministerial training. It is not a surmise but a fact that such neglect exists in almost all theological seminaries in the land. A marked exception among seminaries is that at Hartford where the students enjoy the admirable lectures upon church music which are given by Prof. Pratt.

But such consultation and intelligent co-operation with the choir-master does not necessarily involve an extended knowledge of music. Though such knowledge is helpful to the pastor it is by no means essential. Although his authority should extend to all matters of worship it

need not interfere in matters technically musical. And here we come to the second of the two common faults mentioned above—namely, the pastoral interference which so often only aggravates and estranges the choir.

If music or any other art is to be used as a means of worship we certainly should offer to the Lord the best which that art affords. This does not mean that all forms of artistic expression are suitable to the purposes of worship, but merely that a high development of any suitable form of art does not limit but increases its suitability so long as this development does not become so complicated and remote from popular intelligence as to lose its power with the majority of worshipers. Music of the highest order cannot be obtained without the employment of those who are specially skilled and trained in it. As between the choir-master and the minister it is but to be expected that the choir-master is the better musician. The minister who presumes to set up his judgment against that of the musician associated with him in a strictly musical matter weakens his own position and, except in the rarest instances destroys his own proper authority.

But, it is asked, do or can both of these faults exist in the same man? They certainly can and frequently do.

The pastor who never in his preparatory studies investigated the subject of worship music, who never in church conference or minister's meeting carefully approached the subject of the betterment of church music, who never consulted with his own church about the management of its music and who does not habitually and regularly meet his chorister and plan for the future is certainly indifferent. But we have all heard many such pastors disclaim any responsibility for the faults of the choir, criticise this voice or that selection, attack the quartette choir system, suggest a different style of organ playing etc. but all, as it were, from the point of view of an outsider.

Such a position involves both the faults. The minister is indifferent and tries to disclaim his real authority, and at the same time interferes by petty criticisms which only stir

up strife and do not at all help toward permanent improvement. This is not intended to be in the slightest degree an extenuation of the faults of church singers. They are at present notorious in American churches, but it is asserted that the duty of the pastor of the church and the whole body of the ministry of any denomination does not end with the criticism or even the reproof of the singer's faults. As long as the entertainment idea is so prominent in the management of church music and so little community of interest exists between choir singers and the congregations which they assist, they will remain as unsympathetic and irreverent as they are now.

The pastor who leaves the whole affair of their engagement to a music committee shirks his responsibility even though he may not realize it.

I would suggest, then, three conditions necessary to maintaining a proper relation between the pastor and the choir. First, the pastor by virtue of his special training as a minister and his position as executive officer of the church should be competent and willing to assume general direction of the entire service including the music. This involves of course special attention to the history, theory and purpose of worship music, either in his seminary course or in his own private study. It should be understood that a mere smattering of the technique of music or even considerable technical ability will not take the place of such training, for it is something which musicians do not have rather than a small part of what they do have, that the pastor needs.

That such training is lacking in the theological seminaries of the land has been alluded to above. The condition is not much better in England. Mr. J. S. Curwen a few years ago found as a result of inquiry among eighty theological schools of all denominations that only thirteen provided systematic instruction in music.

Second, the pastor should fully and freely recognize that a certain musical skill other and usually greater than his own is necessary to proper maintenance of worship and that this involves in almost all cases the delegation of the strictly musical authority to a musician.

Third, the pastor should consult with his church c carefully as to the organization and general make up of hi choir and especially as to the selection of a choir master.

Further, there should be regular and frequent consu ation between pastor and chorister to promote the fitness of various parts of the service to each other and the unity of purpose of the whole.

We are at present without any fixed and successful policy for the administration of music in worship. Its development in America has been largely a matter of chance. If there is to be any return of that appropriateness and loftiness of purpose which distinguished the classical periods of church music, the periods of Luther, of Palestrina, of Bach, and of the English Psalmody, it can come about only through the careful consideration and initiative effort of the ministry.

Dr. John C. Griggs.

A MUSICAL LIBRARY.

WE all know that one of the most valuable tools to an intellectual worker is a library. And this library should be used exactly as a tool; or let me expand the simile a little and say it should be employed as a chest of tools. Everything is to be chosen because needed, for its quality and adaptability to the end in view. Libraries are so very often merely accidents that I am impelled first to say a word or two about library formation.

It is true that we should buy a book only because something has created a need for it. Among the most commonly experienced incentives to book buying are those arising from the material attractiveness of the volume, or to satisfy curiosity as to what the book is like When one buys a pocket-knife it is not to "see if it will cut," it is because one is quite certain of that fact; it is bought for use, not for experiment. I do not think that books should seek the purchaser. They often do so, however, and we buy what we do not want, simply because we yielded to temptation. As we outgrow the volumes we have added to a library they should retire in favor of others that are of more immediate value; they should fill the least handy places, but, to my mind, they should always be in sight for the reason that a book good enough to buy is worth seeing, if only for past acquaintance sake. Thus built up, a library is an honest indication of the mental growth of its owner; and all mental growth being comparatively slow on the whole, all useful, wisely formulated private libraries must necessarily keep within narrow limits.

The music teacher who is active intelligently, who has specialized, who keeps well informed on matters of pedagogy as relating to art education, and who fosters reading in her students, has in hand several interesting lines along which book purchase will naturally tend. While she

has been developing into the teacher she will have been forming a library, limited perhaps, yet it is a beginning. She has chosen books of general interest, like biographies, volumes of letters, novels, poems and so on, dictated by the want of the moment. She has also added, no doubt, works of a special value, such as text-books, works on special subjects, and the few valuable works which have been called to her by her advancement in intellectual growth. Thus her library may be said to be made up of volumes which roughly may be classified as follows:—

a. Books of general interest.
b. Text-books and works on special subjects.
c. Works of reference.
d. A few others that must be crowded into class A, or remain distinctly unclassified.

Being a music teacher she has works of biography, letters of musicians, essays on musical fine-art, histories, theoretical text-books, on fine-art in general, books of reference, books to lend her students, and a few choice volumes of the best literature,——novels, essays, poems, histories,—which show how much she is in touch with the world outside of the art to which she gives her energy.

Let us consider that she has become a teacher with a little library formed from the truest interest of a book-lover. As she looks it over from time to time, she sees how much there is in it that she has literally outgrown. At the same time she is adding slowly to it, thus keeping her little possession abreast of her developing self. It may be worth while to speculate as to what books she might possess if we considered those which go to make up her hundred best volumes. We have said that the following departments would be represented:—

a. Biography,
b. Letters of Musicians,
c. Essays on Musical Fine Art,
d. Histories,
e. Theoretical and Special Text-books,
f. Works on Fine Art in General,

g. Books of reference,
h. Books to lend to her students,
i. Books of general interest.

Now let us see what books might profitably be included under each of the departments given, which shall represent, not the very choicest but of the best as far as the judgment of a young teacher wisely advised, can obtain and employ the best.

a. Biographies (musical):

1.	Bach	by	Philip Spitta (if possible)
2.	Handel	"	W. S. Rockstro.
3.	Haydn	"	Miss Townsend.
4.	Mozart	"	Otto Jahn.
5.	Beethoven	"	A. Schindler.
6.	Schubert	"	H. F. Frost.
7.	Schumann	"	A. von Wasielewski.
8.	Chopin	"	M. Karasowski.
9.	Mendelssohn	"	Lampadius.
10.	Weber	"	Sir Julius Benedict.
11.	Wagner	"	G. Kobbé.

b. Letters of Musicians:

12. Letters of Distinguished Musicians translated by Lady Wallace
13. " " Mozart.
14. " " Beethoven.
15. " " Schumann, Early Letters.
16. " " Mendelssohn, two selected volumes.

c. Essays on Musical Fine Art:

17.	Purity in Musical Art,	by	Thibaut.
18.	The Beautiful in Music,	"	E. Pauer.
19.	Goethe et la Musique,	"	A. Jullien.
20.	From the Tone World,	"	L. Ehlert.
21.	Letters on Music to a lady,	"	L. Ehlert.
22.	The Beautiful in Music,	"	E. Hanslick.
23.	Piano and Song,	"	F. Wieck.

d. Histories:

24. W. S. Rockstro.
25. E. Neumann.

26. Hullah. (The Transition Periods).
27. G. A. Macfarren. (From Encyclopedia Britannica.)
28. J. C. Fillmore, New Lessons in Musical History.

c. Theoretical Text-books. (No works on a "specialty" are provided for.)

29. S. Jadassohn, Manual of Harmony.
30. J. Brockhoven, " " "
31. S. Jadassohn, " " Counterpoint.
32. L. Cherubini, " " "
33. J. Broadhouse, The Student's Helmholtz (Acoustics)
34. J. H. Cornell, Bussler's "Musical Form."
35. Hugo Reimann, Catechism of Musical History. 2 Vols.
36. " " Analysis of the Fugues of Bach. 2 "
37. J. C. Fillmore, History of Piano-forte Music.
38. E. E. White, Elements of Pedagogy.
39. Prof. James, Handbook of Psychology.
40. H. Krusi, Life and works of Pestalozzi.

f. On Fine Art in General:

41. E. D'Anvers, Elementary History of Art.
42. Cellini, Autobiography.
43. M. Collignon, Greek Archaeology.
44. H. Van Dyke, Art for Art's Sake.
45. De Forrest, A Short History of Art.
46. W. Lubke, Outlines of the History of Art.
47. G. Vasari, Lives of the Italian Painters.
48. John Ruskin, Aratra Pentelici.
49. " " The Eagle's Nest.
50. " " The Two Paths.
51. " " Arrows of the Chase.
52. " " Lectures on Architecture and Painting.
53. A. L. Tuckerman, Short History of Architecture.
54. J. H. Parker, Introduction to the Study of Gothic Architecture.
55. H. Balfour, Development of Ornament in Art.

g. Books of Reference:

56. A Dictionary of the English language. (I should also expect to find a Latin, French, German, and Anglo-Saxon Dictionary.)

57. A Dictionary of Music and Musicians, (Grove?)
58. " " " Musical Terms (Stainer & Barrett?)
59. A Primer of Musical History.
60. A Classical Atlas.
61. A Biblical "
62. A Modern "
63. Familiar Quotations. (Bartlett's?)
64. A Dictionary of Dates.
65. A Bible Concordance.

h. Books to lend young students:

66. Miss Lillie, A History of Music.
67. Letters to young people from the Great Composers.
68. W. J. Henderson, The Story of Music.
69. Charles Kingsley, Madam How and Lady Why.
70. " " Water Babies.
71. Elise Polko, Musical Sketches.
72. C. E. Bourne, The Great Composers.
73. Miss Shepherd, Charles Auchester.
74. J. C. Macey, Young People's History of Music.
75. C. Barnard, The Tone Masters.

The remaining twenty-five volumes shall be her novels, poems, and other favorite books. The above list shows how easy it is to get really a solid foundation for a fine library in seventy-five volumes. It will be noted that I have selected seventy-five *works*, however, a few of them being represented by more than a single volume. It will be seen that one can select broadly and yet keep within a narrow limit as to number. It also will be seen that so few volumes may be very valuable in themselves and cover a broad range of thought.

I may say in conclusion that a hundred volumes of the character I have described will cost comparatively little, and will be found to pay greater interest on the amount invested than any bank. Any book dealer would furnish an estimate on the whole number or on single works. Of course, the way to buy a library is, as I said in the beginning, a book at a time and when it is needed.

THOMAS TAPPER.

SCHUMANN, THE POET OF THE PIANOFORTE.

IF a dozen pianists were asked which one of the great composers was best entitled to the appellation "poet of th pianoforte," *par excellence*, as distinguished from all other poets of the pianoforte on the one hand, and from composers who were primarily poets of the orchestra on the other, it is likely that wide divergences would appear. At first sight this appellation would be claimed for Beethoven, by reason of the breadth of field occupied by him in pianoforte literature, not alone in the thirty-two sonatas, which are a world of tone-poetry in themselves, but quite as well for the other works in chamber music form, where the pianoforte has an honorable and indispensible place. Nevertheless there are those who would contest Beethoven's right to this position, upon the ground that none of his works are thoroughly well suited to the pianoforte, but that all the good ones invariably suggest something else— an orchestra, for instance. Moreover, his nine symphonies are so much greater and so much more beautiful and complete than the best of the sonatas, that it would seem rank injustice to limit Beethoven by such a term as poet of the pianoforte. It would be too much like limiting Shakespeare by such a term as "poet of comedy," or "poet of the sonnet," or something of the kind—whereas he is poet of all the world.

Were our question to be addressed to pianists alone, Chopin would almost immediately receive the suffrages of the greater number. As Mr. Liebling well remarked in these pages, some months ago, "the piano playing world is now in the constellation of Chopin." And it is true that Chopin made the world wonderfully richer by his having lived in it and composed his beautiful piano works. Everything of Chopin fits the pianoforte, and particularly well the light toned pianos of his day. Some of his music is broad and noble enough for the best pianos which modern art has pro-

duced. But much of it also is somewhat feverish, and is not the poetry of healthy life.

There is another composer, however, who is distinctly poet of the pianoforte, and this on many grounds, whereof at length.

Robert Schumann was one of those great representative creative artists who boldly strike out new paths, and find in their teeming fancy a whole world never before described. Schumann is distinctly the pianoforte composer. Nothing of his perfectly succeeds except his pianoforte works. His songs come nearest to this, and attain great heights of tenderness and poetic representation. But it is at the pianoforte, unhampered by words, that he is most at home, and here his fancy takes the freest and boldest flights.

His pre-eminence as poet of the pianoforte rests upon two grounds, in both of which he is easily above all his contemporaries or successors. First, he is poet, and not simply composer. Music is a composite affair. It is made up of tones, which when duly marshalled tell the story of the soul producing them. But tones have vitality of their own, and like solutions of the chemist have their own ways of coming into order, crystalline or other. In every composition there is much which is not primarily token of soul-life, but simply of the interplay of the musical material. Motives tend to assume such and such forms. Many a well conceived tone-poem has come to grief by reason of a badly selected ruling motive, having in it a personality and tendency of its own, not permitting the writer to arrive at any satisfactory whither. For example, there is a symphony by Brahms, his first, which loses its first movement through precisely such a peculiarity. The motive is dismal, and it persists in dismal forms and sequences, and not even the marvellous and cloud-compelling technic of Johannes Brahms was able to overpower it.

A second ingredient of any tone poem is the effect of the rhythm, which also has tendencies of its own, according to the nature of the motion taken for a start.

And, third, there is the influence of the material. If a

composer is writing a symphony for banjo, for instance, he will hardly give the phrases the long drawn singing swells of a Brahms symphonic adagio, or the interwoven harmonies of a Wagnerian orchestra. The tone is short and short it must remain, and whatever of poetry comes to expression through it must do so through the piquancy of tone and the smart rhythm which this instrument so readily and happily affects. Or if writing for flute, he cannot indulge in the glass shattering sforzandos of the cornettist or trombonist. Everything is gentle and somewhat tame. So again in the pianoforte, there is a way to be, and a way to not be. The pianoforte is capable of many beautiful effects, but it cannot swell a long tone; here the violin has it at a disadvantage. It has many limitations; the best that can be said of it is that while it has perhaps no one tonal excellence in which some one instrument of the orchestra does not surpass it, it is able nevertheless to play more music, and play it more comprehensively, than any one orchestral instrument whatever. While it surpasses no one, it nevertheless surpasses all in its ability to suggest and awaken musical thought. What the orchestra does upon a complete scale, the pianoforte is capable of doing upon an outline or suggestive scale, and of doing it with the use merely of one pair of hands (and the feet thereunto appertaining).

And, finally, behind all these limitations and parts, *within* all these when tone-poetry is at its best, there is the soul-life itself, felt by the composer at the moment of composing. And here we come upon the very center of the whole matter. The powers of music are so comprehensive that it is able to represent every mood of soul-life, excepting possibly the malignant and criminal, and represent them with a directness surpassing all other forms of representation, whether through poetry, fiction or drama. With the saving clause, however, that the latter form of art, being able to call in the aid of the living human soul after literary and dramatic art have done their completest, is naturally able to carry perfect representation of the non-musical states further than tone-showing is able.

The romantic movement in literature and art had for its object the breaking up of classical limitations, and of opening to art free play for unhampered individuality. Hence from the beginnings under Goethe, Schiller, and the master Germans of the close of the XVIIIth century, romanticism spread into music with great rapidity, as well it might, music being in and of itself an art most interesting and diversified of all in capacity to afford delight through the mere play of its material, besides being the kind of art affording the individuality and the moods of the artist fullest, freest, and most appealing expression. Accordingly we find the so-called classicist Beethoven affected by the romantic movement from the very beginning of his career. This great master was born into the world which had only lately produced and formed Goethe and Schiller, with the mystical philosopher Hegel and the rest. And in the three sonatas, Op. 2, there is a wider gamut of individuality and subjective soul-life sounded than in the entire productions of Mozart or Haydn. Not that these three sonatas could be saved and all the music of Haydn and Mozart dispensed with without loss, for this would not be true. Mozart and Haydn covered a variety of shades of soul-life, rising with Mozart at times to a very high and pleasing beauty and ideality; but the compass from high to low, or from narrow to broad is less in the works of the two older composers than in these three beginning works of the lusty young Beethoven. And at the very moment when Beethoven had reached the zenith of his productive career, and had given the world the sonatas Op. 27, 28, and 31, there was another Viennese musician, known now as one of the greatest of masters, but then poor and almost totally unknown, who was pouring out a succession of songs in which the powers of music to coincide with poetic moods upon the widest possible scale of variety, and with an unexampled liberality of sentiment and range of specimens, were being illustrated to such a degree that a few years later Schumann said that "if Schubert had lived he would have set the whole German literature to music."

But the crowning period of this romantic movement,

especially in its application to the pianoforte, lies in the twenty years between 1830 and 1850. Within the first half of this period the material of expression had been fully illustrated, by the novel playing in wholly new styles of Thalberg, Liszt, and Chopin, whose powers came to expression thus together as a natural result of mechanical improvements in the pianoforte, rendering it more musical and expressive, which had been made during the decade preceding or a little earlier. The dampers, the hammers, the escapement, and the solidity of the instrument, had all received important accessions between about 1808 and 1827. Accordingly Mendelssohn after producing his "Midsummer-night's Dream" overture in 1827, almost immediately gave himself to the pianoforte, and through his fortunate suggestion of title in the nocturne-like "Songs Without Words," incited players and composers alike to poetic sentiment and suggestion. The first book of the "Songs Without Words" was published in 1830. Schumann set to work at about the same time, and within three years had made elaborate experiments in the direction of discovering the latent capacities of the pianoforte for novel effects. Some of these earlier works are plainly experiments for enlarging the domain of the instrument. Such were the two sets of studies paraphrased from Paganini, and the Intermezzi. But already in his Op. 2, "Papillons" or "Butterflies, Scenes from a Ball," the value of a poetic standpoint is plainly suggested. These little pieces, indeed, are not named individually, but the suggestion of the general title is enough to put the hearer upon the alert to attach to each of them some meaning appertaining to the general scene in which it forms a part. A peculiarly exasperating work must have been his "Davidsbuendler Tanze," or "The dances of the David's League against the Philistines." This work consists of a succession of short pieces, in styles wholly novel, and for the most part requiring a manner of playing quite different from anything at the time existing. They were intended as a gage of battle to the lovers of the classic and the conventional. The meaning of the individual pieces is

almost entirely left to the imagination of the reader. This work was not written until about 1837, when Schumann's style had become fully formed, and the various Schumann manners are definitely shown, but always in miniature, for all the forms are short, the longest piece in the collection scarcely exceeding two pages.

But in the "Carnaval," written from two to three years earlier than the "Davidsbundler," the short pieces are named. And we find here many characteristic and suggestive titles. The entire list is as follows: "Preamble; Pierrot; Harlequin; Valse Noble; Eusebius; Florestan; Coquette; Réplique; Sphinxes; Papillons; Dancing Letters; To the Dear Little Clara; Chopin; Estrella; Reconnaissance; Pantalon and Columbine; German Waltz; Paganini; The Avowal; Promenade; Pause; March of the David's League against the Philistines."

There is also a sort of open secret in the work aside from the characteristic painting which it contains. For it is dedicated to a certain inamorata whom Schumann had met at a ball in the remote town of Asch. Hence he has used the melodic formula corresponding to the letters in the name of the town in an endless variety of ways. Sometimes it is A, Es (E flat) C, H, (B natural); sometimes it is As (A flat), C, H, and so on, but one way or another this formula is made to appear in manifold persistence. All this, however, is somewhat foreign to our immediate subject. We are more concerned with the charming little pieces and the graphic genius they display. Here, however, we encounter peculiar difficulty, for even by the aid of music notation it would not be easy to convey to the casual reader a tithe of the many ingenious novelties which are here shown. For example, to select a few, "Estrella" is a little waltz in the key of F minor. Beginning with the formula As C H, it makes rather a sentimental impression throughout the first period; but the second is accelerated and the harmony and rhythm tend powerfully to a climax; then in the third the original theme returns, and is carried to a somewhat emphatic close. The curious circumstance here is the strongly

marked melodic motive, and the dignity which pervades it, despite its short compass. Then in "Arlequin" we have a rhythm of two measures in which the first is interrupted with a sixteenth rest upon the last quarter of the first beat while the second beat syncopates forcibly. This rhythm is carried through the page, and the suggestion is of the tumbling of Harlequin—a suggestion heightened by the long skips with which the motive sometimes opens. Still in this case, as in all the others, the entire treatment is noble, and musicianly and genuine— and the suggestion of the title is merely a suggestion and little more. "Aveu" is an avowal, breathless, palpitating, and passionate. Two lines of this sort of thing is perhaps enough. "Coquette" is a mazurka —but always with the same magic rune of Asch enshrined in the place of honor. "Chopin" is a series of long bass arpeggios, upon which a delightfully evasive but beautifully harmonized melody is superimposed. The suggestion of Chopin's style is well made—but the music after all is that of Schumann. One of the best bits in this work is "Valse Noble," which opens with the usual sacred formula, nevertheless builds a delightful page, which might stand as a gem in the album of the world. In "Eusebius" we have the mystical Schumann. Upon a simple bass of halves and quarters in 2-4 measure, adagio, we have groups of seven eighths filling the measure. The arithmetic is not of our making, and the effect is not altogether easy; but the poetry is evident. More striking is the two page piece named "Reconnaissance," which is very happily worked out. Other titles are "Valse Allemand" (German Waltz), of three lines, "Pantalon et Columbine," in which through a page and a half Pantalon and Columbine chase each other through all other sorts of staccato adventures, in the grotesquerie of which the *musical* is never lost sight of. "Promenade" is another strongly marked piece in which significant melodic themes and strong harmony are combined with vigorous and well marked rhythms. The whole has in it an elevation essentially noble and god-like.

More fully worked out are the eight pieces in the set

called "Phantasiestuecke," or "Fancy Pieces," which were written in 1837. Here it is not a question of minute portraiture, but of poetic suggestion and of affording the player a standpoint from which to understand the author. It begins with "Des Abends," (In the Evening), a nocturne-like piece in D flat, where the right hand is written in triplets of sixteenths in 2-8 measure; as Schumann originally had it, in 3-8 measure without triplets; the bass, meanwhile is in triplets of 16ths, in 2-8 measure. Thus the right hand plays in 3-8 measure, while the left is written in 2-.8 The result is an indistinctness of rhythm, which was precisely what Schumann intended. The piece will sound one way or the other according as the player thinks it. If he carries his 2-8 measure in his mind and accents accordingly in the bass, he will simply take the piece out of measure, for the right hand has always three-eighth notes in every measure. The accompaniment motion is one of 16ths, and the accent of the melody changes occasionally so that the second melody tone falls upon the middle of the measure with accent. When Schumann's rhythm is respected the effect is much better than when the piece is "improved"(?) according to the suggestions of a few later critics. For in Schumann's way the rhythms are satisfactory. Whereas in the modern way the syncopations are a much wider departure from the fundamental rhythm of the piece than otherwise. The beauty of the piece lies in the indistinctness and the meditative character, like even-tide musing. There are few pieces of the same compass which are so delightful as this. Immediately following comes one named "Aufschwung," or "Soaring," representing the soaring moods one has after strong tea, in the night-time, or after opium, when heaven seems very near and the impossible can be done as well as not. The title here is merely a word, whereas the piece is developed to the length of five or six pages, the form being a sort of rondo with three subjects. It requires considerable *abandon* on the part of the player, as well as no small mastery of technic; and it is poetic in a high degree. Then follows the universal favorite "Warum," the everlasting

"Why" which is never answered. And then "Grillen," or "Whims," where strongly contrasted moods follow upon one another. In the middle piece of this there is a very characteristic Schumann touch, with doubling the melody between soprano and tenor, and treating it in a highly chromatic manner, with extremely evasive rhythms, strange modulations, and the like. Everything in this entire collection entirely succeeds, for Schumann must have found his effects in delving upon the keyboard. Say what you like about imagination, the imagination has to have material upon which to work. And it was by playing all sorts of things and by trying for himself all sorts of experiments, that Schumann was able to arrive at these strange and poetic effects of his. The second book opens with "In Der Nacht," "In the Night" where Brendel says we see hobgoblin forms, and the uncanny spooks of the hours of darkness. It is a very tumultuous piece and in its way effective. Then "Fabel," a lyric story of considerable range. This is followed by "Traumeswirren" or "Dream Visions," which is at the same time a vigorous and well conceived study for the fourth and fifth fingers, and a piece of tone poetry. And finally the "Ende vom Lied," "End of the Song." This also is very strongly marked and individual, and like the preceding so delightfully written for the instrument as to be of equal value as study or as recreation. These pieces belong among the most fortunate and complete of Schumann's tone-poetry. The poetic character of them consists not alone in the titles, nor yet in the more or less happy manner in which the general style of each piece corresponds to its name; but in the fortunate way in which new tonal forms are brought forth and so used that they mutually strengthen each other, and retain the attention of the player as well as that of the hearer, ever in a state of delight.

Equally fortunate and slightly more difficult in point of technic, is the set which very soon followed after, having been written in 1838, the "Kreisleriana," a name which has had many explanations to such an extent that critics seem to be quite unduly loath to permit Schumann his own. The

name is derived from that of an eccentric rural musical conductor in a novel by Hoffmann, one Kreisler, who is a good musician but an eccentric man, and above all opposed to convention and sham. The pieces are more novel in their manner of treating the piano than any which precede them, but as they are also worked out musically to a degree of fine finish, their reputation has at length become established in the very first rank of Schuman's works. In point of difficulty for the player, they belong in the sixth or seventh grade. Here we have no characteristic names, but each piece stands out in its individuality for all who have ears to hear. All sides of Schumann's personality are here represented. Especially his driving, turbulent and masterly musical mood, where a theme seizes him and takes him around the limits of the chosen tonic and all its relatives, like a very devil actually possessing him. When we remember that these things were written while Dussek sonatas and pieces and Herz variations and such like things were the daily food of piano players, we can imagine the consternation which must have been awakened. Had not the genial Mendelssohn put the world upon a new and higher key of suggestion through his much praised "Songs Without Words," a piece of this kind would have stood no show whatever. Among the eight pieces which fill the forty or more pages of "Kreisleriana," the first, second, fourth and eighth are perhaps the best. But all alike are masterly and instructive; and if a time ever comes when a great pianist will give an evening to these eight pieces, or to these and the great Phantasie which followed hard after them, instead of inculating them amid two hours of other works until the hearer is bewildered and lost, they may have their deserts, and become prized as among the very finest gems of tone poetry which the literature of the pianoforte contains.

It is a very different side of Schumann which comes to expression in such a piece as the Romance in F sharp. Here we have still another manner of treating the pianoforte. The first strophe consists of a duet for two baritones, carried by the two thumbs. On either side of this, for an octave above

and below, there is a murmuring accompaniment in 16th notes, the intention of which is simply that of a harmonic background. The piece might have been written to the familiar words, "Softly now the light of day," which it fits both in meter and in sentiment. The second strophe is for soprano, and now the figuration is below; presently there is a very strong modulation into the key of G major, which is held as a key of suspension for a moment, and then the original theme comes back again with all its repose and beauty. At the close of this a new theme enters, which appears in every register of the pianoforte in turn, and then the coda. The whole covers a little more than two pages, and it is a poem which one loves for a whole life time. It appeals to every sort of listener, having sincerity and true musical feeling.

Equally characteristic and poetic in conception, and thoroughly genial in spirit, are the pieces in the set called Novelletten, Op. 21, published in 1838. These remarkable pieces illustrate the Schumann faculties in a light still more striking upon the musical side than do even the Phantasy pieces just noticed. The Novelettes are a product of the time when his love affairs with Clara Wieck were subject to all sorts of vicissitudes, and accordingly we find the musical nature of Schumann now buoyant, now depressed, and now giving expression to a vein of tenderness as sweet and deep as anything to be found in German literature. The peculiarities of style, already referred to, are brilliantly illustrated in these works. I mean the forms resulting from the natural interplay of musical ideas, crystallizing as such, and the influence of novelty derived from an intimate study of the tonal peculiarities of the pianoforte itself. I do not know any works of Schumann which illustrate these two sides of his work more completely—yet not for a moment with the effect of belittling his work upon the poetic and spiritual side.

Schumann's "thematic" style, to begin with this, was peculiar to himself. Take for example the principal subject of the first novellette. The entire strain of twenty

measures common time, is built upon two little motives, which appear in the first three beats of both hands, and in the fourth and fifth beats of the bass alone. Out of this chord sequence, and the triplet rhythm in the bass, he makes the entire twenty measures. The range of modulation through which this little ode passes is very remarkable. Beginning in F major, it digresses into G minor in the end of the second measure; the four-measure period closes in F; but passes straightway into G minor, F minor, D flat major, A flat minor, G flat minor, F sharp minor (enharmonic from the proceding), and the strophe closes in A major— the dominant of the minor key which was suggested by the first two chords. The same material is treated twice more during the piece, and always with changes. The whole of this part of the work has the character of an improvisation by an artist singularly gifted with musical fancy, in thorough rapport with his instrument, and seized by a thoroughly good mood.

After this quasi-martial introduction, in which a tremendous energy makes itself felt, a melodic-lyric digression follows, making a complete and most striking contrast with it. It is a beautiful melody in F major, which however does not escape harmonic vicissitudes, since it is taken into several keys here, and re-appears later in the key of A, with still further variations of treatment. The fundamental form here intended by the composer was that of song-form with trio; but one will search in vain in the works of older masters for a like handling of a subject in form of this rank. The principal subject is treated three times, and the second subject twice, and there is a still further matter of canonic imitation which serves as a modulating period. Hence the form actually realized is of the nature of a rondo, and by no means of the simple character which the affix "trio" to the second subject would lead one to expect.

The second Novellette is still more strange, and still more brilliantly illustrates the influence of the pianoforte itself. It is quite as vigorous as this one already mentioned, but on account of its greater difficulty it has not been so generally

popular. The most popular of the novellettes is the seventh, where again the two influences mentioned in the first novellette are brilliantly regnant. It consists of two main ingredients: a thematic first subject, and a lovely lyric second subject. The entire five periods of the principal subject are developed out of a single motive, that shown in the first six notes. This rushing, rebounding motive takes the composer through most remarkable changes of key, and insists upon being developed in a multitude of directions. It is one of the most vigorous and ever fresh illustrations of Schumann's powers in this direction. It has in it the crystalline clearness of Bach, in spite of the modern and Schumanesque treatment.

The lyric contrast to this is of equal beauty, and coming as it does after this terribly energetic and irrepressible thematic carnival, it falls upon the ear like a suggestion of eternal peace. It consists of a strophe for soprano, in long tones, beautifully accompanied by arpeggio figures, covering a wide range of pitch; and then the alto has it, the accompaniment now passing above the melody as well as below it; later the bass has it, and finally the soprano reasserts its sway. Then the tumultuous thematic movement of the opening, and after all a coda. The form of this piece, while original with Schumann, is nevertheless thoroughly satisfactory, and the piece itself is the most popular of all the novellettes. Its difficulty stands in the way of its becoming the prey of the less competent players.

To recur again to the more distinctly romantic side of Schumann, we have in one of his later works a charming illustration in the "Forest Scenes," Op. 82. These nine pieces have names, and while in no sense descriptive music, the names are of use in suggesting a point of view. For example, to mention only the more successful ones, the first is called "Entrance" where everything is shadowy, and vague; bright touches of light are seen where the sunbeams penetrate the shade, struggling with the indistinct darkness of the deeper shades. Here and there a bit of melody comes out; but as a whole there is no sustained

melody. This little piece occupies two pages, and while small in form is a poem of rare beauty. Less immediately intelligible as to title is the one named "Bird as Prophet," but in it the notes of a song-bird are plainly to be perceived, alongside with the usual lovely treatment which Schumann gives a beautiful idea. Here again we have a piece resting upon a certain pianoforte effect, the pedal and a *leggiero* arpeggio forming the material ingredients of the peculiar charm of the piece. As to form, Schumann here again introduces a middle piece, of the nature of digression. It is a bit of melody occupying only six measures, but it serves to relieve the attention. Later comes "The Wayside Inn" in which the action of musical ideas as such furnishes the chief part of the motive power in developing the piece. Here again the form is less regular, and the leading ideas are treated in a variety of ways, and taken through the usual manicolored harmonic treatment; the whole being a brief but delightful poem. Of similar character is the "Hunting Song." Here the leading motive is more commonplace, but as Schumann treats it the commonplace entirely disappears. It is a bounding and vigorous movement. The middle part of this again is elusive to a degree. The left hand crossing over the right has a note falling upon the third part of the compound unit of the measure, in a style more like that of the similar movement in the second part of Beethoven's sonata Op. 110, than anything else before it. In order to play this of Schumann's one has to have a delicate sense of rhythm as well as light fingers. Here again the contrast between the main movement and this digression is very happy. The main movement is in a very strong rhythm, where the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not possibly miss the accent. In the middle part the accent disappears, and the elusive rhythm would be unintelligible but for the persisting impression of the very strong measure form developed in the principle part, preceding and following. Best of all, to my liking, is the last piece of all, "Homeward," which is a song without words, where a melody rests upon a triplet accompaniment. This however

is far from abiding by a first intention of any kind, for it changes often to a division of twos, against the triplet, and the melodic idea transfers itself to the middle parts, answers itself in different registers, after the manner of Schumann ideas when they are fully possessed. Indeed this and all of Schumann's pieces are peculiar as to their rhythmic construction. His sense of rhythm was very strong. In the allegro movements the accent is nearly always vigorous and decided; when it is relieved by off beats, they are as undecided as the other was vigorous. But it is in changing from one rhythm to another, and in moving the accent a half beat from its true place in the measure, that Schumann reveals the fineness of his perception in this direction. Whenever these things are well done, the result is agreeable and intelligible, but when they are attempted by those whose only idea of rhythm is to count their measures the result often fails.

In this respect Schumann recalls the peculiarities of Greek verse, where all sorts of rhythms relieved each other, yet always according to a plan chosen in advance and consistent with the fundamental idea of the poem. Occasionally he changes his measure without notice. In the beautiful and brilliant pianoforte concerto, the most poetic work in this genre ever written, he does this in the finale, where there are something over a hundred and fifty measures in rhythm of twos in a 3-4 measure. As a matter of fact, this change is a case of bad spelling on Schumann's part. For this new rhythm arises through augmenting the leading motive, making half notes in place of quarters, and if the measure through this part had been changed to 3-2 it would have been entirely correct.

My limits do not permit me to linger upon the many other poetic works of this great original writer, and therefore I am compelled to pass over the pianoforte sonatas, which I have learned to like after having treated them somewhat disrespectfully for many years, because they were unlike the sonatas of Beethoven. The sonatas in F sharp and in G minor are both very strong works, and that in F minor

is like a symphony, and sooner or later will find interpreters and hearers. But there are two works of Schumann which on no account ought to be passed in silence. They are the Etudes Symphoniques and the great Phantasie in C, Op 17.

The "Etudes Symphoniques," or Symphonic Studies, were perhaps so named from having been written as a sort of experiment in treating a theme in a variety of manner, upon a large scale, unhampered by any considerations of convention or mechanical difficulty. The form of the work is that of an air and nine variations, followed by a finale, which is an independently developed rondo. I do not know of any similar number of pages where there is so much beautiful music, or so enormous a variety of piano-playing, as in this work. The theme itself is broad and noble. It moves in quarters at the rate of 54 of the metronome. It ends with an evasive cadence. The variations which follow are variations merely in name. The theme is never treated and in some of the pieces is merely suggested in fragments. But it is as if a new world opened at each change of movement. The first begins low in the bass, with one of those leading motives of Schumann, which cannot be treated otherwise than by canonic imitation. After a few imitations of this theme, staccato and pianissimo, a few notes of the melody appear in the very middle of the tone fabric, only to disappear as instantly in the carrying out of the idea upon which this particular movement is founded. There is only a page of this variation, but it is like a volume. The second variation does indeed possess the original theme, nearly in its entirety; but Schumann takes it for a *cantus fermus*, and puts it in the bass, where it is overlooked by many hearers, through the strength and tremendous vitality of the accessory ideas working above it, one of which is itself an entirely new and lovely melody. In this variation the piano playing rises to a high pitch of virtuosity and artistic intelligence. It is a gem of high rank. The third variation is no variation at all. The original key of C sharp minor is indeed adhered to, but there is a new melody in the tenor, and the right hand tries an entirely new effect, skipping up and down an arppeggio figure

after the manner of Paganini's rebounding bow. The effect is charming and taking when well done. It is merely a lovely idea and a new technic—all in a single bit. Later there is a variation where the two hands have the chords of the theme in canon form, half a measure apart. This is a tremendously difficult thing to do in the bold and uncalculating style which the musical idea demands. The player has to have his two hands thoroughly independent of each other. Directly opposed to this in style is the next following variation, where there is a delightful lightness of octave work and a charming imitative movement between bass and treble. Not to pass through this entire work, mention may be made of the last variation where the Schumann mysticism comes to expression. The theme now forsakes the key of C sharp minor and goes to G sharp minor. There is an accompaniment in the bass with a false note, played very fast and very soft. The background therefore is indistinct harmonically, and upon it the theme comes softly, like a nocturne, and later in canon, a very difficult form in this instance, but a charming and very poetic effect. Moreover this variation has its office in preparing for the brilliant finale in D flat major, which concludes the work.

The great Phantasie in C is even more remarkable, and perhaps more difficult from a technical standpoint. It has for motto a verse of a German poet, which has been translated thus:

"Through all earth's varied numbers
There sounds one tender tone;
It sounds, yet e'er appealeth
To kindred hearts alone."

The fantasie is at once a brilliant pianoforte piece, and a tone poem of the first rank. The second movement is a march movement, of singular force and virility. But even in this there is a middle piece where "the tender tone" comes to expression. Then in the slow movement of the fantasie there is the tender voice more and more revealing itself.

If space served something ought to be said of Schumann as a song writer. He is entitled to the honor of having

written the most perfect cycle of songs, the most beautiful both from a purely musical standpoint and from that of poetic conception and ideality, in his "Woman's Love and Life." These pieces are all of them gems. And the best known of all, "He the Noblest," is not only a beautiful song which thoroughly corresponds with the poem, but also is as characteristic a piece of music as any of those which have been mentioned above. His "Poet's Love" is not so good though many like it better. The poet had a rather melancholy and languishing time of it, and the musician shared the sorrows which it was his duty to have painted.

One of the most remarkable traits of Schumann, considering his intense originality and the novelty and immense difficulty of many of the forms which he created, is the fact of his having illustrated so much of his higher nature in little pieces which fall within the technical resources of players of very moderate attainments. The list of his work affords enough examples of this kind to make a volume. Two very striking sets of pieces in particular stand out pre-eminent, not alone as illustrating this sympathy with life in its state of abounding buoyancy, but also above any similar undertaking by any other composer, in the range covered, the vitality of the tone-poetry here brought to simple expression, and in sympathy with child life and moods.

The first of these is the "Kinderscenen," or "Scenes from Childhood," written in 1838. Here we have thirteen little pieces bearing such titles as the following: "From strange Lands and People;" "A Curious Story;" "Playing Tag;" "The Grieving Child;" "Happy Enough;" "A Weighty History;" "Dreams" (the famous and world favorite "*Träumerei*"); "By the Fireside;" "The Hobby Horse;" "Almost too Serious;" "Frightening" (as when one tells a child a ghost story);" "Child falling Asleep;" "The Poet speaks." All these pieces are exactly correspondent to the titles, and no better study in musical expression, or introduction to the art of hearing music sympathetically, could be had than these pieces, each heard several times in connection with the titles. "The poet speaks" is

more serious, and as Brendel says he seems to say: "Why may we not once more return to this pure and beautiful world of childhood?"

Ten years later, in 1848, Schumann wrote a still longer set of children's pieces. These are indeed pieces for children, since in point of technical difficulty for the player they begin as low as the second grade and scarcely rise above the fourth in the most difficult. There are forty-three of these pieces, and our limits scarcely permit giving the titles in full. Among them are such as these: Beginning very easily we have "Melody," "Soldier's March," "Little Humming Song," a "Chorale," "A Little Piece," all of which are within the second grade. We now go up a step, "The Poor Orphan Child," "Little Hunting Song," "The Wild Rider," "A Popular Song" (which however is one of those old minor chansons so loved by the Germans, and by no means what is called a popular song in America); and "The Happy Peasant Returning from Toil." This is rather a long title for so simple and taking a bit of music. But the value of the title in explaining the piece to a child, and in leading him to a right conception of it, is worth a volume of comment. Slightly more difficult again, is the "Sicilian," and much more difficult is "Santa Claus," which is thoroughly Schumannesque.

From this point the pieces are more poetic and appeal to a more mature faculty, both technical and appreciative. "May, dearest May, soon will thou come again," is one, and still better is the "Spring Song," which is a veritable gem. This is a true song, music which is thoroughly catholic. It has been translated for the grand organ, and would make a delicious orchestral piece, were it not so short. In this we find the Schumann peculiarity of free rhythms, the characteristic movement being marked 6-8, while the leading measure of the principal subject is really in 3-4. There is some delightful imitative work in the middle part, where discrimination and a fine sense of melodic values are indispensible to the player.

Nor do these sets exhaust the Schumann fancy in forms

adapted for or suggestive of child life. There are three or four other sets—but they are less good. I know of no other great composer who has done anything of this kind, save the ever genial Mendelssohn—who naturally has covered a range almost infinitely narrower.

Not the least of the Schumann merits as pianoforte writer are those connected with and growing out of his technical treatment of the instrument. In this department he introduced or brought to perfection innovations of the most important and far-reaching description. These had reference to the two strategic points of piano playing, the degrees of force in the touch, and the treatment of the dampers by means of the pedal. Discriminative touch he brought to a perfection unknown before his time, and not understood in conservatories for many years after his death. This was not alone a development of finger power and delicacy, but still more a free movement of the hands and arms, coupled with more or less of what has been called by Dr. Mason the "elastic" touch, namely, the finger and hand staccato combined. This is illustrated in the *Nachtstucke* in F in a high degree, but it finds application in many other places in his works. Nearly allied to this is the form of bounding vitality of finger, hand and arm combined, which is employed in bringing to expression the first Kreisleriana. Again in the second subject of this same piece is found another of his peculiarities, the "suggestive touch" as one might call it, where a melody is more hinted at than actually brought to outward expression. The combination of different touches is rarely carried to a greater point than by Schumann in the first intermezzo of the second Kreisleriana, where there is strong phrasing of melody tones, a staccato counterpoint in sixteenths, with full chords now and then suggested. The second Intermezzo of this same movement is not so new, though the result is distinctly so. The running arpeggios of 16ths with the strong melodic phrase, brought out by means of accents and the pedal, are not essentially different in principle from similar things in the works of Thalberg, who had introduced the art of playing a

melody in the middle of the piano with a running accompaniment of arpeggio figures, about eight or ten years earlier than Schumann wrote this number. But it is not necessary to say that the Thalberg devices fall far short of those of Schumann in musical quality and delicacy, as well as in strength of imagination.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all his innovations was in regard to the total amount of force employed in the playing. The works indicate everywhere the necessity for deep and full touches. It is evident that the bounding and resolute character of his ideas suggested the employment of the utmost force of which the pianoforte is capable. Indeed the indication "With utmost power" is met with more than once, and this not for a single tone or chord, but for entire pages. The last Kreisleriana is a case in point where it is used for climax after considerable development of a less aggressive character.

The pedal he put in the place of highest honor among the pianist's means of expression. Everything points to his having explored its possibilities thoroughly, so much so as to be entirely incapable of indicating the precise manner of its use for bringing out his ideas. He almost invariably marks at the beginning of his pieces "ped" once and no more, intending the player to go on using it whenever and wherever the musical idea will be bettered by it. The pedal is as indispensable to his piano playing as a bridle to comfortably riding a horse. There is never a measure in which it does not somewhere occur, and as a rule it occurs many times. Brendel speaks of his being in the habit of using the pedal to excess. His playing sounded confused to ears attuned to the strict and meagre pianoforte writing of John Sebastian Bach and Mozart, or even of Mendelssohn, who often dispensed with the pedal entirely, his scherzos as a rule not admitting its aid. But Schumann never writes so fast a movement that the pedal if judiciously used will not improve its musical quality. He rarely used it in the elementary way of Thalberg, for permitting a melodic tone to continue after the finger was removed from the key; but almost al-

ways in its nobler purpose, for strengthening and enriching the tone of the instrument through sympathetic resonance. Indeed he seems to have gone farther than any of his contemporaries or immediate followers, and found out for himself the important principle upon which the concert player so often builds great effects, namely, that the dissonant and unrelated tones kill each other in a large hall, and only the related tones remain. This is laid down by Hans Schmidt, in his work upon pedal, being the first formal statement of a principle which underlies very much pedal marking of Liszt cadenzas and sensational passages. But here again Schumann is entitled to the honor of having first employed the pedal in this manner for purely musical and unsensational ends.

Whatever we are to conclude concerning the disputed point, lately raised, as to whether the fingers are able to communicate to the tones through the hammer of the pianoforte any other differences of quality than those appertaining to degrees of force, Schumann apparently thought otherwise, for there is no writer who requires so much of the player, not alone in force and in delicacy, but in all sorts of refinements and niceties of touch; and it may be added, there are no other pianoforte works which so well repay distinctions of this kind, carried out upon the best instruments, for then effects continually reveal themselves unknown to other writers.

Moreover, the justice of Schumann's knowledge of the pianoforte as such is shown best of all in the relation of his works to vibratory excellence in the instrument. No other writer expects so much from the piano. Many and many a Liszt work can be effectively played upon a pianoforte so thin in tone as to be totally incapable of such a pianoforte symphony as Schumann's great Phantasie in C. At this point Schumann upon the pianoforte ranks with Berlioz upon the orchestra. Whatever combination of instruments and whatever proportions Berlioz may have indicated, experience shows that these combinations and proportions produce novel and significant effects. So also it is with

Schumann. Given the very best player, and the most perfect pianoforte, and the poetry and beauty of Schumann's thought come out into stronger and more attractive light. This of course is also true of all the other pianoforte geniuses, especially true of Chopin who opened a new world as truly as Schumann. Nevertheless Schumann expects more of the pianoforte than does Chopin, and gives nobler things to say, and in greater variety.

My own acquaintance with the works of Schumann began as late as 1870, when I first met Dr. Mason at South Bend, Indiana, where I was an assistant in the normal class held by Dr. Geo. F. Root. At that time I was what might fairly be called a "distant admirer" of Bach, and a close and thorough student of Beethoven. When Dr. Mason told me that one needed to know Schumann in order to understand the later Beethoven, I was surprised, but not skeptical—for I had already found there many things which appeared to me like riddles. Accordingly the first things which he assigned to me were the 7th Novellette and the Romance in F sharp. These indeed opened to me a new world, and from them I went on to a general Schumann study, taking up next the Op. 12, "Fancy Pieces," and so on. After some months of this new experience I found first that everything in music had become more interesting, and fuller of life. Thematic work took on new charms, and best of all my touch improved very much, and the playing began to be more expressive, and of wider range. So immediately I began to apply the same to my pupils, and in them I found the same excellencies to follow this study of Schumann. After about twenty-four years use of Schumann in teaching I have learned that there is no other composer better from a formative standpoint than this one. There is no one whose works are fresher and keep fresher than his. And he must share with Bach the honor of being the composer who awakens musical feeling and inner musical life by the serious study of even a few of his pieces.

Thus in Schumann we are brought face to face with "nature," as those say who write about painting and the arts

of design; in the sense that Schumann's brightness and fertility of fancy, and the depth of his nature, and especially of his musical nature, are such that in him we find the most direct and the most many-sided expressions of genial moods. He appeals to those only who have in them an element of spontaneity and sincerity; while to the insincere and exacting his works are repugnant, to such a degree that these persons are rarely able to acquire the art of playing his works even passably. The late Dr. Von Buelow was never a decent Schumann player—the precision and martinet-like sides of his personality finding the free and dreamy Schumann repugnant and incapable of reduction to exact precept. Also the technical had something to do with this failing, Buelow being a precise player rather than a sympathetic one—qualities which pervaded every part of his work, touch, technic, and thought.

But, as already said, to those who feel the pianoforte as a really musical creature, and who possess strong and abounding vitality and sympathy, Schumann has only to be known to be appreciated. While he has the depth of Robert Browning, he has it in a universal aspect which is far more appealing to the wide circles of the world. His place in musical art is therefore one of the highest; while as a pianoforte composer his position is unique. He is, as said at the beginning "the Poet of the Pianoforte."

March 3, 1894. W. S. B. Mathews.

A MUSIC STUDENT'S LETTERS.

SECOND BATCH.

BERLIN, DEC. 10.

KLINDWORTH insists on technical studies every day, so I have begun on the second volume of Czerny's "Fingerfertigkeit" (Op. 740) and am to take him, besides my other work, one study each lesson. I am spending most of my time on the Mendelssohn Concerto and am likely to continue to do so for some time. One of the girls in the house, who is also a pupil of Klindworth's, took it upon herself to tell him how much I had been practicing, so he read me a lecture and said I oughtn't to practice more than four hours a day, or at the *most*, five. He spoiled the effect of his scolding by saying it was a pleasure to teach me, for of course I went home and practiced more than ever. I play once a week in the ensemble class and enjoy it very much. You know I have never before had an opportunity to play with other instruments. More or less work is necessary to prepare, as you are expected to play about up to tempo. The 'cellist criticizes the shading and phrasing and is a typical German, who loses his temper very easily and doesn't know a word of English.

No one had ever said anything to me about the concerts and operas here,—I mean that there was such a number, and I was very much surprised to find that the students go out almost every night. We expect to hear Borwick again on the thirteenth. There was quite an enthusiasm over his playing of the Schumann Carnaval. He was brought out four times and every one was standing to go when he sat down to play an encore. Other students in the house went the same night to hear Heinrich Barth, who, some people say, is the coming piano-teacher. He has very much raised the level of the piano department of the Hochschule, which

has deteriorated a great deal since Kullak's day. He is a comparatively young man, and if he makes for himself a reputation such as his friends think he will, the Hochschule, with Joachim at the head of the violin-teachers, will be the place to go. Barth says he knows a hundred Concertos, any of which he can play at two days notice!

I hope to go on Friday to hear Stavenhagen. He is quite a young man, a pupil of Liszt, and very eccentric. I believe he has a class in Weimar somewhat on the plan of the one Liszt had. They say he doesn't often play anything twice the same way and that he *never* plays anything as it is written. Lillian Sanderson is to appear with him.

I was very fortunate in the matter of a ticket for the six concerts still remaining of the series given by the Royal Symphony orchestra at the opera-house. I had given up all idea of getting anything but standing room or a bad seat when Miss G. , who leaves on Saturday, offered me hers. Besides being a good seat in the third balcony, it is in the same box with some other people who go from this Pension, so I am very much pleased.

In January we are to have D'Albert and Rubinstein. Rubinstein has a pet pupil, a girl of eighteen, with whom he has been giving recitals, who, he says, is the "einzige Kunstlerin." According to report, however, no one agrees with him. He actually condescended to play two-piano music with her! Of course everybody went, but it wouldn't be hard to tell why. He says "the child *will* play better than she now does," and those who have heard her, say that they sincerely hope that is true.

Quite a stir was created at the Philharmonic Concert last week by the appearance of the Empress, two young ladies and a young man in the royal box. Of course they made use of the royal prerogative and came in while the orchestra was playing, which ordinary mortals are never permitted to do here. All the opera-glasses in the house were turned in their direction, and the music might as well have been stopped for the time being.

The Kaiser was entertaining Empress Friedrich yester-

day and there were thousands of soldiers on the streets. Some of the uniforms are very gorgeous and pretty. The Garde-de-corps wear white and black and "Queen Vic's regiment" (she is honorary Colonel) sky-blue and silver. The "Jagers" wear uniforms of dull green and brown, and do the fighting whenever the battle is in a forest or among the trees and bushes.

The days are quite a little shorter here than they are at home; the maid has already lighted the lamps and it is only half-past three; it is not light in the morning until after eight o'clock. I am living along in the fear that this climate will not agree with me. Miss G.—, who is going home with the Q.—s, says that she has given Berlin a fair trial now and has been ill two or three days in each week since she has been here; six or seven people in the house are now in their rooms with sore throats and various bad-weather maladies. I have been laid up myself for two days and had to miss the Tisch concert last night. These so-called "popular concerts" are very much like those at the Gewandhaus in Dresden; Abonnement tickets, if you buy them by the dozen, are twelve and a half cents a piece, and by showing my "Scholar's card" I get them for ten! The concerts are given three times a week,—on Sundays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and are not so Bohemian as I had imagined them. Even at the Seidl concerts in New York (in the Madison Square Amphitheatre) smoking was allowed, and here they permit it only on Sundays and holidays. Nearly every one drinks beer, and some eat sandwiches and such things. The average German could not exist for many hours, I believe, without eating, or for many minutes without drinking. In the opera-house is an enormous ball-room where cold eatables and drinkables are served over a wide counter which runs across one end of the room. The Germans listen with rapt attention and almost with reverence until the curtain drops, and then they make a dash for the mundane, and eat and chatter as though a serious thought had never occurred to them. A sort of gallery runs around close to the ceiling of the room, and it is amusing to go up there and

look down upon their unconscious heads. The officers never seem to talk to any of the common herd. Once in a while two or three are seen together in solemn conclave, but as a general thing they stand caressing their swords and watch the surrounding rabble with an air of superiority and indifference which could never be assumed by anything not the genuine article.

I make myself just as agreeable as possible to all the Germans I meet, for the sake of my German, and I don't feel any prickings of conscience for practicing upon them, for I know perfectly well that their only object in meeting *me* is to practice their English. I have made an agreement with a young man in the house who is anxious to learn English. He was looking over some counterpoint exercises of mine the other day and he asked: "Has you write these noten?" That was English and as you know the extent of my German, you can imagine the average brilliancy of our conversation. We have decided to talk English for fifteen minutes and then German to the best of our ability, a kind of mutual improvement society, which is really quite beneficial, but would lead an unbiased observer to conclude that he had happened upon a pair of more or less harmless lunatics.

Last Saturday Mr. Clemens asked me to bring him something original, so I took him a small gavotte and the beginnings of a barcarolle and a waltz, with which, he said, he was very much pleased. I had also harmonized an eight measure melody in the wildest way I could, and the class had a great amount of sport over it. Mr. Clemens said it put Wagner and Grieg to shame, but he took the others seriously and was very cordial,—said I certainly had the "gift" of composition. Dear me, I hope I have.

BERLIN, DEC. 13.

Stavenhagen was perfectly splendid, and, although he was a little original sometimes, he didn't change anything very much. In the Beethoven Concerto he used a cadenza of his own, which was beautiful and seemed to be improvisation, or at least, partly so. However, I don't suppose it really

was. His power—mere force—is something uncanny. In the Liszt Todtentanz, with the orchestra, it was remarkable, and he didn't miss a note. P. says there are so many fine players over here that it really is rather more of a distinction not to be one! That might be quite consoling under certain circumstances, *nicht wahr?*

Saturday night we heard Emil Goetze, the tenor from the Cologne opera, as Lohengrin, and "Ah, 'twas a dream." There was the greatest enthusiasm and as he was a visiting singer he came out before the curtain to bow four or five times after each act. The regular opera singers are not allowed to respond in any way to applause, according to a rule which was made perforce on account of jealousy among the members of the company.

We have just come home from Leonard Borwick's second recital and enjoyed him hugely. The Bach Partita, the Schumann Sonata and the Liszt Rhapsodie were perfect, and he played the Paderewski very daintily. The Tempo di Ballo (Scarlatti) he played in strict time, hardly varying from beginning to end, and added some little trill and turns which were quite effective and well in character with the eighteenth century style. But I did't enjoy his interpretation of it on the whole as well as of the other music on the programme.

Tomorrow we are to have an orchestra concert with Amalie Joachim and Josef Slivinski as soloists. I do not know the programme except Rubinstein's Ocean Symphony and a Tschaikowsky Concerto.

If you were to use a piece of magic carpet and suddenly find yourself in the Salon of the Pension at Von T—, you might easily imagine yourself in an American drawing-room, were it not for the tall porcelain stove in one corner. Fraeulein sits all the evening and embroiders by her own little table which no one dares to touch. From ten to eleven o'clock we have tea and all sorts of good things Germanish to eat, German bologna sandwiches, Schweitzer cheese sandwiches, Russian caviar sandwiches. Those of us who do not drink tea drink beer, and we are in the majority!

BERLIN, DEC. 22.

Since my last letter I have heard Sigismund Stojowski, Madame Lilli Lehmann, (the songs she sang were all written by one man, August Bungert, and he played her accompaniments; it was an ideal recital) and a Beethoven Symphony concert at the opera-house on Beethoven's birthday. His music was played all last week at the Tisch concerts and everywhere; there was little else to be heard. I copy the Symphony programme. It was perfection.

1. Overture "Coriolan."
2. Clavier Concert Es dur.
 (Herr Alfred Reisenauer) Beethoven.
3. Overture "Leonore," No. 3.
4. Sinfonie Pastorale.

Weingartner conducted and the Berliners seem to have the greatest amount of admiration for him.

I am, and have been, working at fever heat to keep peace with all four of my teachers. I'm not a particle afraid of my harmony teacher, but then, he's not a German! At our last lesson, as an interesting experiment, he gave two of us the same melody to harmonize; we did it in entirely different ways, but he said we showed exactly the same weaknesses. I have shown him the song with which I am now struggling, and he made a few criticisms and told me to go and finish it. He has made suggestions two or three times on the gavotte I took him; I change it each time and take it back to him, and each time he says that if it is the first thing I have ever done it is very remarkable. He seems to doubt my word when I tell him it is. I think I shall be forced to get your signature to a certificate saying I have never written anything! Did I tell you that he is organist at the English church? We went over there last Sunday to morning service. It is a beautiful little church, set right down among the trees in the Lustgarten. I presume you went to some of the churches in England, so you know just what it is, almost like our Episcopalian service but very high church. The dowager empress, if I may so call her, whose palace is near the garden, was there with quite an imposing guard.

It seems very odd to think that it is so near Christmas. When we went in from a concert the other night we found a number of Fraeulein's people busy making candied dates and walnuts, and the next night they made German candies: Marzipan, which is nothing but sugar and ground-up almonds, and a peculiar sort of taffy. Almonds seem to be used for every thing; this marzipan is made up into shapes of all kinds for the children. It is very good but extremely rich.

You speak of having so much cold weather and pitying us; we have had *none* since we have been here, but you need not withdraw your pity, for the mud in the streets beggars all the conditions of misery I have yet had the ill-fortune to see. It takes a level head, long practice, and a species of genius to pilot one's small self across one of these wide streets, for the vehicles have the right of way and a second class droschke driver will tack all over the street, only, seemingly, to enjoy the intoxicating pleasure of hissing one out of the way. But I am so in love with the whole town and every thing in its vicinity that even the oldest, craziest, most rickety one of the old, crazy, rickety second-class droschkes, with its ambling, shambling remnant of horse-ware, seems picturesque to me, so much so that I can suppress even my very American ideas and hasten humbly out of the way. It is such a novel sensation that it really is not at all unpleasant.

Quite a scene was created at the last German class. Frau Doctor talked pretty plainly to one of the girls and the young lady wept and continued to weep until I thought she would be, like Alice in Wonderland, "drowned in her own tears." Some of the teachers really do say quite enough sometimes to warrant a little weep. Klindworth asked Mr. Q.— once why he came there to study music. Mr. Q. said, Well, he didn't know that he could do anything else and Klindworth said that, in that case, he had better consider his life a failure! And you know what a reputation E. Q. has in America,—and even over here. The girls who have been here and had experience, tell me that if V.—(who criticizes our playing in the

ensemble class) grows a little too severe any time all I need do is cry a little for him, and it will melt him at once; but that I am, under no circumstances, to weep at Klindworth, or he will hate me forever after. I am inclined to think that I shan't try it, even in V's—case; I am afraid I should not do it well, as I generally feel a good deal more like laughing. Do you know I really had the idea that every pupil in the Conservatory would be an embryo D'Albert! There *are* some fine players, but they are "far and few between," as Doctor S.— used to twist the ancient phrase. Most of the scholars know a very small amount of harmony and *no* counterpoint.

Mrs. F.—has just come upstairs to ask me to come down to their rooms later to join them in a struggle with the chafing dish, where we have cooked some delicious things, by the way, so I shall have to say good night to you. We have just been laughing about the maid on Mrs. F.s floor; she has a habit of rushing into their rooms at the most inopportune moments and they say now, when they want Elise, they never think of ringing the bell; they just proceed to wax a trifle affectionate and Elise comes in!

BERLIN, DEC. 28.

How I wish you could have seen the Christmas-Market out in the Lustgarten! Seventeen of us started out before dark last Tuesday to make it a visit, but before I take you to the garden, I must tell you about the Schloss-Brucke, which is on the way, about half way between the palace and the opera-house. It is not long and just massive enough to be really imposing. This is "the Minerva bridge," so called, you know, on account of the eight statues; they are life size and are raised on plain square pedestals, which are simply the piers, carried on up to about seven feet above the floor level. It is a bridge that would not be effective surrounded by any thing other than the long, low buildings, with their pillars and rows of statues, which poise on the eaves as though meditating suicide, the smooth asphalts and the

still water which looks perfectly black under the bridge, and so reflects every pier and statue that one thinks of a study in pen and ink. And this beautiful bridge on the boulevard in the centre of Berlin, is raised *by hand* to let boats pass! Part of the floor is divided into trap-doors, each of which has a heavy iron ring sunk in the wood; long iron hooks are used to lift these pieces one by one, and then the men who do the pulling stand back and wait while the boat is slowly poled through. It seems very primitive, but Berlin is, in most ways, too civilized to be very picturesque, so we hail with joy all the scraps which remain of the ancient customs. The Weihnachts-Market is one of these. Most of the peasants come in from the country to sell their wares, in long canal boats, which are fastened along the edge of the water, near which the rows of small stands are set. The Sunday costumes of the peasants; the flickering torches; the bright, laughing faces, and the long lines of booths with their mechanical toys, "Teufel-Spiele," candies and home-knit clothing, make such a picture as I never saw before. Each man tries to scream his wares in a little louder tone than his next neighbor, and gesticulates in the maddest manner, so that with the flickering light throwing grotesque shadows on their faces, they made me remember walking through the halls of a lunatic asylum and looking in at the strange, differently contorted faces in each cell. Once in a while we passed an old peasant woman, sitting quietly knitting, keeping watch over her booth, and looking like a painting in her bright colored, holiday-dress. We decided each time we saw one of these that her lord and master must have gone on an errand, and be coming back soon to add his yells to the tumult, for surely she would do no business with her opposite neighbor screaming himself red in the face, unless she had someone to exert himself for *her*.

Our Christmas tree at the house was a great success. We were shut in the dining-room until all the preparations in the salon were complete, "and when the doors were opened we all began to sing" a Christmas carol, "Heil'ge

Nacht." The servants all came in first, kissed Fraeulein's hand and took their presents away in their aprons, and then we had ours and a great deal of fun along with them. There was a little dancing and a great deal of refreshment, in the true German proportion.

We students are revelling in the luxury of having no lessons to prepare, but most of us are doing some little work through our Ferien. To-night we are going to one of the popular concerts at Philharmonie, as Felix Dreyschock is to play the Beethoven Concerto in E and a Chopin number, the A flat Ballade and C minor Nocturne. The orchestra is to play the overture to "Don Juan," the Rubenstein Ocean Symphony and a Liszt Rhapsodie, besides some Wagner and the overture to Schumann's "Genoveva," which is perfectly bewitching. To-morrow night we hear one of the Joachim series of string quartette concerts. This time they are to play quartettes by Prinz Reuss, Mozart and Beethoven, just the three quartettes and nothing to relieve them. When I listen conscientiously and get all the good I can out of these concerts, it is as hard work as anything I can do and actually wears me out. But it is delicious work. Joachim seems to hold as high a position in every way in Berlin, as any musician here and he most certainly deserves to be considered a demi-god or anything else which the enthusiasm of the people prompts them to call him. He is magnificent!

ELISABETH WORTHINGTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

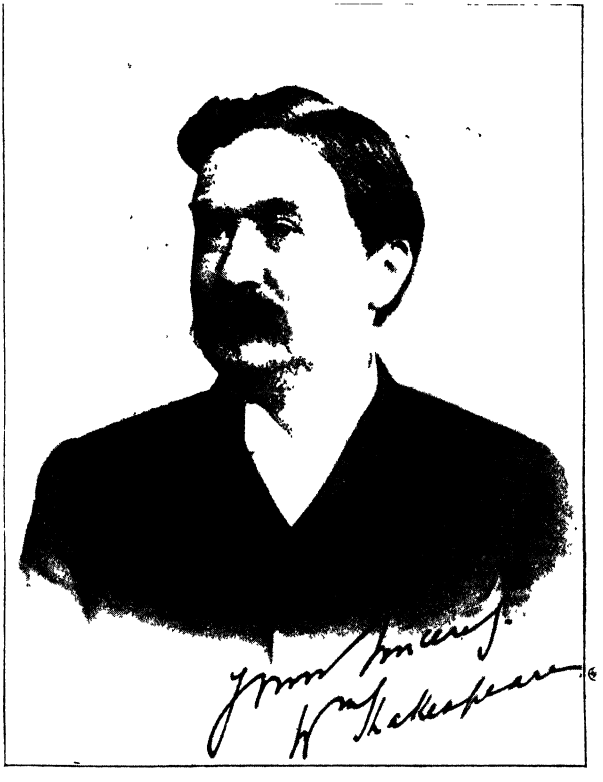
A WORD ABOUT WM. SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN a man becomes sufficiently celebrated to be talked about over two continents by those who are especially interested in his line of thought, his personality, as well as his professional attainments, becomes a matter of interest.

Among the European vocal teachers at the present time Mr. William Shakespeare is as much talked about as any other, and perhaps more than most of them. There must be some reason for this; for if he were not a good teacher his reputation, which has been steadily increasing for twenty years, would have been only ephemeral,—yesterday we would have heard him and to-day his name would not be mentioned. I fancy that it is not possible for a man to carry on a big teaching business year after year and not have some kind of merit as a foundation for his work,—especially if his clientage is of the professional and serious-minded sort. Mr. Shakespeare undoubtedly has this merit at the bottom of his teaching, although he has other qualities that are of inestimable value to him as a teacher from a financial point of view.

The student who is ambitious will very likely be hunting up Mansfield Street the next day after his arrival in London. He will, perhaps, take a ride on the top of a London omnibus to Oxford Circus; and, jumping down there, wander up Regent Street past Ricordi's, Boosey's and Langham Hotel into Queen Ann Street. Just as he turns the corner into Mansfield Street he may take a good look at the house on his left, for it is supposed to be the one Dickens described as the home of little Dombey. The long row of narrow houses on the right does not differ materially from a row in any other city, and I fancy, as he approaches number fourteen—a white streak in a long row of houses—his heart may beat a little faster in anticipation of seeing a teacher so well-known and so over-crowded with work. But

his feet are on the step, the bell handle has been pulled, the servant has opened the door and he has enquired if the Maestro is in. He is in, but busy, although he might be seen for a moment. Away goes the card and in a moment back it comes borne in one hand by the gentleman himself while the other is outstretched to greet the trembling applicant with a friendly pressure. His face is sunshine itself and his voice



literally "expresses a smile" as he greets you with "happy to see you." An appointment is made for the following morning and with a cheery "Good Morning" he opens the door for you and goes back to his work. (This may be the only time the student will get both in and out of the door without being minus a guinea, so he must make the best of it).

The next day he rings the bell again a few minutes be-

fore the appointed hour and he is again ushered into the hall. His name is again sent in to the master who sends back the polite inquiry, "will you kindly sit down?" Whereupon he is shown into the dining-room which is at his right. A handsome side-board stands at the end of the room, upon which are evidences that the master, or his guests, obey the scriptural injunction to "take a little wine for the stomach's sake." At the other end of the room a pretty fernery stands close to the front window. Upon the wall, to the right, is a fine full length picture of the master himself, stand-



PARLOR IN MR. SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

ing in an easy, natural attitude, with one hand in his trouser's pocket, as if he had just slipped your guinea into it after your lesson. You have had just time enough to take a good survey of the surroundings when Mr. Shakespeare comes tiptoeing in, so softly that he can scarcely be heard. I sometimes thought he suspected us of lunching on his bon-bons that were in the side-board, or of taking a nip out of the decanter and he wanted to catch us in the act. However, he greets one with a most cheerful "Good-Morning" and partly drags

one into the "large closet" back of the dining-room, where he gives his lessons.

At last the student is in the sanctum of sanctums prepared to give the Master a few suggestions upon the great art of singing, and possibly to take one or two himself. But such a little room for such a big teacher! Perhaps one has had a room like a small hall at home in which a parlor grand looked tiny; and one is surprised to find a famous European Master in such tiny quarters. A small Broadwood upright stands close to the wall at the left. A writing-table is set into the only window in the room, and upon it are strewn pieces of writing paper covered with hieroglyphics which you and Mr. Shakespeare decipher. The London Blue Book is also a prominent ornament on the table and if you peek into it you will find the Master's name among the four hundred.

The book case on the right near the mantel is filled with the scores of operas and oratorios, some of which contain the marks of old Lamperti. Near the door stands a big chest out of which he drew an album one day, to show me a grand picture of Brahms and another of Madame Schumann. An excellent bust of Brahms stands on a bracket in a corner; a splendid picture of Lamperti stands on the piano in a black easel frame, while about the room, in all possible places, are pictures of the pupils who have come to Shakespeare from all parts of the world; among them you will notice Scoville as Lohengrin and Bispham as Tristan's servant.

Mr. Shakespeare brings out a paper which the student proceeds to declaim, one sentence at a time, while he himself paces the floor and expounds the texts. His explanatory illustrations are usually simple and very much to the point and he looks one squarely in the eye, with his own funny little eyes half closed, to see if one is following him. The half hour is gone before one knows it and not a note has been sung. Queer lesson in singing, isn't it? "Now, we will finish that the next time," he says; and he ushers one to the door and brings in the next pupil. The next day a half hour succeeds in bringing one to the end of the paper and

an exercise is sung by way of illustration. And so one goes, step by step, groping in the dark one day and on the next coming out into the light again by gaining a better practical application of the fundamental laws of singing. Comprehending and putting into actual practice a vital truth about singing is a veritable sun-bath to the soul. It makes both your step and your heart lighter. Possibly the best thing about Mr. Shakespeare's teaching is, that, whether his theories are right or wrong, his actual practice is very delightful and satisfactory. It is certainly very helpful to



EXTERIOR OF MR. SHAKESPEARE'S RESIDENCE

a pupil to hear a beautiful tone as an example, (although we must not try to imitate another's voice) and the correct action is so hard to find that when we once find it we may make the most of it and imitate as much as we can.

The faithful student will find Mr. Shakespeare patient and painstaking but very critical. It will be only occasionally that a note will be considered more than passable. I do not know whether a beginner could stand the severe criticism, or whether Mr. Shakespeare could adapt himself to a beginner's needs or not. My impression is that the student would be better off to have studied a year or two

.th a thoughtful and careful teacher, especially one of the Lamperti school, before going to Shakespeare.

It is not very safe for anyone to undertake to explain another person's system of teaching. I fear we have all of us misunderstood Mr. Shakespeare in some particular or other, as Lamperti was misunderstood, and I should not be willing to undertake to explain him except by personal contact with the inquirer lest I do injustice to all parties concerned. Nothing has been more curious to me than the variety of ways in which Lamperti has been interpreted by his myriad of disciples, even when they have been faithful students and conscientious teachers. If it were not for being personal I might relate some curiosities on this point. However, I may say, without trying to explain the details, that Shakespeare follows the old Italian School in the matter of breath management and freedom of throat; in not admitting the forcing of registers out of their compass and in the delicate action of the head voice in opposition to the "frontal voice" which is so often substituted. More than this it were wiser not to relate. He is busy practically all the time; sometimes teaching, to my knowledge, ten hours a day and I fancy that his trousers pockets were filled with coin. I wonder what he would do if the whole twenty pupils brought their guineas in silver shillings? No doubt he would be equal to the occasion; but it would be too much for his pocket.

Mr. Shakespeare still sings in public occasionally and his voice is still fresh and charming in quality in spite of the enormous teaching business he has carried on for so many years. Of all the vocal teachers I have ever heard sing he has the freshest voice.

One day as I appeared at my lesson with my camera in my hand with the intention of taking a view of the exterior of the house, he suggested that I take a view of the parlor upstairs with his daughter at the piano. After the lesson was over, he went to the stairs and called out, in the merriest of head voices, "Mamie"? In a few minutes she had made me quite at ease and kindly given me permission to move any-

thing I pleased. The light was such, however that we were obliged to give up the idea of her occupying the seat at the piano. The result of the exposure surpassed my fondest expectations, for I knew as much about photography as a cat knows about paleontology; but for once in my life I had luck by the button-hole.

In reply to a friend's question about Mr. Shakespeare, not long ago, I made this response:—Yes, he is a remarkable man. He has an iron constitution; a cheerful, helpful, hopeful disposition; an engaging manner; a remarkable balance of nervous energy; a charming high tenor voice; a very fine musical sense; a good piano touch and technique, the ability to analyze and to teach the result; and, above all, a *remarkable ear for vocal effects and their causes.* This is the quality that is at the bottom of his success. I have met with persons who would tolerate only good vocal effects but who could not analyze the causes that brought them about. I have always held that the first qualification of a good vocal teacher is the sensitive ear that recognizes the result of correct action immediately on hearing it, regardless of his philosophy of voice production. And I think it may be fairly claimed for Mr. Shakespeare that he has, as well as any one now living, both the theory and *practice* of the Old Italian School of Singing.

PERLEY DUNN ALDRICH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

W. F. POOLE, LL. D.

IN the death of Librarian W. F. Poole, LL.D. of the Newberry Library, the lovers of music-learning lost their best American friend. Dr. Poole was a great librarian. While still a boy at Yale he laid the foundation of fame in undertaking an index of periodical literature. This he carried through and published, and the book immediately became an indispensible *vade mecum* in all libraries. A few years later he re-made the work, the result being the famous "Poole's Index," as large as Webster's Unabridged, which brings within reach of the investigator the scattered miscellany from many thousands of magazine numbers.

Almost immediately after leaving college he became assistant librarian in Boston Athenæum, which was at that time the most important collection of literary material in New England. The Athenæum was frequented by all the literary côteric of the old *Atlantic Monthly*, the spirit illumined faces of Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Col. Higginson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and the like being the familiar embellishments of the place. Very early in his career Dr. Poole began to show his ability as library administrator, and he soon left the Athenæum in order to form a new library, then in want of a guiding spirit. In a couple of years he was back in the Athenæum as librarian in chief, and there he remained several years.

Later when the smaller towns began to form libraries, his special knack of collecting books, and his excellent practical judgment in making a given appropriation go as far as possible, were in constant demand. He resigned his place in the Athenæum and for a year or two devoted himself entirely to this work, forming and bringing into successful running order nearly a score of libraries. The Cincinnati public library, 1869 to 1874, was his greatest work up to that time, and the collection made under his care amounted to something like sixty thousand volumes, or more.

When the Chicago public library was begun, after the great fire, Dr. Poole was called to its head. Here he brought together a collection of upwards of 125,000 volumes, among which are many of rare and exceptional value. He left this place to organize the Newberry library, for which a provision was then beginning to be available to the amount of more than two millions of dollars. At the present time the Newberry contains 175,000 volumes, which have been brought together and classified and catalogued for the use of scholars, within about seven years. The collection is remarkable in many ways. Its charter made it a reference and research library, and not a circulating library. Hence it is peculiarly rich in just that class of books which are rare and important. This is true in four departments especially at present: those of History, Americana, Literature, and Music. In history, for instance, it is possible to verify at the Newberry all the texts of the foot-notes of most of the standard histories of every country and period. All the collections of mediæval writers as yet made are here in full; all the ancient Byzantine and mediæval historians are here complete. All the antiquarian societies of the world are represented by their full lines of publications.

It is the same in Music. Not only are there numerous scores containing all the most representative ones of every school, and large collections of vocal scores of operas, cantatas, and other music, but all the great masters are represented by their complete works whenever such have as yet been published. In the line of theory there are about all the rare books. For instance, there are the original editions of Zarlino, all the collected writings of the mediæval writers, all the Coussemaker works, and the like, so that it is strictly true that every foot note (or nearly so) in Ambros' *Geschichte der Musik*, or Fétis' *Histoire Générale de Musique* can be verified at the Newberry. There are complete files of the most important musical journals of the world, and the standard and unstandard dictionaries of music, musical biography, and theory. In short there are more rare works here upon the subject of music than any other library

in the country contains. The writer may mention that while in the library of the Academy of St. Cæcilia at Rome, which had been enriched by the collections of several very old religious houses, he was able to say to the librarian who brought out for his inspection one treasure after another, that we had these already in Chicago.

Dr. Poole was a friend to learning in general; and, more than any other literary man known to the writer, a friend of music-learning in particular. He came honestly by this. His older brother, Henry Ward Poole, who died in the City of Mexico about two years ago, had devoted much study to music, and as long ago as 1851 invented an enharmonic organ, able to play in perfect intonation in all keys up to five flats or sharps. This instrument was very ingeniously constructed, the mechanism having been Mr. Poole's own. Later a better instrument of the same sort was built and used in the Church of Dr. James Freeman Clarke in Boston, for ten years. It was then taken down and packed away, no one being at hand to put it in order. It is now entirely lost, Dr. Poole having been unable to find any trace of it when he began to look it up, intending to have it at the Newberry. In all these studies and calculations of the younger Poole, Dr. Poole was very much interested, and it led to his acquiring a large amount of knowledge of music, which surprised every one who conversed with him upon the subject. Like all who have studied this range of research, he attached too much importance to solving the problems of temperament and perfect intonation; for all these might be worked out in fifty ways without affecting the progress of art in the slightest degree. But the other knowledge of music was by no means misplaced, or useless, for he found practical application for it all through his busy life.

As a book collector Dr. Poole understood the whole subject, and had a technique as near perfection as perhaps any man in the world. He once said to me that if only a book were out of print, it became a simple question of time and money to get it, for it is bound to come into market. He understood perfectly the value of books, and rare books, and

he knew every dealer in the entire civilized world. Most of his purchases, however, in later years were made through a small number of agents, whom by long acquaintance he had learned to trust. Among the chief ones of these were Mr. B. F. Stevens of 4 Trafalgar Square, London, and Mr. Otto Harassowitz of Leipsic.

Dr. Poole was not satisfied with collecting and classifying books; he desired to have them used. For many years he conducted a university extension of his own, with the classes of the Chicago High School and the teachers, lecturing and illustrating how to find books, and to look up a subject. In this respect he was the most obliging librarian on record, until his own pupils learned from him the same great virtue. His confidence was severely abused in certain cases while city librarian of Chicago, but he did not change the principle. He merely took greater precautions to avoid the loss or mutilation of books. His plans for the internal administration of a library were progressive and accommodating to a degree. The Newberry is the illustration of what he long desired to see. Every department is spaciously housed by itself, and in the same room, within reach from the floor, are the shelves, and in the same are convenient tables where readers may work by the week, month, or year within reach of the works they happen to need in their specialty. In every room there is an attendant in charge, who is there for the one single purpose of bringing to the reader the works they happen to need, and to assist him in finding the obscure passages whose location he may know only at second hand.

Dr. Poole was the destroyer-in-chief of the old idea that the proper manner of arranging a library was to have a great central hall many stories in height, with alcoves, and many winding stairs up and down which the attendants have to clamber miles and miles every day. Moreover the heat in the upper stories spoils the books. So for many years he was the bitterest enemy of the library architect whose idea was always to build a great pile, and permit the librarian to put his books where there happened to be space left. He

was a good fighter along these lines. Not more than about two years ago he made a veritable sensation in Boston, apropos of the new public library, where stone walls and architecture had received the consideration which convenience and light ought to have had, and where the powers above had builded and builded as long as money held out, permitting the librarian scarcely so much as to see the plans. At the librarian's banquet Dr. Poole spoke out in meeting and discussed the matter from the standpoint of the expert librarian; and there was great shaking among the dry bones.

He had an interesting time obtaining his own beautiful building at the Newberry. The architect wanted to build an imposing building. Accordingly without consulting Dr. Poole in the slightest he travelled thousands of miles, and handed in several distinct plans only to have them all killed one after another by the implacable librarian. The compensation of the architect depended upon his plan being accepted; so after about two years of this sort of thing he came one day to Dr. Poole and meekly said: "What kind of a building do you want? I find that nothing will go that you do not approve, and I am tired of making plans uselessly." "Why have you not said this before?" said Dr. Poole. So immediately the general description of the library building which Dr. Poole had long since evolved, was brought to his understanding. Upon this foundation Mr. Henry Ives Cobb managed to plan the beautiful and imposing Newberry building, which is not only unique among library buildings, and particularly so considering its comparative small cost of less than half a million, but also is capable of extension to a compass of three or four millions of volumes, without in any degree destroying the symmetry or convenience of the plans.

Dr. Poole was a book-lover. He liked them well dressed. It was one of his ideas (which I believe was never carried out) to have made at the Fair a display of bindings, for in the Newberry he was able by the aid of the famous Probasco collection (bought in Cincinnati for about $50,000) to illustrate all the famous and magnificent art bindings.

Personally Dr. Poole was the kindest, most considerate, and ready of librarians. He was a clear writer, an excellent reviewer, a scholar in American and Colonial American history in particular, and capable of a poem or graceful oration in form and matter equal to the best. He was genial, approachable, and like all great men ready to learn from experts in every department. Indeed this was his skill. The great musical library, of which I have spoken, owed its completeness to the joint efforts of six or eight of the best musical scholars of this country. It was the same in every department. He had vast general knowledge himself; but he understood its limitations, and consequently relied upon the aid of experts in every specialty.

He died at a ripe age, and full of honors; but to those of us who knew him and loved him, he bid fair to last years yet. May he rest in peace, and when readers and writers have been called to join the innumerable caravan, may they be able like him to lie down "to pleasant dreams," in good hope of a blessed morning everlasting.

W. S. B. M.

A TRIBUTE TO DR. HANS VON BULOW.

"HANS von Bulow, Mus. Doc., Pianist to His Majesty the German People," such he called himself and as such he was loved and honored by them and by the people of many another land! Yes, we have all wondered at and often delighted in his powerful and scholarly Beethoven interpretations, so intellectual, so infallibly brought forth from that treasure house, his memory. And yet something would be missing. Was it the thought, that broke through "language and escaped!" or perhaps a sense of mental reservation of the man's *own* self, subjecting himself too utterly to the traditions surrounding Beethoven works with which none were more familiar than he. Still in his rendition of the works of Brahms, his well beloved, the "Holy Ghost" of his musical Trinity (of the three B's), his playing showed much greater spontaneity and sympathy. Anyone who heard in the Spring of '91 the performance of the great Bach double concerto for two pianos with orchestra, and the Brahms variations on a theme from Haydn, for two pianos, played by Von Bulow and Eugen D'Albert in the Philharmonic Hall in Berlin, will remember how the wonderful technique displayed as well as remarkable and interesting personalities of the two performers, were entirely lost sight of in the delight in these beautiful compositions interpreted in so masterly a manner. The intensity and favor of the performance was strongly felt and the response from the audience came full of equal enthusiasm. It seemed that they must have drunk of the same inspiring source as the composers themselves, so complete and soul-satisfying was the interpretation.

But though in many high and inspired moments Von Bulow did certainly rank among the great piano virtuosi, he was without question greatest as a player upon that most wonderful of all instruments, the orchestra! There he was worshipped not by the "elect" only, but he was a veritable

King, and swayed a mighty scepter over all who entered his domain. A sceptre, to be sure, that in artistic frenzy was broken more than once and thrown in the face of a philistine public only to be brought back to him with reverent care to be wielded till he could no more.

At this moment the personal recollections of two seasons of Berlin Philharmonic concerts under his direction are so vividly before me that I feel impelled to write of them. They are beyond comparison the most precious among the many delightful privileges of several years of musical experience in Europe. Whatever color or force of individuality was suppressed or sometimes lost in his solo work, it found full play in directing.

The orchestra, which under other direction would do good conscientious, but often far from perfect work, under him became transformed. I can see him so clearly now as he stood slender, erect, alert, bald, in his nervous black gloved hand, a face thin, almost Mephistophelian in its sharp satirical lines, glancing impatiently at the belated ones of the audience, waiting for that silence without which the program would never begin!

Then to the orchestra—of each he demanded the full quota of artistic utterance. His eye flashed fire and intelligence to his men; not only his baton moved but face and form expressed each shade and variation of thought and feeling, and the response—how full, how glorious!

They could not fail to give what he asked, they dared not, for he was the High Priest of an Art, limitless in its demands and possibilities and we who listened, how clear and radiant became the works of the masters illuminated by the fire of such ardent and impassioned interpretation, Beethoven's heroic Coriolan and the immortal Leonoras, then the wonder of all musicians, of all times, the Symphonies.

Who could ever forget the memorable evening when the mighty Ninth so took hold on the enthused audience that nothing would content, till its whole glorious length was repeated, with equal precision and added power. Then the beloved Meistersinger Vorspiel and III Act, containing the expres-

sion(as he seemed to feel) of the highest national art idealism.

The musicianship that covered the extremes, filling in as his did, so largely the intervening ground of musical literature, deserves all honor and admiration. To one able to grasp even partially the meaning and force of his masterly readings, these concerts were a liberal musical education. To any hearer they must have been a source of wonder and inspiration, for they were like all things truly great, universal. To Hans Von Bulow, the interpreter of the masterpieces of this noble art, I would pay sincere and grateful tribute. His work will not pass away, for it lives in the hearts and lives of all who have heard and known it.

ETHEL ROE.

CHICAGO, 1894.



EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE future of the Chicago Orchestra is not yet settled. A canvass is being made, and the results are more encouraging than was feared, but the wealthy gentlemen who have been foremost of the guarantors in the past are just now far away, in Egypt and elsewhere. Meanwhile the concerts are well patronized and the playing is better than ever. The concert of March 3d had the following programme:

SUITE No. 2, in B minor, - - - - - *Bach.*
Overture,
Rondeau (B minor)
Sarabande (B minor)
Bourrée I.)
Bourrée II.)
Polonaise (B minor))
Double)
Badinerie (B minor)
String Orchestra and Flute. Flute obligato by Mr. VIGO ANDERSON.
(First time in Chicago).
OVERTURE, "Tragic," Op. 81, - - - - *Brahms*
(First time at these Concerts).
SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS, Op. 78. - - - - *Dvorak*
SYMPHONY No. 6, "Pastoral," - - - - *Beethoven*
Allegro ma non troppo (Awakening of cheerful feelings on arriving in the country).
Andante molto moto (Scene by the brook).
Allegro (Merry gathering of the country people).
Allegro (Storm).
Allegretto (Herdsman's song: blithe and thankful feelings after the tempest).

The Bach suite was delightfully melodious, busy, and quaint. The more we study the work of the Leipsic master, the more one wonders at his perennial freshness. The new music is fresher, and frequently more richly scored; but the old is more spontaneous, and at the same time more masterly. This holds even when we remember such well-made pieces of orchestral work as the Dvorak symphonic variations. These were inspired most likely by the example of Mendels-

sohn, in his "Serious Variations," and Schumann in his "Symphonic Variations." Dvorak wrote his for orchestra, and managed to illustrate in them not alone the wealth of his fantasy but also his great skill in instrumentation, in which perhaps no master surpasses him.

The Beethoven pastoral symphony was played most delightfully. There is no master who plays a Beethoven symphony with more smoothness and repose than Mr. Thomas. The tone-ensemble and the tempos are generally most satisfactory, excepting perhaps Mr. Thomas' tendency to take slow movements too slow, of which his reading of the first part of the "Tannhauser" overture is a notable instance. To return to the symphony, it is so delightfully sweet and charming that one could hear it oftener. The slow movement was heavenly in its repose and smoothness. With all this commendation it is not to be concealed that the world moves, and the ears of hearers have become accustomed to the rich sonorousness of later writers, with their strong and often remote modulations, to such a degree that Beethoven, even in his best moments, is to our ears now relatively about where Haydn was to the concert hearers of twenty-five years ago, or perhaps say fifty years ago. The years stretch out between us and the great masters. Haydn is gone from the concert programme, except in very rare instances, and for the sake of historical interest; Mozart is almost as rare, in spite of the exquisite beauty of some of his works. There are no longer singers who can sing Mozart as it ought to be sung, nor players who can play him. And so he is becoming a tradition, and the player struggles with the hard-working inspirations of the nineteenth century, no doubt to the good of his perseverance, but to the impairment of his repose.

* * *

It seems a pity to anticipate a time when the tone-poems of Beethoven will be relegated to the much-lauded but practically forgotten limbo of "classic writers," but in the nature of the case it must come to this. And there are many reasons to be discerned why it must be so. Not to stay upon

the progress continually being made in sonority, the effect of which is to educate the ear to consider mild sonorities as evidence of little to say, nor upon the continual progress in tonality, whereby remote keys are brought near, and the key is made to contain for ordinary purposes the remote chords which the older writers saved for extraordinary occasions, when passion required extraordinary means of expression; there is the even more operative consideration of music being a direct soul-expression, bringing to the consciousness of the hearer not alone the musical ideas which the composer put upon his paper, and the determination of feeling of which he was conscious at moment of composing, but still more bringing to the hearer a large part of the unconscious soul of the artist, which he never intended to put into his music—in fact hardly knew that he had it.

It is in this respect that there is a chance for the American composer long before the time when Mr. Arthur Weld expects him to have found his voice and his audience. For whenever there shall arise an American composer so full of that something which we call "American spirit" (recognized as such all the world over) and master of orchestral expression, this something will find its way into his works, and will lend them a charm for American ears entirely independent of the volume of the works as music merely, and entirely independent of any external qualities in the music, which can be setaside as traces of Americanism in rhythm or melody. Perfect Americanism may find its way into music without thereby making any one external quality of the style less German than the European master had permitted.

It is not possible to analyze the works of the great masters and point to this or that chord as appertaining to the musical handling as such; this or that other passage as developed in the pursuit of a fleeting fancy of the imagination; and this other passage as illustrative of the personality of the composer. Nevertheless all these elements come together in the work. Take Bach, for instance. The common impression is that as composer Bach was a paragon of of learning; and so he was. But not more than Handel.

Listen to one of Bach's pieces well done. Learning is there indeed, but never for itself alone. Musical handling is there to something very like perfection, but never for itself alone. In everything of Bach there is always an inner thread, like the "tender tone" (which Schumann mentions in the motto to his great Fantasy in C) for the ears of all congenial souls. The simplest little Gavotte of Bach has this something; even the Inventions, five finger exercises for his young wife, are not devoid of it, while some of them have it in high degree.

And there is still something more. Listen to a half dozen pieces of Bach, and in all there is one quality steadfast; it is the teeming fancy of the musician. When the melody is slow, as in the beautiful air for G string, the counterpoint is as gentle and elusive as the most modern of modern fancies; when the theme is quick the counterpoint and the detail are as rich as that of the old gothic cathedrals, and like these, not so much for the sake of expressing something belonging to the church, as for the expression of something from within the soul of the artist. It is the Bach personality which here comes to expression-- the fanciful, tender, vital, ever-fresh artist-soul of the old master. And while as yet time has been able to antiquate Bach's work in only two points (if two), the lyric and the orchestral scoring, --everything else in his work stands as fresh as if written yesterday; nor is it possible to imagine a time when a generation of musical hearers will not find in this great treasure-house something to love and to hear over and over again, with ever fresh delight. Moreover, since we are upon this point, there is plenty still to learn of Bach. The three or four organ pieces of his which have been made into orchestral fugues show what may be done more and more. There is also a wealth of Gavottes and other movements which some genius, or a generation of geniuses, will yet translate into the more becoming vernacular of the orchestra, to the delight of ears yet unborn. The six sonatas for violin might be made each one into a symphony. Somebody will do it. The wealth of imagination is there all right, and whenever the

sympathetic interpreter shall arise, the work will be done. There is one master in the world even now who could perform a task of this kind to something very like perfection. It is the great Frenchman, Camille Saint-Saens.

In like manner I would say that some day there will be other Beethoven symphonies, made from some of the pianoforte sonatas or the chamber music. And in all these there is the Beethoven personality. There is the repose, the deep feeling, the earnestness and sincerity which no master surpassed. It is doubtful whether any melodist will arise able to dispossess Beethoven of the supreme place for tenderness and strength combined. He alone of all the deep natures is able to be tender and deep without working hard—making an "effort." This art has perished with him. Nobody else can manage it. The minute, the modern tonality comes into an adagio movement, we get the feeling of modern "work"—in the sense of effort. And so as the ideal of repose will always retain its place in art, standing there as the suggestion (as Ruskin has it) of the Divine permanence, the composer of all who best illustrates it, Beethoven, must hold his place.

* * *

March 10 the programme was this:

SYMPHONY, No. 2, in D minor, op. 70. - - *Dvorak.*
(First time here.)
FANTASIE (Scotch) for Violin and Orchestra. - *Max Bruch.*
(First time in Chicago.)
Mr. Henri Marteau.
PRELUDE AND GLORIFICATION, "Parsifal." *Wagner.*
(First time at these concerts.)
PARAPHRASE, "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal." *Wagner.*
(First time in Chicago.)
Mr. Henri Marteau.
KAIZER MARCH. - - - - - *Wagner.*

* * *

The symphony is delightful, and was beautifully played. There is a certain effect of fragmentariness in it, but the instrumentation and handling of material is very fine. The Scotch fantasia is not wholly agreeable as a piece of music,

these quasi folks-song not lending themselves handily to modern treatment. But the playing was most beautiful, both on the part of the orchestra and upon that of Mr. Marteau. The latter being often recalled played the Bach Chaconne in a very noble way. But it was in the "Good Friday Spell" that the violinist and orchestra made their most perfect effects. Nothing better could be imagined. The "Parsifal" prelude is always somewhat labored in effect, due to the motive which so resolutely climbs up to the fifth for a close. This effect, so many times repeated, becomes monotonous. There is a vast difference between the inspiration of Wagner in the prelude to "Parsifal" and in the "Good Friday Spell" where nothing seems to hinder the consecutiveness of his thought, which soars into the clear empyrean of tones.

As this concert ends the good playing of the orchestra for about two months, the hearers were disposed to make the best of it. For a month now these musicians will eat maccaroni, accompanying the opera, and at the end of it another good month will be wasted in getting them back again to their present technic.

Speaking of analytical programmes, I have lately seen some which exactly answer to the idea I had in mind. I suppose I must have seen one of them before and thus have realized their value. I mean the programmes of the Buelow symphony concerts in Berlin. These are exactly what I described. Sympathetic literary descriptions of the works in all their particulars, including all the leading motives and characteristic traits of instrumentation (in musical notes, of course) and carried out with the care which betokens sympathetic criticism of the highest (and unfortunately the rarest) kind. This is the sort of thing which the Chicago orchestral programmes ought to imitate. We have the public which needs the help.

* * *

"Is the Musical Idea masculine?"—under this suggestive title a writer signing "Edith Brower," discusses in the *Atlan-*

tic Monthly for March, 1894, the old question why women with their emotionality, their high education, their clear intellect and cleverness in all practical ways, do not compose great music. If space served it would be profitable to reproduce her paper entire, since she not only takes different ground from that taken by any writer sympathetic to women, but also (which is not so universally womanly) gives reason for doing so. At the outset she claims for the creative artists in music a position which as yet is imperfectly accorded in mercantile circles. Then she asks *who* writes the great music, and admitting that at the present time there are about fifty women composers whose names are worthy to go upon the record, she adds that not one of these has produced anything really great. This she is unable to account for upon any reasonable theory of womanly repression, for as she truthfully says "the musical idea is more persistent than the poetical, even; the latter is easily stunted, crushed or blighted; the former will struggle forth and live and grow without encouragement." She calls attention to the fact that not one of the greatest composers of the world was born and reared otherwise than in poverty—yet the musical gift persisted and asserted itself. She refers to the sister of Mozart, who unlike her brother did not compose a concerto at the age of five—and so on.

Her first reason is that "women as the lesser man, is comparatvely deficient in active emotional force, she cannot for this reason produce that which, at its best, is the highest and strongest of all modes of emotional expression." Later: "If she is not emotional it will be asked, who then is? The answer has already been hinted at: man is. Man, not woman, is the emotional being *par excellence*. And heaping heterodoxy on heterodoxy I will go farther and assert that, so far as musical composition goes, woman is better equipped intellectually than emotionally. She can master the exact science of harmony, thorough bass, counterpoint and all; but, as somebody said of a wonderful German girl who spoke fluently in seven languages, 'she can't say anything worth listening to in any one of them.' And this is because of a certain lack in

her emotional nature." The fact of man's immotionality she develops at considerable length, and with no little justice. What is commonly called emotionality in woman she considers to be no more than nervous excitability. "The actual strength of emotion must be proportionate to the physical and intellectual vigor. This can be proved from women themselves, leaving men altogether out of the question. Weak-minded or stupid women are rarely emotional, in the high sense of the word; they are often seemingly without the least capacity for true feeling, which includes not only the passive idea of mere soul sensations, but also the idea of a forceful, moving power. In every case that I can now recall, it is the well woman, or the mentally vigorous woman, or, notably, the woman who is both well and mentally vigorous, whose movements of the mind and of the soul are at all energetic or profound. And, if as I maintain it to be, her whole make-up, even at its best, is slighter than man's, it follows that she must fall below him in strength of those soul movements which we name emotions. Hence, it seems to me, however fine her mental equipment aided by education may be, she must come out behind in the long run, when matched against man in the highest spheres of attainment: at least, in those spheres in which the greatest amount of emotional force is required, such as music. For music is emotion: its conception, its working out, demand concentration not of the intellect alone, but of the very forces of the soul. Women cannot endure this double strain. Her soul movements are true, pure, lofty, but not powerful. Her emotional fires burn clearly, steadily, but their heat is insufficient; her intellect may be finely composed and well balanced, yet fail of certain high accomplishments because of a defect in the driving force. For emotion, not intellect, is the fire of life, it is the true creative force; emotion keeps the intellect going; it turns the machinery that turns the world."

"When we look for what woman has accomplished in other spheres of art besides music, what do we find? Plenty of thought, evidences of broad and deep observation, no lack

of technical skill, abundance of feeling, using the word to express the sympathetic qualities. But evidences of great emotional powers we rarely find; not in her poetry, not in her pictures. It is there—I am not trying to prove her wholly destitute in this regard, any more than I am trying to prove that every man is superior in every way to any woman, —it is there; she is a human being; she is *homo*, but *homunculus*."

The writer then goes on to trace the defect mentioned in the works of even the greatest of women novelists, especially in "the two Georges," denying at best their greatest works the power to touch the heart, illustrated in many works by men. Even woman's constancy to some one man this writer interprets as evidence not of superior emotional constancy, but as a token of weaker ideality. Failing to obtain her ideal in a man, she makes the best of the fraction she *has*, and quietly shelving her ideal "does the best she can with the bellows," as Bunthorne suggests. Moreover, she finds in invention and international commerce evidences of great reach of imagination on man's part (as indeed these do most conclusively show), and later concludes: "If women fail when they come to pit themselves against men in the great businesses, I believe it will be more on account of a lack in this spiritual quality of imagination than in the more practical requirements. And if this be so it is a sufficient reason why there has not been nor ever can be a female Homer or Dante; it is a more than sufficient reason why there has not been nor even can be a female Beethoven or Wagner."

I do not quite find myself able to agree with the writer in the next step of her argument, which is that the final and great reason for our not having or ever being likely to have a female Beethoven or Wagner, lies in woman's incapacity and indisposition towards the abstract—to which realm she considers to belong such musical imagination as that illustrated in the Beethoven symphonies. This point makes me more confident than I otherwise would be that the essay, unusual as it is in these days of enfranchised women, comes in fact from a woman and not from a man meanly writing

under a female pseudonym. For there is simply nothing in the idea. The high qualities of musical imagination have indeed something akin to the abstract, in that they appertain to the realm of pure spirit and ideal thought, which might go on in heaven as well as upon the earth, but it is simply a question of degree and not of kind between these and the lower phases of imagination which women often illustrate. Strauss, composing one his most active waltzes is dealing with abstractions just as truly as Beethoven in composing his Pastoral Symphony, and particularly in the scene by the brook—which in pure ideality, and in definiteness of tone-painting of a spiritual state engendered by the open sky with its suggestion of the infinite, the sun, with its life-giving forces, and the songs of the birds who soar highest towards the sources of song.

* * *

The question as treated is very interesting upon many accounts. It is gratifying to find thoughtful articles upon musical subjects in periodicals intended for popular circulation, because in this way wider and wiser apperceptions regarding the art make their way. It is doubly valuable in this instance by reason of the absence of prejudice, and the tone of fairness which prevails. Moreover, there is something in what the author says. It agrees moreover with phenomena in pedagogy. For instance, it is a general quality of the best woman's teaching, as compared with the teaching of the best man-teacher, that the latter is more stimulative. There is in the man's work an element which woman very rarely has, and then it is only a particularly fortunate specimen, and rarely gifted woman. The man's work has in it that something which starts things. Women communicate facts better then men; they perfect routine, and are models of clear and frictionless administration. But the woman who has these excellent and manly qualities, nevertheless is neither a creator upon her own account, nor does she ever engender creative processes in her pupils. Observation upon a wide scale w i confirm the justice of this characterization. Like our fair

writer in the *Atlantic*, I also am ready to admit that woman excels in many and noble directions. Nor am I bent upon restricting her to the domain of the family, though there are physiological reasons (not to mention those of heredity) why I think it more likely that she will retain a position in the home, rather than give it over to man. But as yet she has not developed for herself the originating touch. Her influence upon man has been just short of originating— but still short. By her aid man has done his noblest and his best. Nevertheless there is this difference. When once an ideal possesses a man it pursues him, interferes with all his work, and will give him no peace until it has been worked out. Woman may be invaluable as a support and sympathizer; but it is not *her* touch which creates. Nor is it in her power to hinder his completing the work, except by destructive interference.

* * *

I like it that an intelligent writer recognizes the divine impetus in music, as this writer does; and its kinship to the highest forms of ideality—nay, its rank as the highest of all. And some day there may be a time when not alone will this highest of positions be accorded to music, but the average cultured person will learn to feel and to know the very best of this which has been done in the world of music.

And later it is not certain that woman herself may not develop this faculty of musical fantasy—upon which creative musical activity depends. Is there about us a world of spirit, in which there still float cadences and raptures of tone as far surpassing any that the ears of the most gifted man has yet heard and written for our delectation, as these best things of Beethoven, Schumann, and Tschaikowsky surpass the strange and inconsequent accents of the Midway? Yet if this should be taken in earnest as the secret of tonal inspiration, then the question would come with vastly greater power, why is it that the delicate and responsive organization of woman has not heard these sounds and been able to bring them to human expression? Such are among the interesting questions appertaining to the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1894.

* * *

The third Apollo concert took place March 8th, with a part-song programme for male chorus, which upon this occasion numbered about 160 voices. With this number it is needless to say that the neat effects possible to a thoroughly trained chorus of forty, or even seventy, voices were nowhere attained; nor was there any one single moment when the audience was greatly moved by the singing. It was pleasing and not ineffective. This is the highest point of praise which can well be given. The programme contained several part songs by American composers:

"Evening Worship," - - - - *Attenhofer.*
"Forget Me Not" - - - - *Franz Mair.*
"Nazareth," Solo by Mr. Hackett - - - *Gounod.*
Concerto, violin and piano, Mr. Marteau. - - *Godard.*
"Three Words" - - - - *Horatio W. Parker.*
"Drinking Song," - - - *George W. Chadwick.*
Air "Romeo and Juliet" Mme. Blauvelt. - - *Gounod.*
"The Nun of Nidaros," - - - - *Dudley Buck.*
Tenor solo by Mr. George H. Hamlin.
Violin Solos. - - - - - *Mr. Marteau.*
"Bedouin Song" - - - - - *Arthur Foote.*
"Fisher Boy," - - - - *E. A. MacDowell.*
"If Doughty Dreams My Lady Please," *George B. Nevin.*
Second Polonaise, Mr. Marteau. - - - *Wieniawski.*
"To the Sons of Art," - - - - *Mendelssohn.*

Of all the American songs the most successful was that by Mr. Parker, but all were pleasing works. It is to be thankful that America has had any share whatever in an Apollo season. The American composer is too easily puffed up. Hence our directors keep him humble by ignoring his compositions. This is proper. And becoming. For the mills of the gods do grind (ritardando, slentando) *extreme-ly s-l-o-w.*

* * *

Mr. Julius Klauser, one of the most profound and clear musical thinkers in this country, is now delivering a course of lectures in Chicago (at the hall of Messrs. Lyon & Potter) on the Septonate, the development of the tonal system, and the general art of awakening tonal perceptions, and particularly harmonic perception and conception. The lectures cover a very important ground from a standpoint which as

yet has found its way into general teaching only in a minute degree. Owing to the extreme condensation of matter, it is not possible to give a very satisfactory summary of the lectures at this time. The condensation may be judged from Mr. Klauser's statement that to so teach a child as to effect an assimilation of the matter in the first lecture would take perhaps a year; and for the second lecture two years.

Mr. Klauser proposes a basis for the tonal system, or for tonality, somewhat different from that of Moritz Hauptmann, given in MUSIC a few months ago, which it will be remembered consisted in three triads superimposed, the subdominant below, tonic in the middle, and the dominant uppermost. According to Mr. Klauser the tonal system consists of what he calls a "septonate," or the seven tones represented by the scale names:

Sol	La	Si	Do	Re	Mi	Fa
4	3	2	1	2	3	4

These he numbers from the center outwards, the intervals between corresponding tones in both directions being the same. The place of these tones he ascertains harmonically from the triads to which they belong. In addition to these seven primary tones he recognizes the five primary mediates (sharps and flats) and the five secondary mediates, the double sharps and double flats. All these are derived harmonically and in this way brought to the representative consciousness of the pupil. Hence when a pupil has fully mastered the septonate he has practically a complete art of modulation.

Among the clever suggestions of Mr. Klauser, which no lecture lacks, and of which one lecture generally contains several, is that of causing the pupil to sing the triad with the prolonged syllable of its root, as Do-o-o, the last two syllables rising through the third and fifth. In this way the pupil realizes not alone the pitch relation of the three tones, but gets a very different idea from their oneness than when they are sung to three different names. In like manner he sings the seventh So-o-o-oh, rising through the scale tones sol si re fa

These lectures naturally are attended by a small audience, but they deserve large ones, since they represent the work of an original and deeply conscientious thinker. The form of the lectures might perhaps be improved, and there is room for doubt concerning some of his points. For example he reverses the naming of the dominant and underdominant, naming the chord of sol with its seventh the *underdominant*. It is questionable whether there is any sufficiently good end to be gained by so violent an upsetting of ordinary terminology.

The general effect of Mr. Klauser's investigations is to show more conclusively than ever that harmonic perception precedes melodic, and that barbaric and semi-barbaric music must first develop itself along the lines of chords—just as this Indian music shows.

* * *

It is not impossible that an interesting question of musical casuistry may come up in a Chicago court before long. About two years ago Signor Vittorio Carpi, baritone, and Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood were taking dinner and spending an evening at the house of a friend who happened at the time to be interested in the phonograph. Accordingly he asked Mr. Carpi to "make a record," as the technical word is, singing into the receiver one of his best songs, to the accompaniment played by Mr. Sherwood. Time passed and the gentlemen lost his interest in the phonograph, packed away his cylinders, and sent the instruments itself to its own place. Not long ago he was surprised to receive notice from Mr. Carpi, desiring him to return the cylinder containing his song, claiming it as his own peculiar belonging. The gentleman took no notice of the first letter, beyond regarding it as impertinent and inconsequent. A lawyer's letter came next notifying that unless the cylinder be returned a suit at law would be had.

When this happens certain nice questions will arise. The cylinder is made of wax, and belongs to the gentleman; the singing recorded upon the cylinder was the property of Signor Carpi until it passed his lips, when it became the

property of the gentleman to whom he had presented it in the act of singing it. The accomanpiment belongs to the author of the song; but it was played by Mr. Sherwood,—again for the gentleman owning the phonograph. Now by what right can Signor Carpi claim the song? Of course he can have no possible claim upon the cylinder, nor upon the accompaniment. And the question arises how his part of the composite property could be returned to him—supposing him churl enough to attempt to recall what at least had been presented to another as an act of courtesy.

Supposing the host were to recall his dinner. Where would Signor Carpi be "at?"

W. S. B. M.

FERNANDO DE LUCIA.

ART-loving Americans have this year been stirred to their utmost depths by the power of a young man who has come to us for the first time. So great is the interest he has awakened and so little is he known here, that a sketch of his career has become necessary. Fernando De Lucia is a Neapolitan, and the burning lava of his native Vesusius was not more irresistible than is the overmastering force of his art. Of the man apart from his profession a few words will suffice. Above everything he is an artist living only for his art. An intense student, spending all his time when not at the theatre poring over new parts and maturing the old.. Unlike many of his associates he has ever been far from the life of dissipation and recklessness that others have been unable to avoid. After an intoxicating triumph he returns quietly home and is up betimes in the morning striving to perfect those places where his evening's performance failed of reaching his ideal. Though surrounded by the usual temptations attending an artist's career he leads an abstemious life, his only ambition to be a greater artist. The story of the man is the story of the artist. The one has no hopes, no longings, that are not bound up in the other. Living so intense and concentrated a life he finds no time, no pleasure in social functions, and scorns *reclame*. No great artist ever came to Chicago more simply or unheralded. But, when the time comes he goes to the theatre with his "Mind, voice, and heart"—and the public speaks.

He was for ten years a student of the violoncello at the Conservatory of Naples and was concert cellist before he became a singer. It is from the mastery of this instrument that he gets his marvellously correct intonation. His voice he has studied with no one but himself and it is as unique as it is beautiful. Ten years ago when only twenty-one he made his début in "Faust" at Naples, and in his first season


Fernando De Lucia

became a "celebrity." He was very quickly identified with the modern opera-drama in which his great histrionic gift could have full play with his voice. Besides singing in all the principal theatres of Italy he has been four seasons in South America, four to the Royal Opera, Madrid, to the Imperial Opera, Vienna, and five seasons at Covent Garden, London, where he is reengaged for this summer. Mascagni chose him to create the tenor roles in *L'Amico Fritz*, and *I Rantzau*; Leoncavallo to sing *I Pagliacci;* and recently an artistic gratification, in some respects still greater, has come to him. Massenet has chosen him in preference to all the tenors of the French stage to create the role in his *Navarrita*, which is to be produced in London this summer. When a Frenchman choses an Italian in place of a countryman—it speaks volumes. His appearance in *I Pagliacci* so moved cool, phlegmatic Boston that W. F. Apthorp said in criticism: "His performance is one of those about which one instinctively wishes to say little. It is utterly superb from beginning to end. I am tempted to call it the greatest musical event of the year"—and this year saw the advent of Paur, the new conductor of orchestra. Philip Hale has said: "With the memory of his performance so fresh it is hard to speak calmly and weigh words, but it is not too much to say that in the history of opera here for the last dozen years no tenor has roused such enthusiasm as did De Lucia." For his eminence in art he has received from King Humbert the Cross of *Commendatore della Corona d'Italia*, the highest honorary title next to the hereditary nobility, and granted only to the chosen few.

But enough of foreign honors and triumphs. Let us come to what we ourselves have seen here with our own eyes. At the time of this writing he has appeared only as Don Jose in "Carmen," and I shall confine myself to a consideration of that part.

Now first something about the opera itself. When Bizet wrote "Carmen" he struck a note that demanded a new and specially gifted race of singers. The kid-gloved knights of the stage with their "pretty, sweet" voices, and conven-

tional poses, were hopelessly over-weighted by the terrible passion of Don José. Here was demanded not only vocal gifts of the very highest order but heartfelt consecration, dramatic truth. What was Don José? A Spaniard (one of that race whose knives have ever been longer than their patience) a sergeant of dragoons, the son of a peasant, in love with a peasant girl, and at last goaded to madness and murder by the devilish fascination of a gypsy cigarette maker. A man of the people, moved by the simple, violent passions of the people. It requires a man of peculiar temperament and exceptional voice;—and such an one is De Lucia. His interpretation is ideal. From the soldierly entrance with the dragoons to the last broken ejaculation over Carmen's dead body, a supreme creation. "Ideal," but what sort of ideal! That of Don Jose as he was, as Bizet imagined him. Not a dainty picture for my lady's boudoir, but the the laying bare of a throbbing, suffering human heart; the pitiful story of a simple dragoon turned deserter, wrecking the life of the gentle girl who loved him, leaving his heart-broken mother to die alone of shame until he, a brigand and an outlaw, touches the depth of despair, and slays her who was the cause of all. Bizet has demanded truth, and in each phrase from the first soldierly statement to the frenzy of the climax De Lucia gives it,—naked, pitiless, overpowering truth. It is startling. Never on the operatic, scarcely on the dramatic stage, has anything like it been seen here. While under its spell the audience cannot restrain its enthusiasm, still it is so strange, so wonderful, that they hardly know what to think; there seems no criterion by which to judge. It must be seen many times and thought upon before its full proportions may be grasped.

To analyze thoroughly its beauties would be to go through the part phrase by phrase, but there are certain salient points that may be spoken of. Perhaps the most marvellous thing in all the performance is the vocal command that is shown. De Lucia's pallet is supplied with every color. He not only suits "the word to the action, the action to the word", but for each word and action he has

just the *tone quality* to express the full meaning of the sentiment. In the first act it is the soldier who loses his mother, Micaela, and his profession, but who never has been stirred to his depths, knows nothing of what life may mean. When Carmen appears he scarcely has interest enough to look up from the sword cord he is braiding and ask who she is. When Micaela enters he greets her with joy, and remembers Carmen no longer. When he sings to her, and of his mother his voice speaks only gentle affection, and the *color* is such as belongs to the careless soldier who has never known a sorrow. In the second act the seed of evil has taken root, but as yet all is love. His singing of the romanza of the flower is the apex of merely vocal beauty. The tone color is exquisitely tender, yet passionate with love, a shade reproachful but without a trace of anger. In point of dramatic effect the first two acts belong to Carmen. There she "sows the Wind". In the third act, after the scene with the Toreador, the Whirlwind bursts forth. She becomes but a wisp of straw tossed hither and yon by the boundless fury of that love turned to hate. She knows her fate, she knows that Don Jose will kill her. She cannot love him, she never loved anything, not even the Toreador. She fascinates men because it is her nature, she herself feels nothing. She is a gypsy and a fatalist. Her liberty is her life. That is gone forever, she is bound to Don Jose by the fire of his love. Life no longer means anything, and she bids him strike. But what may be said of De Lucia in these last two acts? The audience sits in breathless silence while he struggles between love, hatred and remorse. When Micaela tells him that his mother is dying and he knows that the debt of filial love must be paid before he may avenge his own wrongs, after that warning has come from his lips, "Carmen, I go —but we shall meet again", the audience echoes the words of relief of the smugglers as he turns to go up the rocks, even though they feel that the catastrophe is but postponed. Then the last act. The doomed man slinks on the stage like a hunted animal. What agony in those eyes! What supplication in every movement! Now it is that the wonders of

his art are shown. Every chord of the heart is touched. Heartache, pleading; devoted love; entreaty that they may begin life again in some other place. Anything will he do. No task is too hard, no degradation so great but he will explore its uttermost depths if only she will love him. But she cannot—and the joyful shout "Victory" rising from the amphitheatre rings in his ears. Then the pity, the wickedness of it all drives him mad. "Dost thou deny thyself to all my hopes? Shall I live to see thee, wicked, infamous devil, in *his* arms, laughing at me? No! By the living God, that shall not be!" She hurls the ring at him. That cry of anguish is torn from his heart, "then all is over",—there is a flash of gleaming steel, the crazed man, tiger-like, leaps for the neck.——It is too terrible. We are suffocated; we cannot speak. Let us out into the fresh pure air, we can stand it in there no longer. That is Fernando De Lucia.

KARLETON HACKETT.

LETTERS TO TEACHERS.

THE SOURCE OF PIANOFORTE EXPRESSION.

A FRIEND has sent me a summary of a lecture delivered in Boston by the eminent master, Mr. B. J. Lang, upon "Cause and Effect in Piano-Playing." In this lecture he takes the ground that a player is able to influence piano tone through the hammers in one single particular only, namely in degree of force. He supports this by showing that in consequence of the manner in which the piano action is constructed, the hammer passes out of the control of the player from the moment when it becomes actuated by the movement of the key. It starts upward much more rapidly than the key, and having rebounded from the wires comes instantly as near the position of rest as the still depressed key will permit. It is not again under control of the player in any manner until the key rises enough to permit the "Jack" to re-engage the hammer. Now since all that the hammer does is to travel with greater or less momentum toward the wires, in consequence of the movement of the keys, it follows that all so-called variations in touch (in so far as they appertain to attack) are illusory, and reduce themselves to mere questions of degrees of force, and interpret themselves in the tone in forms of softness or loudness, and in no other way.

The only point where the player has control of the tones says Mr. Lang, aside from beginning it with greater or less force, is in the manner of finishing it. The dampers are the only part of the tone mechanism which remain under control of the player after the attack upon the key has been made, and the manner of leaving the key, therefore, is much more important than the manner of making the attack.

There are elements of plausibility in this position, and particularly so in the last proposition. The dampers do

indeed play a very vital part in the expression. For it is not only a question of terminating the tone more or less promptly, but of permitting other tones to sound with it and reinforce it (the sympathetic harmonics), either at moment of attack, or a little later. If the pedal be taken *with* the key, the harmonics come out almost or quite at the beginning of the tone; if a little *later* than the touch, the harmonics swell out later, and a *crescendo* is produced in the tone after it has been begun. So with the treatment of the damper in leaving the key. If the finger be taken up promptly, the damper falls heavily upon the wire and an abrupt close of the vibration is made; but if the finger rise slowly, the tone is not cut off so short, and can be joined more perfectly to the following tone.

All legato is a question of dampers, and not of hammers or of keys.

If you have been neglecting this part of correct piano teaching, I beg that you will immediately set about a reform. Playing legato is not a matter of raising the fingers in such and such relation as such, but of hearing, and tone-joining; and the point where the keys will pass each other in coming up and going down will be different upon different pianos.

With regard to the general proposition of Mr. Lang, that the attack has in it nothing more than the determination of loud and soft, I do not agree. It is altogether possible that this question of degrees of force may have in it the whole question, in spite of the apparent dissimilarity of particulars in which the playing of one player differs from that of another. Paderewski's touch is one; D'Albert's is another. The entire mentality, musicality, and I might almost add morality of the player go into the tone through the fingers, so that it is possible to decide as to all these questions by listening carefully enough to the playing. It is just possible that St. Peter may have a system of examining candidates by asking them to play something as they pass in. Or there may be a co-operation up there through which an individual plays a whole piece by a single touch, which, having in it all his nature, is afterwards translated

into the entire piece, and his psychical state therefrom determined, as they apply a microscope to determine the condition of hand-writing. But this is a detail for later consideration. Pass we now to the question of individuality in touch.

Upon *a priori* grounds one would be quite sure that it would be impossible to translate anything so evanescent and so imperceptibly colored by individual peculiarities, as the enunciation of speech, into simple vibrations of a little iron diaphragm, an inch in diameter, or such matter; and still more impossible (if there are degrees of impossibility) to translate it back by means of a tracing point and recover the words again from a second diaphragm actuated by this translating point. Yet this is what happens every day in the phonograph, and they have even copied the records of the cylinders by electroplate process and reduplicated them. Modern science is a magician beside whose cunning the famous enchanters of India are myths.

It is quite certain from concert experiences that the personality of the player and his individualities come into the playing. It is equally certain that apparently they come in through the fingers, and mainly through the mode of attacking the tones. The touch of a player is the most characteristic thing about his art. But whether this happens through the hammers, as most of us have been in the habit of thinking, or mainly through the dampers, as Mr. Lang teaches, it remains that it gets there. And the question for the elementary teacher is how to provide conditions through which the individuality of his pupil may find its way into his music as perfectly as does that of these great artists.

Upon this point there is no obscurity. We do not know for certain exactly *how* it is done, but we *do* know that when a musical player actuates the keys his musical quality is immediately felt. You can hear that he is musical even where he does not play the piece perfectly or correctly. He may be musical in general; this shows in the tone. He may not know the particular piece; yet he may bring out here and there an idea in such a way as no unmusical person shall ever be able to imitate.

You have to make the pupil musical. If he becomes musical, he will find a way of getting musical effects. Fingers are of no avail unless they be instruments of an inner musical consciousness. The player may be musical without being emotional in the highest sense, so that while the musical intelligence is illustrated in the playing the sympathetic element is wanting or does not come to perfect expression. The playing leaves you cold. This is what happens with the new pianist Slivinski, though his technique is great, and his musical experience has been great. He plays like a good musician, or like a carefully trained musician. But even when he undertakes great works, having in them the full potency of musical expression and deep emotion, and wide-soaring fancy, as in the case of Schumann's "*Etudes Symphoniques*," he still leaves you cold.

Practically it makes no difference to the teacher whether musical qualities find their way into the music through the hammers or through the dampers. If they be in the player they will get into the music in some way. It may make a difference to the player, whether he has acquired his expression by a careful study of the expressive means of the instrument, or has grown to it unconsciously, but the main point is that he arrive in some way.

Moreover this point may have in it a clue to the missing something in the playing of those pupils who have done the greater part of their practicing upon the practice clavier. These pupils have wonderfully fine fingers, far surpassing those of most pupils who have done all their practicing upon the pianoforte. Nevertheless, in all the playing that I have personally heard, the musical quality is distinctly wanting. Everything sounds somewhat wooden, and this in spite of the music thinking having become so well abstracted that the player is able to memorize her music at the clavier without ever hearing a sound. The damper technique is necessarily absent from this kind of piano practice, and perhaps it is this which leaves the playing in the imperfect state in which I have always found it. In short, perhaps Mr. Lang has struck the central difference between the piano technic

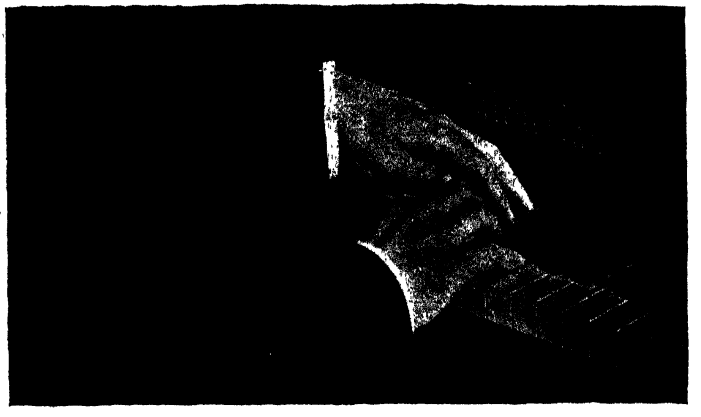
of the virtuoso and that of the artist; the former may be "hammer technic," the latter "damper technic." Who knows?

Meanwhile there is a moral of immediate practical value. It is that the damper technic (both in leaving the key and in controlling the pedal) is vastly more important than elementary piano books seem to recognize.

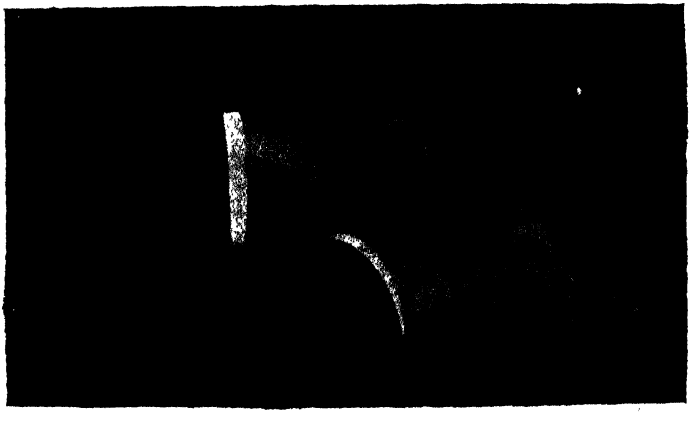
There is also another principle which every piano teacher would do well to remember, as corallary to this discussion. It is that if all your pupils play alike, you are not doing your work well. Unless the individuality of the youngest player shows in her little pieces, she has not yet formed connection between the keyboard and her spirit. And if all your advanced pupils finally play alike, the same defect there exists. The individuality of the player showing in the work is one sure test of rapport between the player and the instrument upon which she plays.

W. S. B. M.

A STUDY OF HANDS.



MR. B. J. LANG.



MR. H. FAY.

DECKER
BROTHERS'
PIANOS



MATCHLESS IN TONE

OF THE HIGHEST ARTISTIC CONSTRUCTION

DECKER BUILDING

UNION SQUARE WEST NEW YORK

ADVERTISER'S NOTES.

MASON & HAMLIN'S LISZT CHURCH ORGAN.

THE reputation of the Mason & Hamlin reed organs is well deserved, having been won by years of honest work and progress. The American organs differ from all European reed instruments in two points—The bellows, and the voicing of the reeds. The wind pressure is obtaind by an exhaust principle, whereby the air is sacked into the bellows through the reeds, instead of being *forced* through them from a crowded receptacle within. This apparently slight modification makes a great difference with the total results, the peculiarly nasal quality of the reed being partly lost within the instrument, whereas in all the French harmoniums (by far the best foreign reed instruments) it is very noticeable and pronounced.

The art of voicing reeds, perhaps the most important made in this line, was discovered by the late Emmons Hamlin, one of the founders of the Mason & Hamlin Company. And it was this house which introduced the "Cabinet Organ" in the year 1861, and gave to the improved instrument that name. The Cabinet Organ consisted of characteristically voiced reeds, combined with resonant cases reinforcing the tone of the instrument, making it more organ-like. For many years, and in fact until very late the cabinet organ of Mason & Hamlin were practically without rivals among reed instruments of this class.

About twenty years ago, however, the house went through an extended series of experiments with reference to imitating orchestral qualities, and of carrying the differentiation of reed voicing to the farthest possible point. In this way they produce their celebrated orchestral organs, which with a single key-bord had fifteen or twenty sets of reeds with a very great variety of tone. These were constructed upon the European principle of the bellows, and were capable of enormous effect. At the expositions of London, Paris, Vienna and elsewhere, they attracted great attention and were recognized as the most perfect and complete reed instruments ever constructed. These powerful and beautiful instruments were open to two objections: They were very expensive, costing from $1500 to $2,000, and they were so different to the majority of reed instruments that their full resources could be elicited only by experts. Mr. William L. Tomlins was one of the few virtuosi able to reveal the effects of the orchestral organs. For about three years he travelled in a concert company with one of these instruments, and his playing was universally admired and recognized as displaying possibilities of reed organ music previously unknown.

All the reed instruments thus far mentioned have this in common, that the reed board is co-extensive with the keyboard, every reed standing directly under the key actuating it.

The Liszt organ is an outgrowth of experiments begun in devising the orchestral organs. It differs radically from that in having the American exhaust bellows, which experience shows to be less liable to get out of order than the pressure bellows. And second, a reed which is considerably larger and heavier than any previously and which is located in an acoustically constructed air chamber (VENTRILLO CHEST) under instead of over the windchest. It is to the latter circumstance that the artistic possibilities is of the Liszt organ are mainly due.

The Liszt organ was named in compliment to the great master, to whom one of the first constructed upon this principle was sent. It is one of the most ingenious of reed instruments, many difficult problems of construction having been successfully overcome in it and upon the tonal side it represents the most characteristic effects of reed voicing, and those which experience has shown most useful.

The first difficulty to overcome was an action permitting the use of these wide reeds. This was managed by means of radiating levers, or underkeys, so that the reed board of the Liszt organ is about eight inches longer than the keyboard. The action is a marvel of mechanism and ingenuity. All the regulating principles of piano action are here applied, whereby the Liszt organ is capable of being regulated as to touch and valve opening, to adapt it to any climate. There is also a peculiarity of touch whereby the pressure is less a moment after the key is touched than at beginning, whereas in most organs the touch becomes heavier the farther the ker is depressed. This makes a difference to the delicate fingers of ladies who may be said to do the greater part of the playing upon them. Moreover as every reed has its own valve the touch would otherwise become too heavy in full organ passages. This beautiful action is finished in a lovely manner. All the openings are thoroughly bushed, the wood work is protected from moisture by means of varnish, and it is in all respects an artistic mechanical creation.

The solidity of tone is remarkable, and is secured in the most legitimate manner possible, by enlarging the reed itself, thereby setting into vibration a larger volume of air at start, and engendering a norrespondingly larger quantity of resonance vibrations. The full organ has a deep quality very difficult to distinguish from that of a well voiced pipe organ. But the different effects of the solo stops are those which most illustrate the artistic merit of the creation. There is for instance an Æolian harp which is as delicate as possible, making an etherial, sensitive tone quality unlike anything to be found in any other musical instrument. Several of the solo effects also are highly characteristic, particularly the seraphone.

The Liszt organ is now made in several sizes, the largest, with pedal base, calculated to take the place of pipe organs costing as high $3,000. Owing to the care with which these instruments are

finished, and the expensiveness of the action, the largest styles cost more than most reed instruments. But in as much as they are distinctly finer than any others, and more satisfying in the long run, this is not proving an obstacle to their general introduction. Upon the larger sizes all organ music can be played. Upon the smaller ones, organ music with pedal part is impossible, but everything else can be played upon them.

The Liszt organ is now having a very general currency as a supplementary musical instrument in private houses. The combination of the organ with the piano permits a great variety of effects quite impossible for the piano alone. Mason & Hamlin have devoted particular attention to securing good arrangements of orchestral and chamber music, and original pieces for piano and Liszt organ, with all the registration for the Liszt organ carefully marked. A full list of this collection called "The Liszt Organ Library" will be given in a later number of MUSIC. The entire collection gives evdence of study and artistic supervision which places it above any other collection of music for reed organ which has fallen under our notice.

Naturally the Liszt organ came off with many honors at the exposition, as it has at all previous ones where it has been shown.

The award is as follows:

REPORT OF JUDGES
ON
MASON & HAMLIN LISZT CHURCH ORGAN.

For INDIVIDUALITY of tone: also for quality, evenness of scale, volume and quickness of speech.

For SUPERIOR TOUCH, less force than usual being necessary to depress the keys; also, for elasticity and *reliability*.

For *faultless workmanship*.

For excellence of material used.

For ORIGINALITY as shown in CONSTRUCTION: and employment of the following *patented improvements*, all invented by this firm:

1. RADIATING LEVER SYSTEM.
2. DOLCE STOP SYSTEM.
3. VENTRILLO CHEST; an acoustically constructed air chamber, located under, instead of over the windchest, and containing an enlarged scale of reeds of sixteen foot pitch.
4. PEDAL POINT MECHANISM.
5. IMPROVED KEY ACTION. The greatest power being necessary when the key is started; the force required diminishing as the key goes down. THIS IS AN IMPROVEMENT OF GREAT VALUE.

THE LISZT ORGAN IS A UNIQUE AND ARTISTIC INSTRUMENT, AND IS A DECIDED ADVANCE IN REED ORGAN CONSTRUCTION.

This organ is little affected by atmospheric and climatic changes, and its liability to get out of order or tune has been reduced to a *minimum*. It is especially deserving on account of the large variety of effective combinations among its stop arrangements.

[Signed] EDWIN P. CARPENTER, *Judge*.
K. BUENZ, *President*.
J. H. GORE, *Secretary*.

The Mason & Hamlin company have managed to overcome the difficulty of keeping the piano in tune with the organ, through the efficiency of their screw stringer, which entirely prevents the piano

pins from slipping, and enables the piano to stand in tune as long as the strings do not stretch—which of course happens very slowly after the piano has been used a while. It is found by experiment that the piano will stand at the same pitch as the organ for several months at least, and sometimes the fall from pitch is almost imperceptable in a six month's stretch. This is a very important point, (not without significance as related to the solidity of the Mason & Hamlin piano) of which the company is justly proud.

Like the most celebrated firms in the world, the Mason & Hamlin makes it a point to produce none but high-class goods. Every instrument of theirs is carefully finished and honorably constructed. And upon the highest exponents of their art, like their grand pianos and the Liszt organs, no expense or pains is spared. They are works of art appealing to those desiring pianos and organs which *are* works of art, and represent the best that the present state of the art can produce.

AWARD TO PIANOS OF A. REED & SONS.

SOME months ago MUSIC, in a carefully considered article, described the new system of pianoforte construction invented and perfected by the firm of A. Reed & Sons. The system was mentioned as a new departure in piano making, and as having in it a great promise for the future, especially in the matter of improved tonal capacity.

The following is the award of the judges at the Fair:

TO THE COMMITTEE OF JUDGES:

CARD NO. 14,812.
EXHIBITOR, A. REED & SONS, CHICAGO.
EXHIBIT, PIANOS.

COMMENTS:

I report that this exhibit is entitled to an award.

The TONE quality, sustaining power or VIBRATION, sympathetic RESONANCE and VOLUME of TONE, in these Upright Pianos is MOST EXCELLENT.

The scale is WELL BALANCED throughout.

The action is of the BEST and WELL REGULATED.

The touch is EASY, ELALTIC and repeats RAPIDLY.

In construction the material is of FINE QUALITY, the workmanship and finish being of the SAME HIGH ORDER.

These pianos are built upon a NEW and SCIENTIFIC METHOD, known as the REED SYSTEM, patented in England, Germany, France, Canada and the United States.

THE NEW FEATURES OF EXCELLENCE ARE:

1. A flanged Metal String plate surrounded by an outer rim of wood.
2. A Metal Arch upon the back of the plate, sustaining the pin block.
3. A Sound board with edges clamped between two rims of wood making its VIBRATIONS ENTIRELY UPON AND AGAINST THE WOOD, the

4. Edges of the sound board being held more securely in position between the two rims, PREVENTING THE FLATTENING OF THE ARCH in the board and the CONSEQUENT LOSS OF TONE.

5. Absence of contact between sound board and metal string plate, AVOIDING METALLIC QUALITIES OF TONE.

6. A vibrating bar whereby the upper edge of the sound board is freed, allowing its GREATEST VIBRATION.

7. A WHEEL AGRAFFE pressure bar reducing the friction in tuning.

8. Lateral or side extending pedals.

This construction is ORIGINAL, PROGRESSIVE and of GREAT STRENGTH, producing MAGNIFICENT TONE QUALITIES.

(Signed) EDWIN P. CARPENTER, *Judge.*

(Endorsed) K. BUENZ, *President.*
J. H. GORE, *Secretary.*
Board of Judges, Liberal Arts.

This award is without exception the most ample and sweeping of all awards in the pianoforte department, as well it might be, since the Reed system furnished the only considerable point of novelty in the whole pianoforte exhibit. The firm has lately published a descriptive pamphlet of the system, in which they have analyzed the wording of the award, showing how completely it covers the ground.

Such a proceeding is interesting to the happy fathers of the new system, but it is not necessary for the public. To explain the above award is like painting the lily or gilding the rose.

It is a great award. And if the Reeds live up to it, as they say they mean to, they will be among a very small number of the foremost pianomakers of the whole world.

Incidental to the award there were one or two points which are not without interest. Several of the judges had expressed themselves privately in equally high terms of the new system long before the examination was made. This is the reason why the name of Mr. Carpenter is signed to the examination card, instead of one of the judges more frequently associated with piano making. The finding was unanimous, and the amplitude of the award unforced.

This was a great triumph for the firm of A Reed & Sons, particularly in as much as the small uprights were of the first twenty ever constructed upon this system, and the large uprights were absolutely the first four of the scale ever constructed. The new system grand they have not yet had time to make.

Had they been able to perfect the instruments by the improvements which naturally indicate themselves in the early history of any new thing, they could not have gotton a better award, for this would not be possible; but they might have illustrated the cmplete possibilities of the new system to their more complete satisfaction. But why not "**Chicago** system?" For it is the **genuine Chicago way. Great strenth, original, progressive, and magnificent tonal qualities.**